

**COLLECTED HYMNS
SEQUENCES AND CAROLS
OF JOHN MASON NEALE**
"

THE
NEW
EDITION

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO

I AM very glad to have this opportunity of saying how strongly I feel that a hymn, whether original or translated, ought, the moment it is published, to become the common property of Christendom ; the author retaining no private right in it whatever. I suppose that no one ever sent forth a hymn without some faint hope that he might be casting his two mites into that treasury of the Church, into which the "many that were rich,"—Ambrose and Hildebert, and Adam and Bernard of Cluny, and S. Bernard,—yes, and Sainteul and Coffin,—“cast in much.” But having so cast it in, is not the claiming a vested interest in it, something like “keeping back part of the price of the land” ?

From the Preface to *Joy and Glories of Paradise*.

January 10, 1865.



[Frontispiece

A FAMILY GROUP AT SACKVILLE COLLEGE

(From a photograph taken in 1855)

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INTRODUCTION

A COLLECTION of the poetical works of John Mason Neale has been frequently asked for during the last ten years, in the course of which his merits as a writer have become more fully appreciated than heretofore. The present book attempts to deal solely with his hymns, original and translated. (A companion volume, containing his poems, is in preparation.) And whatever be the shortcomings of the present editors, they can at least claim some knowledge of their subject, and appreciation of the Author,—one of them being his eldest surviving daughter, and the other a senior member of S. Margaret's Sisterhood, who during Dr. Neale's lifetime was much employed by him in literary matters, and on whom since the death of his literary executor, in 1871, devolved the duty of preparing his posthumous prose works for the press. The first "Memoir of J. M. Neale," published in the *S. Margaret's Magazine* was also from her pen.

Being a collection—not a selection—the editors have been assiduous to include in this volume all Dr. Neale's hymns, whether published or unpublished, well known or little known. Amongst those hitherto unpublished, there are doubtless some which would have been improved or polished, had they passed under his revising hand. But with two slight exceptions (which are marked) the editors prefer to give them exactly as he left them.

His hymns naturally fall into two classes, translations and originals. In the former, Dr. Neale has been judged pre-eminent, and his work almost unique. Of his gifts as a translator, a Protestant critic said: "Neale seems to me to have always needed some previous fire at which to kindle

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his torch. When that could be found, his success was indeed great." More justly might it be said, with a change of metaphor, that he preferred to give us the old wine rather than the new, "for he saith, the old is better;" but be that as it may, his translations stand first and foremost among his hymns. Dr. Overton, in Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, says: "He had all the qualifications of a good translator. He was not only an excellent classical scholar in the ordinary sense of the term, but he was also positively steeped in mediæval Latin. . . . Again, Dr. Neale's exquisite ear for melody prevented him from spoiling the rhythm by too servile an imitation of the original, while the spiritedness which is a marked feature of all his poetry preserved that spring and dash which is so often wanting in a translation."

At the same time it is only fair to notice (as Dr. Overton says) that "while his translations have been almost universally accepted by the English Church, they called down a storm of indignation from an opposite quarter. The Roman Catholics accused him of deliberate deception because he took no pains to point out that he had either softened down or entirely ignored the Roman doctrines in those hymns. . . . As, however, the translations were intended for the use of the Anglican Church, it was only to be expected that Neale should omit such hymns or portions of hymns as would be at variance with her doctrines and discipline." See *Dict. of Hymnology*, p. 788.

His pre-eminence as a translator was also shown by the fact that he always kept in view the two parts of a hymn, its words and its music, and never divorced the one from the other. Hence his hymns from the Latin are, with very rare exceptions, in the exact measure and rhythm of the original, and can therefore be sung to the original melody. His strong dislike of arranging the words to some other tune was repeatedly expressed, and in especial, the Alleluistic Sequence set to Troyte's little chant, was abso-

lutely abhorrent to him (see p. 4). Preserving thus the exact measure of the original may at the first glance give an impression of monotony in the hymns of the *Hymnal Noted*, but the gain is immense, as those of us realise who—strangers in some foreign cathedral—are enabled to join in the *Pange lingua*, *Urbs Beata*, *Vexilla Regis*, or some other hymn made familiar to us through his translations, and who therefore, amidst much that is foreign and unfamiliar, recognise in the old Latin hymns the “Lord’s Song in a strange land.” Such recognition leads to a realisation of the oneness of the Church Catholic both here and now, and must make for Unity.

The Rhythm of Bernard is the one great exception to this rule of Dr. Neale’s, whose reasons for departing from it will be found in the Preface (pp. 201, 202).

In the hymns from the Greek, where, be it always remembered, he was pioneer, no such rule could be observed. See Preface to first edition, p. 217.

Three of the Greek Hymns, as well as most of the Carols for Christmas and Easter (Helmores and Neale), seem to stand midway between his translations and his original work, being imitations rather than translations. The Latin heading above each of the carols refers, generally speaking, to the melody only, the words being a very free translation, or imitation, of that or some other carol. An example given on p. 314 illustrates Dr. Neale’s method.

Of his notes in the *Mediæval Hymns*, *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, and other books, the editors have given as much as is compatible with the limits of one volume and of general interest. Notes will also be found to some of the *Hymnal Noted* hymns; these are taken from a short and simple commentary on the *Hymnal Noted* with an Introduction, “intended chiefly for the use of the poor”—published in 1852.

The books from which the translations have been collected are as follows :—

Mediæval Hymns, 2nd edition (1863).

Hymnal Noted, two parts (1852-1854). (Of the 105 hymns in that book 94 are the work of John Mason Neale.

Hymns of the Eastern Church (1862).

Joys and Glories of Paradise (1865).

Stabat Mater Speciosa (1865). Also from the *S. Margaret's Hymnal* and *Breviary Offices*, and from MSS. hitherto unpublished.

Turning to the original verse, we notice that the first publication was in 1842, when Dr. Neale brought out *Hymns for Children*: a book containing hymns for daily use and for some seasons of the Church. A second series appeared in 1844, entitled *Hymns for the Young*, and a third in 1846, *Hymns for Children, Second Series*, and these three little books were bound together, but without any arrangement of their contents, further than in an index at the end. The editors have endeavoured to render the hymns more useful by arranging them according to their subjects.

Hymns for the Sick was published in 1843, *Sequences and Hymns* in 1866. By a comparison of dates it will be seen that his original work was produced both in his earlier and his later years.

Of his object in writing *Hymns for Children* he wrote to Mr. Webb in 1842: "Long ago I determined that if no one else did anything to free our poor children from the yoke of Watts, I would try. I have been seriously at work at it the last six weeks, and have accomplished a little volume of thirty-four." A few of these are in common use, but Dr. Overton says very justly, that "probably their severe and rigid style, copied no doubt from the old Latin hymns, is very observable, and has prevented them from being such popular favourites as they otherwise might have been; but they are quite free from those faults into which a writer of hymns for children is apt to fall." In later years Dr. Neale criticised them as "intolerably prosaic; yet," he added,

"I think they taught something." The little hymn "Christ is gone up" (selected from one of them by the Editors of *Hymns A. and M.* for Ember Days) is a good example of the way in which he "taught something" in simple language.

Hymns for the Sick were written at the age of twenty-five, when their author was (as he thought) faced with death from the disease of which his father died. There is perhaps a touching reference to this in the hymn "In Consumption"—*la mort des élus*.

Sequences and Hymns—a little treasury containing the gems of his original work—was in the press at the time of his death. "Some of the hymns (as he says) were the work of a sick bed, some written twenty years earlier." The latter part, consisting principally of ecclesiastical verses, including the "Seven Sleepers of Ephesus," as also the Dedication to John Keble, are reserved for a later volume. The preface, dictated on July 26, 1866, was his last composition (see p. 422).

Two hymns by Cornelius Neale (see p. 449) were included by my father in his *Joys and Glories of Paradise*. It is natural that the filial feeling which placed them there should be shared by his daughter.

MARY SACKVILLE LAWSON.

Hymns hitherto unpublished are so marked in the marginal references.

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PART I
TRANSLATIONS

SECTION I
MEDLÆVAL HYMNS AND SEQUENCES

B

MEDIÆVAL HYMNS

EXTRACTS FROM PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

. . . It would be, I think, merely unthankful to Him from Whom all good things come, did I not express my gratitude for the great favour He has given so many of my translations (both in this and other works), in the English Church : and more especially, "Jerusalem the Golden," "To thee, O dear dear country," "The strain upraise," "CHRIST is made the sure foundation," and "The Royal Banners." That they have been a good deal altered in their various transcriptions was only to be expected ; and I hope that the remarks which I have here and there made in the following pages on some of these alterations, will not be taken, as I am sure they were not meant, unkindly. In some instances I thankfully acknowledge them to be improvements : in some I think that had the reproducers studied the Commentaries of Clichtoveus and Nebrissensis, they would have left the original as it was : I will give an example or two. In the glorious *Ad Cœnam Agni providi* the last word of the first line is undoubtedly the nominative case plural :—

The LAMB's high banquet we await,

as it is in the *Hymnal Noted*. But in most reproductions that line is altered I suppose from the editors' either not seeing or not believing that the adjective applies to ourselves, not to the LAMB.

Again, in the same hymn :—

Cruore ejus roseo

is translated by

And tasting of His roseate Blood.

PREFACE TO

The epithet is everywhere altered to *Crimson* : because the editors did not see its force. The poet would tell us that, though one drop of our LORD'S Blood was sufficient to redeem the world,

(Cujus una stilla saluum facere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scelere,

as S. Thomas says,) yet out of the greatness of His love to us He would shed all. As every one knows, the last drainings of life-blood are not crimson, but of a far paler hue : strictly speaking, *roseate*. Change the word, and you eliminate the whole idea.

Some of the happiest and most instructive hours of my life were spent in the Sub-Committee of the Ecclesiological Society, appointed for the purpose of bringing out the Second Part of the *Hymnal Noted*. It was my business to lay before it the translations I had prepared, and theirs to correct. The study which this required drew out the beauties of the original in a way which nothing else could have done, and the friendly collision of various minds elicited ideas which a single translator would, in all probability, have missed. I have been amused to find, in some reproductions of these hymns, a line given as I had at first written it, to the exclusion of our deliberate correction.

There is only one thing with respect to the use of any of my hymns that has grieved me : the rejection of the noble melody of the Alleluistic Sequence, and that for a third-rate chant. What would be said of chanting the *Dies Iræ* ? And yet I really believe that it would suffer less than does the *Cantemus cuncti* by such a substitution. Further, be it noticed, every sentence, I had almost said every word, of the version was carefully fitted to the music : the length of the lines corresponds to the length of each *troparion* in the original :—and these are now stretched on the Procrustean bed of the same meaningless melody. That the original music cannot be learnt in an hour or two is most certain ; but seeing that I have heard it thoroughly well sung, and most heartily enjoyed, by a school choir, varying in ages from fourteen to five, is it not unworthy of the great choral meetings, as at Ely, Salisbury, Sherborne, and elsewhere, including the words in their programmes,

so utterly to spoil them in their performance? Let it be remembered that I have some little right to speak on the subject, having been the first to introduce the Sequence to English readers, and there being, even now, no other translation but my own. I will only add, that I could, and gladly would, procure the opportunity of hearing it sung by the choir of a London church for any choir master who may be desirous of introducing it into his own.

I felt that the best return I could make for the great kindness with which hymns from this little volume and others of mine have been received was to spare no pains in improving them as far as I possibly could. And above all have I endeavoured to do this in Adam of S. Victor, to my mind the greatest Latin poet, not only of mediæval, but of all, ages. It is a magnificent thing to pass along the far-stretching vista of hymns,—from the sublime self-containedness of S. Ambrose to the more fervid inspiration of S. Gregory, the exquisite typology of Venantius Fortunatus, the lovely painting of S. Peter Damiani, the crystal-like simplicity of S. Notker, the scriptural calm of Godescalcus, the subjective loveliness of S. Bernard, till all culminate in the full blaze of glory which surrounds Adam of S. Victor, the greatest of all. And though Thomas of Celano in one unapproachable Sequence distanced him, and the author, whoever he were, of the *Verbum Dei Deo natum* once equalled him, what are we to think of the genius that could pour forth one hundred Sequences, of which fifty at least are unequalled save by the *Dies Iræ*?

One more observation remains to be made. I have kept strictly to the rule of adopting the exact measure and rhyme of the original,—at whatever inconvenience and cramping. The only exception is that, in Trochaics of this character :—

In Patre potentia cuncta denotatur,
Filio prudentia omnis declaratur :
Gratia Paraclito universa datur,
Qui cum Patre Natoque conglorificatur,

where they rhyme, as here, in quatrains, I have usually rhymed them in couplets.

6 PREFACE TO MEDLÆVAL HYMNS

I can only repeat, in conclusion, how sorry I should be if anything either in the above preface, or in the notes, gives pain, and that no one can be more thankful than I should be for any criticism of which I may avail myself in (should it be called for) a future edition.

SACKVILLE COLLINGS,
S. Stephen, 1862.

MEDIÆVAL HYMNS

PANGE LINGUA GLORIOSI.

SING, my tongue, the glorious battle,
With completed victory rife :
And above the Cross's trophy
Tell the triumph of the strife,
How the world's Redeemer conquer'd
By surrendering of His Life.

Venantius
Fortunatus
A.D. 530-600.

GOD his Maker, sorely grieving
That the first-made Adam fell,
When he ate the fruit of sorrow,
Whose reward was death and hell,
Noted then this Wood, the ruin
Of the ancient wood to quell.

For the work of our Salvation
Needs would have his order so,
And the multiform deceiver's
Art by art would overthrow,
And from thence would bring the med'cine
Whence the insult of the foe.

Wherefore, when the sacred fulness
Of th' appointed time was come,
This world's Maker left His FATHER,
Sent the Heavenly Mansion from,
And proceeded, GOD Incarnate,
Of the Virgin's Holy Womb.

Weeps the Infant in the manger
That in Bethlehem's stable stands ;
And His Limbs the Virgin Mother
Doth compose in swaddling bands,
Meestly thus in linen folding
Of her GOD the feet and hands.

Thirty years among us dwelling,
 His appointed time fulfill'd,
 Born for this, He meets His Passion,
 For that this He freely will'd :
 On the Cross the LAMB is lifted,
 Where His life-blood shall be spilled.

He endured the nails, the spitting,
 Vinegar, and spear, and reed ;
 From that Holy Body broken
 Blood and water forth proceed :
 Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean,
 By that flood from stain are freed.

Faithful Cross ! above all other,
 One and only noble tree !
 None in foliage, none in blossom,
 None in fruit thy peers may be :
 Sweetest Wood, and sweetest Iron !
 Sweetest Weight is hung on thee.

Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory !
 Thy relaxing sinews bend ;
 For awhile the ancient rigour,
 That thy birth bestowed, suspend ;
 And the King of Heavenly Beauty
 On thy bosom gently tend !

Thou alone wast counted worthy
 This world's ransom to uphold ;
 For a shipwrecked race preparing
 Harbour, like the Ark of old ;
 With the sacred Blood anointed
 From the smitten LAMB that roll'd.

A verse added
 by some which,
 though not
 original, seems
 ancient.

[When, O Judge of this world, coming
 In Thy glory all divine,
 Thou shalt bid Thy Cross's Trophy
 Bright above the stars to shine,
 Be the Light and the Salvation
 Of the people that are Thine !]

To the TRINITY be glory
 Everlasting, as is meet :
 Equal to the FATHER, equal
 To the SON, and PARACLETE :
 Trinal Unity, Whose praises
 All created things repeat. Amen.

VEXILLA REGIS PRODEUNT.

THE Royal Banners forward go ;
 The Cross shines forth in mystic glow ;
 Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
 Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Where deep for us the spear was dy'd,
 Life's torrent rushing from His side,
 To wash us in that precious flood
 Where mingled Water flow'd, and Blood.

Fulfill'd is all that David told
 In true Prophetic song of old ;
 Amidst the nations GOD, saith he,
 Hath reign'd and triumph'd from the Tree.*

O Tree of Beauty ! Tree of Light !
 O Tree with royal purple dight !
 Elect on whose triumphal breast
 Those holy limbs should find their rest !

On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
 The weight of this world's ransom hung :
 The price of human kind to pay,
 And spoil the Spoiler of his prey.

[O Cross, our one reliance, hail !
 This holy Passiontide, avail
 To give fresh merit to the Saint,
 And pardon to the penitent.

To Thee, Eternal Three in one,
 Let homage meet by all be done ;
 Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore,
 Preserve and govern evermore.]

Venantius
 Fortunatus
 A.D. 580.

* Ps. xcvi. 10.—
 According to
 S. Justin
 Martyr and
 Tertullian, an
 early reading
 of this verse
 was : " Tell
 it out among
 the heathen
 that the LORD
 reigneth from
 the Tree."

These verses
 bracketed were
 added when
 the hymn was
 appropriated
 to Passion-
 tide.

Original
ending by
Fortunatus.

With fragrance dropping from each bough
Sweeter than sweetest nectar thou :
Decked with the fruit of peace and praise,
And glorious with Triumphal lays :—

Hail, Altar ! Hail, O Victim ! Thee
Decks now Thy Passion's Victory ;
Where Life for sinners death endured,
And life by death for man procured.

APPAREBIT REPENTINA MAGNA DIES DOMINI.

7th century.

THAT great Day of wrath and terror,
That last Day of woe and doom,
Like a thief that comes at midnight,
On the sons of men shall come ;
When the pride and pomp of ages
All shall utterly have pass'd,
And they stand in anguish, owning
That the end is here at last ;
And the trumpet's pealing clangour,
Through the earth's four quarters spread,
Waxing loud and ever louder,
Shall convoke the quick and dead :
And the King of heavenly glory
Shall assume His throne on high,
And the cohorts of His angels
Shall be near Him in the sky :
And the sun shall turn to sackcloth,
And the moon be red as blood,
And the stars shall fall from heaven,
Whelm'd beneath destruction's flood.
Flame and fire, and desolation
At the Judge's feet shall go :
Earth and sea, and all abysses
Shall His mighty sentence know.
Then the elect upon the right hand
Of the LORD shall stand around ;
But, like goats, the evil doers
Shall upon the left be found :
“ Come, ye Blessed, take the kingdom,”
Shall be there the King's award,

" Which for you, before the world was,
Of My FATHER was prepared :
I was naked, and ye clothed Me ;
Poor, and ye relieved Me ; hence
Take the riches of My glory
For your endless recompense."
Then the righteous shall make question,—
" When have we beheld Thee poor,
LORD of glory ? When relieved Thee
Lying needy at our door ? "
Whom the Blessed King shall answer,—
" When ye showed your charity,
Giving bread, and home, and raiment,
What ye did was done to Me."
In like manner to the left hand
That most righteous Judge shall say,
" Go, ye cursed, to Gehenna,
And the fire that is for aye :
For in prison ye came not nigh Me,—
Poor, ye pitied not My lot ;
Naked, ye have never clothed Me ;
Sick, ye visited Me not."
They shall say : " O CHRIST, when saw we
That Thou calledst for our aid,
And in prison, or sick, or hungry,
To relieve have we delayed ? "
Whom again the Judge shall answer :
" Since ye never cast your eyes
On the sick, and poor, and needy,
It was Me ye did despise."
Backward, backward, at the sentence,
To Gehenna they shall fly,
Where the flame is never-ending,
Where the worm can never die ;
Where are Satan and his angels
In profoundest dungeon bound ;
Where are chains and lamentation,
Where are quenchless flames around.
But the righteous, upward soaring,
To the heavenly Land shall go,
Midst the cohorts of the angels,
Where is joy for evermo :

To Jerusalem, exulting,
 They with shouts shall enter in ;
 That true "sight of peace" and glory
 That sets free from grief and sin.
 CHRIST shall they behold for ever,
 Seated at the FATHER's hand,
 As in Beatific Vision
 His elect before Him stand.

Wherefore, man, while yet thou mayest,
 From the dragon's malice fly ;
 Give thy bread to feed the hungry,
 If thou seek'st to win the sky ;
 Let thy loins be straitly girded,
 Life be pure, and heart be right ;
 At the coming of the Bridegroom,
 That thy lamp may glitter bright.

SANCTI, VENITE, CORPUS CHRISTI SUMITE.

7th century (?)

DRAW nigh, and take the Body of the LORD,
 And drink the Holy Blood for you outpoured.

Saved by that Body, hallowed by that Blood,
 Whereby refreshed, we render thanks to GOD.

Salvation's Giver, CHRIST the Only SON,
 By that His Cross and Blood the victory won.

Offered was He for greatest and for least :
 Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.

Victims were offered by the Law of old,
 That, in a type, celestial mysteries told.

He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
 Giveth His holy grace His Saints to aid.

Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
 And take the safeguard of salvation here.

He That in this world rules His Saints, and shields,
 To all believers Life Eternal yields :

With Heavenly Bread makes them that hunger
whole;

Gives Living Waters to the thirsty soul.

Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the Doom, is with us now.

HYMNUM CANENTES MARTYRUM.

THE Hymn for conquering Martyrs raise :

The Victor Innocents we praise :

Whom in their woe earth cast away,

But Heaven with joy received to-day.

Whose Angels see the FATHER'S Face

World without end, and hymn His Grace :

And while they chant unceasing lays,

The Hymn for conquering Martyrs raise.

Venerable
Bede + 735.

By that accursed monarch slain,

Their loving Maker bade them reign :

With Him they dwell, no more distressed,

In the fair Land of light and rest :

He gives them mansions, one and all,

In that His Heavenly FATHER'S Hall :

—Thus have they changed their loss for gain,

By that accursed Monarch slain.

A voice from Ramah was there sent,

A voice of weeping and lament :

When Rachel mourned the children's care

Whom for the tyrant's sword she bare.

Triumphal is their glory now

Whom earthly torments could not bow :

What time, both far and near that went,

A voice from Ramah was there sent.

Fear not, O little flock and blest,

The lion that your life oppressed !

To heavenly pastures ever new

The heavenly Shepherd leadeth you ;

Who, dwelling now on Sion's hill,

The LAMB'S dear footsteps follow still :

By tyrant there no more distressed,

Fear not, O little flock and blest !

And every tear is wiped away
 By your dear FATHER's hands for aye;
 Death hath no power to hurt you more,
 Whose own is Life's eternal store.—
 Who sow their seed, and, sowing, weep,
 In everlasting joy shall reap:
 What time they shine in heavenly day,
 And every tear is wiped away.

O City blest o'er all the earth,
 Who gloriest in the SAVIOUR's birth!
 Whose are His earliest Martyrs dear,
 By kindred and by triumph here.
 None from henceforth may call thee small;—
 Of rival towns thou passest all;
 In whom our Monarch had His Birth,—
 O City blest o'er all the earth!

URBS BEATA JERUSALEM.

8th century

BLESSED City, Heavenly Salem,
 Vision dear of Peace and Love,
 Who, of living stones upbuilt,
 Art the joy of Heav'n above,
 And, with angel cohorts circled,
 As a Bride to earth dost move!

From celestial realms descending,
 Ready for the nuptial bed,
 To His presence, deck'd with jewels,
 By her LORD shall she be led:
 All her streets, and all her bulwarks,
 Of pure gold are fashioned.

Bright with pearls her portal glitters;
 It is open evermore;
 And, by virtue of His merits,
 Thither faithful souls may soar,
 Who for CHRIST's dear Name, in this world
 Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polish'd well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the Heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath will'd for ever
That His Palace should be deck'd.

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
And the precious Corner-stone,
Who, the two-fold walls surmounting,
Binds them closely into one :
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated City,
Dearly lov'd by GOD on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody ;
GOD the One, and GOD the Trinal,
Singing everlastingly.

To this Temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O LORD of Hosts, to-day !
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy people as they pray ;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls for aye.

Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
That they supplicate to gain :
Here to have and hold for ever
Those good things their pray'rs obtain ;
And hereafter in Thy Glory
With Thy blessed ones to reign.

Laud and honour to the FATHER ;
Laud and honour to the SON ;
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT ;
Ever Three, and ever ONE :
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

GLORIA, LAUS, ET HONOR.

Hymn for Palm Sunday by
S. Theodulph
of Orleans.
+ 821.

GLORY, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King CHRIST the
Redeemer !
Children before Whose steps raised their Hosannas of
praise.

Glory, and honour, etc.

Israel's Monarch art Thou, and the glorious Offspring of
David,
Thou that approachest a King blessed in the Name of
the LORD.
Glory, and honour, etc.

Glory to Thee in the highest the heavenly armies are
singing :
Glory to Thee upon earth man and creation reply.
Glory, and honour, etc.

Met Thee with Palms in their hands that day the folk of
the Hebrews :
We with our prayers and our hymns now to Thy presence
approach.
Glory and honour, etc.

They to Thee proffered their praise for to herald Thy
dolorous Passion ;
We to the King on His Throne utter the jubilant hymn.
Glory, and honour, etc.

They were then pleasing to Thee, unto Thee our devotion
be pleasing ;
Merciful King, kind King, Who in all goodness art
pleas'd.
Glory, and honour, etc.

They in their pride of descent were rightly the children of
Hebrews :
Hebrews are we, whom the LORD's Passover maketh
the same.
Glory, and honour, etc.

Victory won o'er the world be to us for our branches of
Palm tree :

So in the Conqueror's joy this to Thee still be our song :
Glory, and honour, and laud be to Thee, King CHRIST the
Redeemer !

Children before Whose steps raised their Hosannas of
Praise.

PALM SUNDAY

GLORIA, LAUS, ET HONOR.

GLORY, and laud, and honour,
To Thee, Redeemer King !
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

Another
translation,
made for the
"Hymnal
Noted."

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou, David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.

The company of Angels
Are praising Thee on high :
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went ;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

In hast'ning to Thy Passion,
They rais'd their hymns of praise ;
In reigning 'midst Thy glory,
Our melody we raise.

Thou didst accept their praises ;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King !

[Be Thou, O LORD, the Rider,
And we the little ass ;
That to GOD's Holy City
Together we may pass.]

"A verse usually
sung, till the
seventeenth
century ; at the
pious quaint-
ness of which
we can scarce
avoid a smile."
J. M. N.

Receive, instead of palm-boughs,
 Our victory o'er the foe,
 That in the Conqueror's triumph
 This strain may ever flow :

Glory, and laud, and honour,
 To Thee, Redeemer King !
 To Whom the lips of children
 Made sweet Hosannas ring.

TIBI, CHRISTE, SPLENDOR PATRIS.

S. Hrabanus
 Maurus,
 A.D. 777-856

THEE, O CHRIST, the FATHER's Splendour
 Life and virtue of the heart,
 In the presence of the Angels
 Sing we now with tuneful art :
 Meetly in alternate chorus
 Bearing our responsive part.

Thus we praise with veneration
 All the armies of the sky :
 Chiefly him, the warrior Primate
 Of celestial chivalry :
 Michael, who in princely virtue
 Cast Abaddon from on high.

By whose watchful care, repelling,
 King of everlasting grace !
 Every ghostly adversary,
 All things evil, all things base ;
 Grant us of Thine only goodness
 In Thy Paradise a place.

Laud and honour to the FATHER ;
 Laud and honour to the SON ;
 Laud and honour to the SPIRIT ;
 Ever Three, and ever One :
 Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
 While unending ages run. Amen.

ORIGIN OF SEQUENCES

It is well known that the origin of sequences themselves is to be looked for in the *Alleluia* of the Gradual, sung between the Epistle and Gospel. During this melody it was necessary that the deacon should have time to ascend from his place at the altar to the rood-loft, that he might thence sing the Gospel. Hence the prolongation of the last syllable in the *Alleluia* of the Gradual, in thirty, forty, fifty, or even a hundred notes; the *neuma* of which ritualistic writers speak so much. True, there was no sense in this last syllable and its lengthening out, but the mystical interpreters had their explanation: "The way in which we praise God in our Country is yet unknown." But, towards the beginning of the eleventh century, there was a certain Swiss monk, by name Notker, who determined to put words to the notes which had hitherto only interminably prolonged the *Alleluia*. He did so: and as a first attempt, produced a sequence which began with the line:—

"Laudes Deo concinat orbis universus: "

which has lately been republished. Such, then, was the origin of sequences, at first called *Proses*, because written rather in rhythmical prose than with any attention to metre.

S. Notker died about 912. The following sequence, of his composition, was in use all over Europe. In the Missal of Palencia the Priest is ordered to hold a white dove in his hands, while intoning the first syllables, and then to let it go.

SANCTI SPIRITUS ADSIT NOBIS GRATIA.

1. THE grace of the HOLY GHOST be present with us;
2. And make our hearts a dwelling place to itself;
3. And expel from them all spiritual wickedness.
4. Merciful SPIRIT, Illuminator of men,
5. Purge the fearful shades of our mind.
6. O holy Lover of thoughts that are ever wise,
7. Of Thy mercy pour forth Thine Anointing into our senses.
8. Thou purifier of all iniquities, O SPIRIT,
9. Purify the eye of our inner man,
10. To the end that the FATHER of all things may be seen by us,
11. He, Whom the eyes of none save the pure in heart can behold.
12. Thou didst inspire the Prophets to chant beforehand their glorious heralding of CHRIST.
13. Thou didst confirm the Apostles, so that they shall bear CHRIST's glorious trophy through the whole world.

S. Notker
+ circ. 912.

14. When, by His Word, GOD made the system of heaven,
earth, seas,
15. Thou didst stretch out Thy Godhead over the waters,
and didst cherish them, O SPIRIT !
16. Thou dost give virtue to the waters to quicken
souls ;
17. Thou, by Thine Inspiration, grantest to men to be
spiritual.
18. Thou didst unite the world, divided both in tongues
and rites, O LORD !
19. Thou recallest idolaters to the worship of GOD, best
of Masters !
20. Wherefore of Thy mercy hear us who call upon Thee,
HOLY GHOST :
21. Without Whom, as the faith teaches, all our prayers
are in vain, and unworthy of the ears of GOD.
22. Thou, O SPIRIT, Who by embracing the Saints of all
ages, dost teach them by the impulse of Thy Divinity ;
23. Thyself, by bestowing on the Apostles of CHRIST a
gift immortal, and unheard of from all ages,
24. Hast made this day glorious.

LAUS TIBI, CHRISTE.

Godescalcus
+ circ. 950.

1. PRAISE be to Thee, O CHRIST, the CREATOR, the RE-
DEEMER, and the SAVIOUR
2. Of the heaven, the earth, the sea, angels, and men.
3. Whom alone we confess to be GOD and Man.
4. Who didst come that Thou mightest save sinners,
5. Without sin assuming the likeness of sin.
6. From the number of which sinners as Thou didst
visit the Canaanitish woman, as also Mary Magdalene.
7. At the same table of the Divine Word, Thou didst
refresh the one with crumbs, the other with drink,
8. In the house of Simon the leper, sitting down at the
Typical Feast.
9. The Pharisee murmurs, where the woman, conscious
of her sin, laments.
10. The sinner despiseth his fellow sinner. Thou that
knewest no sin, hearest her, penitent,—cleanses
her, defiled—lovest her, that Thou mayest make
her fair.

11. She embraceth the feet of the LORD, washeth them with her tears, wipeth them with her hair : by washing, by wiping, by ointment, she anointeth them,—with kisses she encircleth them.
12. These are the banquets which are well-pleasing to Thee, O Wisdom of the FATHER !
13. O Thou born of a Virgin, Who disdainest not to be touched by a woman that was a sinner !
14. Thou wast invited by the Pharisee : Thou wast banqueted by Mary.
15. Much Thou forgivest to her that loved much, and repeated not her sin in time to come.
16. From seven devils Thou cleanseest her, by Thy seven-fold Spirit.
17. From the dead Thou didst grant her to see Thee again before the others.
18. By her, O CHRIST, Thou signifyest Thy proselyte Church ; whom albeit alien-born, Thou callest to the table of Thy sons.
19. Whom at the feast of the law and grace, the pride of the Pharisees contemns, the leprosy of heresy vexes.
20. What she is Thou knowest ; she toucheth Thee because she is a sinner, because she is a desirer of pardon.
21. What, sick one, could she have possessed, if she had not received it, if the Physician had not been present ?
22. King of kings, rich unto all, save us ; Thou that wipest away all the crimes of sinners, Thou that art the hope and glory of Saints.

CÆLI ENARRANT.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. THE Heavens declare the glory of the SON of GOD, the Incarnate Word, made Heavens from earth. 2. For this glory befitteeth that LORD alone 3. Whose Name is the Angel of the Great Counsel. 4. This Counsel, the assistance of fallen man, is ancient, and profound, and true, made known to the Saints alone, 5. When this Angel, made Man of a woman, made an immortal out of a mortal ; out of men, angels ; out of earth, heaven. | <p>Godescalcus.
Written for
the Festival
of the Division
of the Apostles
(July 15).</p> |
|--|---|

6. This is the LORD GOD of Hosts, Whose angels sent into the earth are the Apostles.
7. To whom He exhibited Himself alive after His Resurrection by many arguments, announcing peace as the victor of death.
8. Peace be unto you, saith He; I am He; fear not; preach the word of CHRIST to every creature, before kings and princes.
9. As the FATHER hath sent Me, even so send I you into the world; be ye therefore prudent as serpents, be ye harmless as doves.
10. Hence Peter, Prince of Apostles, visited Rome; Paul, Greece, preaching grace everywhere: hence these twelve chiefs in the four quarters of the world, preached as Evangelists the Threefold and the One.
11. Andrew, either James, Philip, Bartholomew, Simon, Thaddeus, John, Thomas, and Matthew, twelve Judges, not divided from unity, but for unity, collected into one those that were divided through the earth:
12. Their sound is gone out into all lands.
13. And their words into the ends of the world.
14. How beautiful are the feet of them that proclaim good tidings,—that preach peace;
15. That speak thus to them that are redeemed by the Blood of CHRIST: Sion, thy God shall reign;
16. Who made the worlds by the Word; Which Word was for us, in the end of the world, made Flesh:
17. This Word Which we preach, CHRIST crucified, Who liveth and reigneth, GOD in heaven.
18. These are the Heavens in which, O CHRIST, Thou inhabitest; in whose words Thou thunderest; in whose deeds Thou lightenest; in whose grace Thou sendest Thy dew:
19. To these Thou hast said: Drop down, O ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the Just One; let the earth be opened and bud.
20. Raise up a Righteous Branch, Thou Who causest our earth to bring forth, sowing it with the seed of Apostolic words: through whose words grant, O LORD, that we, holding the Word of the FATHER, may bring forth fruit to Thee, O LORD, in patience.

21. These are the Heavens which Thou, Angel of the great Counsel, inhabitest, Whom Thou callest not servants, but friends; to whom Thou tellest all things that Thou hast heard from the FATHER.
22. By whose Division mayest Thou preserve Thy flock, collected and undivided, and in the bond of peace; that in Thee we may be one, as with the FATHER Thou art One.
23. Have mercy on us, Thou that dwellest in the heavens.

THE ALLELUIATIC SEQUENCE

CANTEMUS CUNCTI.

- | | |
|--|-----------|
| 1. THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia. | |
| 2. To the glory of their King
Shall the ransom'd people sing | Alleluia. |
| 3. And the Choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky | Alleluia. |
| 4. They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
The blessed ones, repeat through that bright home | Alleluia. |
| 5. The planets glitt'ring on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join, and say | Alleluia. |
| 6. Ye clouds that onward sweep!
Ye winds on pinions light!
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep!
Ye lightnings, wildly bright!
In sweet consent unite your | Alleluia. |
| 7. Ye floods and ocean billows!
Ye storms and winter snow!
Ye days of cloudless beauty!
Hoar frost and summer glow!
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing | Alleluia. |
| 8. First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great CREATOR's praise, and say | Alleluia. |
| 9. Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in Creation's Hymn, and cry again | Alleluia. |
| 10. Here let the mountains thunder forth,
sonorous, | Alleluia. |
| There, let the valleys sing in gentler chorus, | Alleluia. |

Godescalcus.
circ. 950.

The original
plain song
melody is
now to be
found at
the end of
"Hymns
Ancient and
Modern."

See note in
preface, p. 4.

11. Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Alleluia.
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply Alleluia.
12. To GOD, Who all Creation made, Alleluia.
The frequent hymn be duly paid :
13. This is the strain, the eternal strain, the LORD Alleluia.
of all things loves :
This is the song, the heav'nly song, that CHRIST Alleluia.
Himself approves :
14. Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice Alleluia.
awaking, Alleluia.
And children's voices echo, answer making,
15. Now from all men be out-pour'd
Alleluia to the LORD ;
With Alleluia evermore
The SON and SPIRIT we adore.
16. Praise be done to the THREE in ONE.
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

LAUDA, MATER ECCLESIA.

S. Odo of
Cluny + 937.

EXALT, O mother Church, to-day
The clemency of CHRIST thy LORD ;
By sevenfold grace Who wipes away
The guilt of sevenfold crimes abhorred.

Sister of Lazarus that was dead,
She, that in such transgressions fell,
To the bright gates of Life was led
Up from the very jaws of Hell.

The great Physician she pursues,
Bearing the precious ointment cruse :
And by His only word is she
From manifold disease set free.

With heart dissolved in penitence,
And tears that flowed apace, she came,
And piety of deed ;—and thence
She found the cure of sin and shame.

Pardon of guilt hath made her soul
A golden for an earthen bowl :
And for a vessel of disgrace
A precious vessel finds its place.

To CHRIST, arisen from the dead,
 And Death's great Conqueror, as she pressed,
 His earliest sight she merited
 Who loved Him more than all the rest.

To GOD alone be honour paid
 For grace so manifold displayed :
 Their guilt He pardons who repent,
 And gives reward for punishment. Amen.

AUDI NOS, REX CHRISTE.

O CHRIST, our King, give ear !
 O LORD and Maker, hear !
 And guide our footsteps lest they stray.

A pilgrim's
 hymn.
 11th century.

Chorus.

Have mercy on us, LORD :
 Have mercy on us, LORD,
 And guide our footsteps lest they stray !

O ever Three and One,
 Protect our course begun,
 And lead us on our holy way !

Thy faithful guardian send,
 Thy Angel, who may tend
 And bring us to Thy holy seat !

Defend our onward path :
 Protect from hostile wrath,
 And to our land return our feet !

Thy Right Hand be stretched out,
 Thy Left be round about,
 In every peril that we meet !

And, O good LORD, at last,
 Our many wanderings past,
 Give us to see Thy realm of Light !

Glory to GOD on high
 Be paid eternally,
 And laud, and majesty, and might ! Amen.

GRAVI ME TERROR E PULSAS, VITÆ DIES ULTIMA.

S. Peter
Damiani,
A.D. 1002-1072.

O WHAT terror in thy forethought,
Ending scene of mortal life !
Heart is sickened, reins are loosened,
Thrills each nerve, with terror rife,
When the anxious heart depicteth
All the anguish of the strife !

Who the spectacle can image,—
How tremendous !—of that day
When, the course of life accomplished,
From the trammels of her clay
Writhes the soul to be delivered,
Agonised to pass away !

Sense hath perished, tongue is rigid,
Eyes are filming o'er in death,
Palpitates the breast, and hoarsely
Gasps the rattling throat for breath :
Limbs are torpid, lips are pallid,
Breaking nature quivereth.

All come round him !—cogitation,
Habit, word, and deed are there !
All, though much and sore he struggle,
Hover o'er him in the air :
Turn he this way, turn he that way,
On his inmost soul they glare.

Conscience' self her culprit tortures,
Gnawing him with pangs unknown :
For that now amendment's season
Is for ever past and gone,
And that late repentance findeth
Pardon none for all its moan.

Fleshy lusts of fancied sweetness
Are converted into gall,
When on brief and bitter pleasure
Everlasting dolours fall :
Then, what late appeared so mighty,
Oh ! how infinitely small !

CHRIST, unconquered King of glory !

Thou my wretched soul relieve
In that most extremest terror
When the body she must leave :
Let the accuser of the brethren
O'er me then no power receive !

Let the Prince of darkness vanish
And Gehenna's legions fly !
Shepherd, Thou Thy sheep, thus ransomed,
To Thy Country lead on high ;
Where for ever in fruition
I may see Thee eye to eye ! Amen.

CRUX MUNDI BENEDICTIO.

O CROSS, whereby the earth is blest,
Certain Redemption, Hope, and Rest,
Once as the Tree of Torture known,
Now the bright gate to JESUS' Throne :

S. Peter
Damiani.

On thee the Host was lifted high
Who to Himself drew all men nigh ;
Whom this world's Prince in malice sought,
And in His spotless soul found nought.

The Law that in thy form begins
Blots out the writing of our sins :
Our ancient servitude is o'er
And freedom is restored once more.

Thy savour is more precious far
Than sweetest scents of spices are :
The nectar that from thee distils
The bosom with its fragrance fills.

Thou by Thy Cross, O CHRIST, we pray,
To Life's reward direct our way :
Who of old time upon the Tree
Our Ransom didst vouchsafe to be.

The Unbegotten FATHER's Praise,
And the begotten SON's we raise,
And equal laud and glory be,
SPIRIT of Both, for aye to Thee ! Amen.

Marbodius of
Rennes, 1125.

See note 1
at end of
this section.

CIVES CŒLESTIS PATRIÆ.

YE of the heavenly country, sing
The praise and honour of your King,
The raiser to its glorious height
Of that celestial City bright,
In whose fair building stand displayed
The gems for twelve foundations laid.

The deep green hue of JASPER saith
How flourishing the estate of Faith,
Which, in all them that perfect be
Shall never wither utterly,
In whose firm keeping safe we fight
With Satan's wile and Satan's might.

The azure light of SAPPHIRE stone
Resembles that Celestial Throne :
A symbol of each simple heart
That grasps in hope the better part :
Whose life each holy deed combines,
And in the light of virtue shines.

Like fire, though pale in outward show,
CHALCEDONY at length shall glow ;
Carried abroad, its radiance streams :
At home, in shade it hides its gleams :
It marks their holiness and grace
Who do good deeds in secret place.

The EMERALD burns, intensely bright,
With radiance of an olive light :
This is the faith that highest shines,
No deed of charity declines,
And seeks no rest, and shuns no strife,
In working out a holy life.

SARDONYX, with its threefold hue,
Sets forth the inner man to view ;
Where dark humility is seen,
And chastity with snow-white sheen,
And scarlet marks his joy to bleed
In Martyrdom, if faith shall need.

The SARDIUS, with its purple red
Sets forth their merits who *have* bled :
The Martyr band, now blest above,
That agonised for JESU's Love :
The sixth foundation, not in vain,
The Cross's Mystery to explain.

The golden coloured CHRYSOLITE
Flashes forth sparkles on the night :
Its mystic hues the life reflect
Of men with perfect wisdom decked,
Who shine, in this dark world, like gold,
Through that Blest SPIRIT Sevenfold.

The sunshine on the sea displays
The watery BERYL's fainter rays :
Of those in this world's wisdom wise
The thoughts and hopes it signifies :
Who long to live more fully blest
With mystic peace of endless rest.

Beyond all gems the TOPAZ rare
Hath value therefore past compare ;
It shines, albeit of colour grey,
Clear as a fair ethereal ray :
And notes the part of them that live
The solid life contemplative.

Some Council, decked in purple state,
The CHRYSOPRASE doth imitate :
In the fair tint its face that decks
'Tis intertinged with golden specks :
This is the perfect love, that knows
Kindest return to sternest foes.

The azure JACINTH comes between
The brighter and the dimmer sheen :
The ardour of whose varied ray
Is changed with every changing day :
The Angelic Life it brings to view
Attempted with discretion due.

Last in the Holy City set
 With hue of glorious violet,
 Forth from the AMETHYST are rolled
 Sparks crimson-bright, and flames of gold :
 The humble heart it signifies
 That with its dying Master dies.

These stones, arrayed in goodly row,
 Set forth the deeds of men below :
 The various tints that there have place
 The multiplicity of grace.
 Who in himself such grace displays
 May shine with these in endless rays.

Jerusalem, dear peaceful land !
 These for thy twelve foundations stand ;
 Blessed and nigh to GOD is he
 Who shall be counted worthy thee !
 That Guardian slumbereth not, nor sleeps,
 Who in His charge thy turrets keeps.

King of the Heavenly City blest !
 Grant that Thy servants may have rest,
 This changeful life for ever past,
 And consort with Thy Saints at last :
 That we, with all the choir above,
 May sing Thy power and praise Thy Love !
Amen.

PATRI SAPIENTIA, BONITAS DIVINA.

12th century.

CIRCLED by His enemies,
 By His own forsaken,
 CHRIST the LORD at *Matin* hour
 For our sakes was taken :
 Very Wisdom, Very Light,
 Monarch long expected,
 In the garden by the Jews
 Bound, reviled, rejected.

See them at the hour of *Prime*
 Unto Pilate leading
 Him 'gainst whom with lying tongues
 Witnesses are pleading.

There with spitting and with shame
Ill for good they render,
Marring of That Face which gives
Heaven eternal splendour.

“Crucify Him !” for His Love
Is their bitter payment,
When they lead Him forth at *Tierce*
Clad in purple raiment :
And a crown of woven thorns
On His Head He weareth :
And the Cross to Calvary
On His Shoulder beareth.

He upon that Cross at *Sexts*
For man’s sake was mounted ;
By the passers by reviled,
With transgressors counted :
Mocking, vinegar and gall
To His thirst they proffer :
To the Holy LAMB of GOD
Such the taunt they offer.

At the Hour of *Nones* the strife,
Long and sharp, was ended :
Gently to His FATHER’s Hands
He His Soul commended ;
And a soldier pierced His Side
With a spear unbidden ;
And earth quaked exceedingly,
And the Sun was hidden.

When it came to *Vesper* time,
From the Cross they take Him,
Whose great love to bear such woes
For our sakes could make Him :
Such a death He underwent,
Sin’s alone Physician,
That of Everlasting Life
We might have fruition.

At the holy *Compline* tide
Holy hands array Him
In the garments of the grave,
Where the mourners lay Him ;

Myrrh and spices have they brought,
 Scripture is completed;
 And by death the Prince of Life
 Death and Hell defeated.

Therefore these Canonical
 Hours my tongue shall ever
 In Thy praise, O CHRIST, recite
 With my heart's endeavour :
 That the Love which for my sake
 Bare such tribulation
 In mine own Death-agony
 May be my Salvation !

In the following verses of Hildebert's on the same subject
 the rudeness of the translation imitates that of the original :

Hildebert.

In twice twelve hours the sun goes through the heaven :
 And sacred to the LORD of all are seven.
 The first is *Prime*. In this the Sun was placed
 On high, and Heaven with all his splendour graced;
 In this we praise our King, the world's True Light,
 And pray Him to defend from error's night.
 Adam at *Tierce* was made : and given the Law :
 Tierce the Redeemer's condemnation saw
 And the Blest SPIRIT's Advent. Here we raise,
 The Vessels to the Potter, prayer and praise :
 That casting off the old, that Adam now
 We may put on, in Death Who deigned to bow
 As at this very hour : and Heavenly Flame
 May purge from sin, and fire with love, our frame.
 At *Sexts* man fell : and CHRIST his sentence bore,
 And the noon fiend is raging evermore.
 Whoe'er thou art, for whom CHRIST deigned to bleed,
 Fall on thy knees, and thank Him for the deed :
 Pray that the dragon, who in this same hour
 Adam destroyed, o'er thee may have no power :
 That God, at noon for man a Sacrifice,
 May shield thee from the flesh, and fiend's surprise.
 At *Nones* by Adam Paradise was lost :
 CHRIST on the Cross at Nones gave up the ghost,
 And visited the faithful, to reveal
 His marvellous light in shade. Thou therefore kneel,

And pray to join their band, and see their LORD
 In the bright realms now lost, and now restored.
 At *Vesper* tide the moon and stars, displayed
 In their bright course, the Firmament arrayed.
 For these fair signs we yield their Author praise,
 For the cheered darkness and the lovely rays.
 At *Vespers*, wretched now, and doomed to ills,
 Adam first saw the sunset touch the hills,
 And prayed, as darkness gathered in apace,
 With horror struck, for GOD's defending grace.
 So thou who at the Font hast seen new light,
 Pray that thy Sun may never sink in night.
 No certain hour hath *Compline* : yet to GOD
 Render we thanks for that day's journey trod :
 Forgiveness ask from grace : from grace request
 That Satan with no phantasm break our rest.
 O'er earth, at midnight hour, the deluge burst,
 The fearful Baptism of its sin accursed :
 Moses, exulting, passed the Red Sea wave,
 Where Pharaoh and his thousands found their grave :
 David arose to Psalms ; at this same tide
 Shall the last fire the good and bad divide.
 These things of mercy and of judgment teach :
 The hymns and prayers of David mercy preach :
 That Moses passed in safety, when his foes
 Were whelmed like lead, judicial sentence shows.

CŒNAM CUM DISCIPULIS.

AT the Supper with the Twelve
 Thou, O CHRIST, wast seated ;
 And hadst prophesied Thy Death
 Soon to be completed ;
 And hadst pointed Judas out
 By the morsel meted :
 And unto Gethsemane,
 After, hadst retreated.

Sarum Missal,
 12th century.

Prostrate fell the LORD of all
 Where He had proceeded ;
 That the cup might pass away
 Earnestly He pleaded :

But unto His FATHER's Will
That His Own conceded :
And forthwith a Sweat of Blood
O'er His Members speeded.

After that the Traitor's Kiss
Judas came to proffer :
" Wherefore com'st thou, friend ? " the LORD
Saith unto the scoffer :
" Thou to Him Whom thou hast sold
Salutation offer ?
Thou, who hadst the price of Blood
From His murderers' coffer ? "

All the weary livelong night
Neither rest nor sleeping :
Armed bands of soldiery
Watch round JESUS keeping :
Priests and Scribes upon His Head
Foul reproaches heaping :
Who might see the Spotless Lamb,
And refrain from weeping ?

Pilate strives to free the LORD
From the bands that tie Him ;
But the voices of the Jews
More and more defy him ;
And the tumult waxes still
Loud and louder nigh him :
And the people's fiercer cry
Thunders,—" Crucify Him ! "

With the soldiers, straitly bound,
Forth the SAVIOUR fareth :
Over all His holy Form
Bleeding Wounds He beareth ;
He a Crown of woven thorns,
King of Glory, weareth :
And each one, with bended knee,
Fresher taunts prepareth.

They Thy mild and tender Flesh,
O Redeemer, baring,
To the column bind Thee fast
For the scourge preparing :

Thus the Ransom of our peace
Cruel stripes are tearing,
As the streams that flow therefrom
Fully are declaring.

After passed He through the street
As the morn grew older :
And the heavy bitter Cross
Bare He on His Shoulder :
Thronged the windows and the doors
Many a rude beholder ;
But He found no comforter
There, and no upholder.

Him, in open sight of men
Manifestly shaming,
To the wind and cold they bare,
Utmost insults framing :
Guiltless, on the Cross they lift
With transgressors naming,
Him, as midmost of the three,
Chief of all proclaiming.

On the wood His Arms are stretched,
And His Hands are riven :
Through the tender Flesh of CHRIST
Mighty nails are driven ;
In like wise His Blessed Feet
Are to torture given,
As the Hands that had so oft
In our battle striven.

Streams of Blood are trickling down
From those holy sources :
Hither ! weak and sinful soul !
And renew thy forces :
This the medicine, that shall cure
Terrors and remorse ;
This the writing, that for us
Freedom's deed endorses.

Then the LORD exclaimed,—“ I thirst ! ”
(Meet did Scripture make it :)
On a reed they raise the sponge
To the lips that spake it :

Vinegar and gall they give
To His thirst to slake it :
Which when He had tasted of,
He refused to take it.

JESU, wondrous to the last !
What was Thine intention ?
Thou wast silent of the Cross,
But of thirst mad'st mention :
Not that this Thou feltest more
Than that bitter tension :
But that thirst Thou wouldst express
For lost man's invention.

Calling on Thy FATHER's Name
Thy last breath was spended :
And Thy Spirit in His Hands
Gently was commended :
With a loud and mighty cry
Then Thy Head was bended :
And the work, that brought Thee down,
Of Salvation, ended.

But by heart and thought of man
That is past conceiving,
How the Virgin Mother's soul
Inmost was grieving,
When the soldier's bitter lance
That dear Side was cleaving :
Cruel mark upon His frame
Of its passage leaving.

That blest form could feel no more
Whence had life departed :
'Twas the Mother's anguished soul
'Neath the Wound that smarted :
When she marked how through His Side
That sharp lance was darted ;
And the streams of Water thence
And of Blood that started.

Wherefore, sinner, haste to these
Fountains of salvation :
Life thou mayest draw therefrom
And illumination :

Cure thou mayest find for sin,
 Strength to meet temptation :
 Refuge may'st thou gain against
 Satan's condemnation.

JUCUNDARE, PLEBS FIDELIS.

CHILDREN of a Heavenly FATHER,
 Faithful people, joy, the rather
 That the Prophet's lore ye gather,
 From Ezekiel's Vision draw :
 John that Prophet's witness sharing,
 In the Apocalypse declaring,
 " This I write, true record bearing
 Of the things I truly saw."

Adam of S.
 Victor, greatest
 of mediæval
 poets, *d.* 1192.

Round the Throne, 'midst Angel natures,
 Stand four holy Living Creatures,
 Whose diversity of features
 Maketh good the Seer's plan :
 This an Eagle's visage knoweth :
 That a Lion's image showeth :
 Scripture on the rest bestoweth
 The twain forms of Ox and Man.

See notes on
 this at end of
 section, p. 186.

These are they, the symbols mystic
 Of the forms Evangelistic,
 Who the Church, with streams majestic,
 Irrigate from sea to sea :
 Matthew first, and Mark the second :
 Luke with these is rightly reckoned :
 And the loved Apostle, beckoned
 From his nets and Zebedee.

Matthew's form the man supplieth,
 For that thus he testifieth
 Of the LORD, that none denieth
 Him to spring from man He made ;
 Luke's the ox, in form propitial,
 As a creature sacrificial,
 For that he the rites judicial
 Of Mosaic law displayed.

Mark the wilds as lion shaketh,
 And the desert hearing quaketh,
 Preparation while he maketh
 That the heart with God be righ^t
 John, love's double wing devising,
 Earth on eagle plumes despising,
 To his GOD and LORD uprising
 Soars away in purer light.

Symbols quadriform uniting
 They of CHRIST are thus inditing;
 Quadriform His acts, which writing
 They produce before our eyes :
 Man,—Whose birth man's law obeyeth :
 Ox,—Whom victim's passion slayeth :
 Lion,—when on death He preyeth :
 Eagle,—soaring to the skies.

These the creature forms ethereal
 Round the Majesty imperial
 Seen by prophets; but material
 Difference 'twixt the visions springs :
 Wheels are rolling,—wings are flying,—
 Scripture lore this signifying;—
 Step with step, as wheels, complying,
 Contemplation by the wings.

Paradise is satiated,
 Blossoms, thrives, is fœcundated,
 With the waters irrigated
 From these rills that aye proceed :
 CHRIST the fountain, they the river,
 CHRIST the source, and they the giver
 Of the streams that they deliver
 To supply His people's need.

In these streams our souls bedewing,
 That more fully we ensuing
 Thirst of goodness and renewing,
 Thirst more fully may allay :
 We their holy doctrine follow
 From the gulf that gapes to swallow,
 And from pleasures vain and hollow
 To the joys of heavenly Day.

FOR EASTER

ECCE DIES CELEBRIS.

HAIL the much-remembered Day !
 Night from morning flies away,
 Life the chains of death hath burst :
 Gladness, welcome ! grief, begone !
 Greater glory draweth on
 Than confusion at the first.
 Flies the shadow from the true :
 Flies the ancient from the new :
 Comfort hath each tear dispersed.

Adam of S.
 Victor, d. 1192.

Hail our Pascha, That wast dead !
 What preceded in the Head
 That each member hopes to gain ;
 CHRIST, our newer Pascha now,
 Late in death content to bow
 When the spotless LAMB was slain.

CHRIST the prey hath here unbound
 From the foe that girt us round :
 Tale, in Samson's prowess found
 When the lion-form he slew :
 David, in His Father's cause,
 From the lion's hungry jaws
 And the bear's devouring paws
 Hath set free His flock anew.

Samson thousands slew by dying :
 CHRIST, true Samson, typifying,
 Who by death o'ercame His foes :
 Samson, by interpretation,
 Is *their sunlight* : Our Salvation
 Thus hath brought illumination
 To the Elect on whom He rose.

From the Cross's pole of glory
 Flows the must of ancient story
 In the Church's wine-vat stored :
 From the press, now trodden duly,
 Gentile first-fruits gathered newly
 Drink the precious liquor poured.

Sackcloth, worn with foul abuses,
 Passes on to royal uses ;
 Grace in that garb at length we see,
 The Flesh hath conquered misery.
 They, by whom their monarch perished,
 Lost the kingdom, that they cherished,
 And for a sign and wonder Cain
 Is set, who never shall be slain.

Reprobated and rejected
 Was this Stone that, now elected,
 For a Trophy stands erected
 And a precious Cornerstone :
 Sin's, not Nature's, termination,
 He creates a new Creation,
 And, Himself their colligation,
 Binds two peoples into one.

Give we glory to the Head,
 O'er the members love be shed !

ZYMA VETUS EXPURGETUR.

Adam of S.
 Victor.

PURGE we out the ancient leaven,
 That the feast of earth and Heaven
 We may celebrate aright :
 On to-day our hope stands founded :
 Moses teacheth how unbounded
 Is its virtue and its might.

This day Egypt's treasures spoiled
 And the Hebrews freed that toiled,
 Pressed with bondage and in chains :
 From the mortar, brick, and stubble,
 Heaviest toil and sorest trouble
 Had they known in Zoan's plains.

Now the voice of exultation,
 Now the triumph of salvation
 Free and wide its tidings flings :
 This is the day the LORD hath made : the day
 That bids our sin and sorrow flee away,
 Life and light and health that brings.

In the Law the types lay shaded :
In the promised End they faded,
CHRIST, Who all things consummates ;
CHRIST, Whose Blood aside hath turned
That devouring sword which burned,
Waving wide, at Eden's gates.

Yea, that child, our Mystic Laughter,
For whose sake the ram fell after,
Signifies the Joy of Life ;
Joseph from the prison goeth :
CHRIST, by Resurrection, showeth
He hath conquered in the strife.

He the Dragon that, devouring
Pharaoh's dragons, rose o'erpowering
All their malice and their might ;
He the Serpent set on high
That the people might not die
From the fiery serpents' bite.

He, the Hook, that hid awhile,
Pierced Leviathan with guile :
He the Child that laid His hand
On the cockatrice's den :
That the ancient lord of men
Might avoid the ransomed land.

They, whose scorn the Seer offended
As to Bethel he ascended,
Feel the Bald-head's wrath, and flee :
David, after madness feigned,
Scapegoat, now no more detained,
Ritual sparrow, all go free.

Alien wedlock first despising,
With a jawbone Samson rising
Thousand Philistines hath slain :
Then in Gaza as he tarried,
Forth her brazen gates he carried
To the mountain from the plain.

Sleeping first the sleep of mortals
 Judah's Lion thus the portals
 Of the grave hath borne away :
 While the FATHER's voice resounded,
 He, with majesty unbounded,
 Sought our Mother's courts of day.

Jonah, by the tempest followed,
 Whom the whale of old time swallowed,
 Type of our True Jonah giving,
 Three days pass'd, is rendered living
 From that dark and narrow space.
 Now the myrrh of Cyprus groweth,
 Widelier spreadeth, sweetlier bloweth ;
 Law its withered blossoms throweth
 That the Church may take their place.

Death and life have striven newly ;
 JESUS CHRIST hath risen truly ;
 And with CHRIST ascended duly
 Many a witness that He lives :
 Dawn of newness, happy morrow
 Wipes away our eve of sorrow :
 Since from death our life we borrow,
 Brightest joy the season gives.

JESU, Victor, Life, and Head :
 JESU, Way Thy people tread ;
 By Thy death from death released
 Call us to the Paschal Feast,
 That with boldness we may come ;
 Living Water, Bread undying,
 Vine, each branch with Life supplying,
 Thou must cleanse us, Thou must feed us,
 From the Second Death must lead us
 Upward to our Heavenly Home !

VERBI VERE SUBSTANTIVI.

Adam of S.
 Victor.

THAT substantive WORD, united
 To the flesh, and therein plighted
 To a life of misery sore ;

Him to be the co-eternal,
John's theology supernal
Testifieth evermore.

On his Master's bosom lying
Quaffed he thence that fount undying,
Wisdom's stream, his thirst to sate :
Then became, with touch endearing,
Faith to word, to teaching hearing,
Mind to God, conterminate.

Whence in ecstasy uprising,
Things of carnal sense despising,
And the clouds of error's night :
On the True Sun's truest vision
Soaring high, with full fruition,
Fix'd he fast his eagle sight.

Sense is naught, if style it slighteth :
He with style so subtle writeth,
And with sense so Catholic,
That the WORD's true Incarnation
Never more can meet negation
From the wile of heretic.

WORD, ineffably creative,
Which with Virtue generative
All things made at earth's foundation :
That same WORD, from John we gather,
Is not severed from the FATHER
Save by personal relation.

Him, Whom Matthew, more than other,
Sets forth, fed by spotless Mother,
Born for pain and woe discloses :
Whom Luke's pen, true ox-horn, showeth
On the Cross whence healing floweth,
As the serpent raised by Moses :

Him, to Whom from death's dejection
Lion-Mark brings Resurrection,
Rocks then riving, earth then quaking :
God of God, of Splendour, Splendour :
These the titles John could render,
Alpha and Omega making.

They relate the earthly passion,
 How *He* died in mortal fashion,
 Crowned with thorns, their suff'ring LORD :
He, upraised to things supernal,
 Shows the King of realms eternal,
 And the vengeance of His sword.

On these wings evangelistic
 Rolls the Monarch's chariot mystic,
 One among the Living Four :
 While the harpers pour their praises,
 And the adoring people raises
 Alleluia evermore.

SUPERNÆ MATRIS GAUDIA.

Adam of S.
 Victor.

THE Church on earth, with answering love,
 Echoes her Mother's joys above :
 These yearly feast-days she may keep,
 And yet for endless festals weep.

In this world's valley, dim and wild,
 That Mother must assist the child ;
 And heavenly guards must pitch their tents,
 And range their ranks in our defence.

The world, the flesh, and Satan's rage,
 Their differing wars against us wage ;
 And when their phantom-hosts come on,
 The Sabbath of the heart is gone :

This triple league, with fierce dislike,
 At holy festivals would strike :
 And set the battle in array
 To drive their peace from earth away.

And storms confused above us lower
 Of hope and fear, and joy and woe ;
 And scarcely ev'n for one half hour
 Is silence in GOD's House below.

That distant City, oh, how blest,
 Whose feast-days know nor pause nor rest !
 How gladsome is that Palace gate,
 Round which nor fear nor sorrow wait !

Nor languor here, nor weary age,
 Nor fraud, nor dread of hostile rage;
 But one the joy, and one the song,
 And one the heart of all the throng !

The Saints whose praise to-day we sing
 Are standing now before the Throne,
 And face to face behold the King
 In all His Majesty made known.

In that serene and glorious place
 When this life's many toils are past,
 CHRIST, of His Everlasting Grace,
 Grant us to join the Blest at last ! Amen.

INTERNI FESTI GAUDIA.

Our festal strains to-day reveal
 The joys that faithful spirits feel,
 As often as the inmost heart
 In these true Sabbaths bears a part.

Adam of S.
 Victor.
 (For S.
 Augustine's
 Day.)

The pure of soul alone have grace
 The future joys of Heav'n to trace,
 And learn in foretaste sweet and rare
 What glories deck the Blessed there :

What bliss, in that celestial land,
 They know, the bright Angelic band;
 Who see the King That crowns the fight,
 In all His Majesty of light.

Blest is that Country, ever blest,
 Which knoweth nought save joy and rest !
 Whose citizens for ever raise
 The long unbroken swell of praise !

Whom sweetness, more than earthly, fills;
 Who know no grief, and mourn no ills;
 Whom never more can foe alarm,
 Nor storm approach to work them harm.

One day of those most glorious rays
 Is better than ten thousand days :
 Refulgent with celestial light,
 And with GOD's fullest knowledge bright.

This cannot human fancy know,
Nor tongue of men nor Angels shew,
Till endless life the victory brings
That gives for earthly, heavenly things.

Let this our meditation be
Along the vale of misery ;
This occupy each sleeping hour,
And exercise each waking power.

Thus shall we gain, this exile past,
Our Country's Blessed Crown at last ;
Thus in His Glory shall adore
The King of Ages evermore.

The praises that the Blessed know
The Church shall imitate below,
Whene'er she greets, in yearly strain,
The birthdays of her Saints again.

Now, all their battles past and gone,
The Crown of Glory is set on ;
For Chastity, as lily white,
For Martyrdom, as ruby bright.

And these beside, a golden chain
Shall Doctors Catholic attain :
Where Angels round their Monarch bow,
Such chain Augustine weareth now.

That we this Saint's blest life may reach,
That we his blessed faith may teach,
May join above, and love below,
The SPIRIT of All Grace bestow ! Amen.

HERI MUNDUS EXULTAVIT.

YESTERDAY, with exultation
Join'd the world in celebration
Of her promis'd SAVIOUR's birth ;
Yesterday the Angel nation
Pour'd the strains of jubilation
O'er the Monarch born on earth.

Adam of S.
Victor. (A
Sequence for
S. Stephen's
Day.)

But to-day, o'er death victorious,
By His faith and actions glorious,
By His miracles renown'd,
Dared the Deacon Protomartyr
Earthly life for Heav'n to barter,
Faithful midst the faithless found.

Forward, champion, in thy quarrel !
Certain of a certain laurel,
Holy Stephen, persevere !
Perjur'd witnesses confounding,
Satan's Synagogue astounding
By thy doctrine true and clear.

Lo ! in Heaven *thy* Witness liveth :
Bright and faithful proof He giveth
Of His Martyr's blamelessness :
Thou by name a *Crown* impliest ;
Meetly then in pangs thou diest
For the Crown of Righteousness !

For a crown that fadeth never,
Bear the torturer's brief endeavour ;
Victory waits to end the strife :
Death shall be thy birth's beginning,
And life's losing be the winning
Of the true and better Life.

Whom the HOLY GHOST endueth,
Whom celestial sight imbueeth,
Stephen penetrates the skies ;
There God's fullest glory viewing,
There his victor strength renewing,
For his near reward he sighs.

See, as Jewish foes invade thee,
See how JESUS *stands* to aid thee :
Stands to guard His champion's death :
Cry that opened Heaven is shown thee :
Cry that JESUS waits to own thee :
Cry it with thy latest breath !

As the dying Martyr kneeleth,
 For his murderers he appealeth,
 And his prayer their pardon sealeth,
 For their madness grieving sore ;
 Then in CHRIST he sleepeth sweetly,
 Who His pattern kept completely,
 And with CHRIST he reigneth meetly,
 Martyr first-fruits, evermore ! Amen.

MISSUS GABRIEL DE CÆLIS.

Adam of S.
 Victor.
 (Sequence for
 the Incarna-
 tion.)

GABRIEL, from the Heaven descending,
 On the faithful WORD attending,
 Is in holy converse blending
 With the Virgin full of grace :
 That good word and sweet he plighteth
 In the bosom where it lighteth,
 And for *Eva Ave* writeth,
 Changing *Eva's* name and race.

At the promise that he sendeth
 GOD the Incarnate WORD descendeth ;
 Yet no carnal touch offendeth
 Her, the undefiled one.
 She, without a father, beareth,
 She no bridal union shareth,
 And a painless birth declareth
 That she bare the Royal Son.

Tale that wondering search entices !
 But believe,—and that suffices ;
 It is not for man's devices
 Here to pry with gaze unmeet :
 High the sign, its place assuming
 In the bush, the unconsuming ;
 Mortal, veil thine eyes presuming,
 Loose thy shoes from off thy feet.

As the rod, by wondrous power,
 Moistened not by dew or shower,
 Bare the almond and the flower,
 Thus He came, the Virgin's Fruit :

Hail the Fruit, O world, with gladness !
 Fruit of joy and not of sadness :
 Adam had not lapsed to madness
 Had he tasted of its shoot.

JESUS, kind above all other,
 Gentle Child of gentle Mother,
 In the stable born our Brother,
 Whom the angelic hosts adore :
 He, once cradled in a manger,
 Heal our sin and calm our danger ;
 For our life, to this world stranger,
 Is in peril evermore. Amen.

LAUDES CRUCIS ATTOLLAMUS.

BE the Cross our theme and story,
 We who in the Cross's glory
 Shall exult for evermore.
 By the Cross the warrior rises,
 By the Cross the foe despises,
 Till he gains the heavenly shore.

Adam of S.
 Victor.
 (Sequence for
 Invention or
 Exaltation of
 the Cross.)

Sweetest praises
 Earth upraises :
 Accents sweetest
 Are the meetest
 For the Tree of sweetest cheer :
 Life and voice keep well in chorus ;
 Then the melody sonorous
 Shall make concord true and clear.

Love be warm, and praise be fervent,
 Thou that art the Cross's servant,
 And in that hast rest from strife :
 Every kindred, every nation,
 Hail the Tree that brings Salvation,
 Tree of Beauty, Tree of Life !

O how glorious, how transcendent
 Was this Altar ! how resplendent
 In the life blood of the LAMB !

Of the LAMB Immaculate
That redeemed our ancient state
From its sin and from its shame.

Ladder this, to sinners given,
Whereby CHRIST, the King of Heaven,
Drew to Him both friends and foes :
Who its nature hath expended
In its limits comprehended
All the world's four quarters knows.

No new Sacraments we mention ;
We devise no fresh invention :
This religion was of old ;
Wood made sweet the bitter current :
Wood called forth the rushing torrent
From the smitten rock that rolled.

No salvation for the mansion
Where the Cross in meet expansion
On the door-post stood not graved :
Where it stood, the midnight blast
Of the avenging Angel passed,
And the first-born child was saved.

Wood the widow's hands collected,
When salvation unexpected
Came, the Prophet's mystic boon :
Where the wood of faith is wanted,
There the SPIRIT's oil is scanted,
And the meal is wasted soon.

Rome beheld each shattered vessel
And Maxentius vainly wrestle
In the stream against its might :
This procured the bright ovation
O'er the Persian and the Thracian
When Heraclius won the fight.

Types of old in Scripture hidden
Setting forth the Cross, are bidden,
In these days, to fuller light ;
Kings are flying, foes are dying,
On the Cross of CHRIST relying
One a thousand puts to flight.

This its votaries still secureth,
 Victory evermore assureth,
 Weakness and diseases cureth,
 Triumphs o'er the powers of hell :
 Satan's captives liberateth,
 Life in sinners renovateth,
 All in glory reinstateth
 Who by ancient Adam fell.

Tree, triumphal might possessing,
 Earth's salvation, crown, and blessing,
 Every other prætergressing
 Both in bloom and bud and flower :
 Medicine of the Christian spirit,
 Save the just, give sinners merit,
 Who dost might for deeds inherit
 Overpassing human power. Amen.

QUAM DILECTA TABERNACULA.

How lovely and how loved, how full of grace,
 The LORD the GOD of hosts, His dwelling place !

How elect your
 Architecture !

How serene your walls remain :

Never moved by,
 Rather proved by
 Wind, and storm, and surge, and rain !

O how glorious those foundations
 Which in ancient generations
 Types and shadows half display !
 From the side of Adam sleeping
 Eve proceeded, figure keeping
 Of a band to last for aye.

Framed of Wood, the Ark effected
 Noah's salvation, while directed
 Through the Deluge and upheld:
 Called the promise to inherit,
 Sarah laughs with joy of spirit
 O'er the infant of her eld.

Adam of S.
 Victor.
 (Prose for the
 Dedication of
 a Church.)

From her pitcher Bethuel's daughter
Giveth Eliezer water,
And the camels slake their thirst :
For her Bridegroom she prepareth,
While the rings and chains she weareth
That Himself had sent her first.

Letter held by, spirit scanted,
Saw the Synagogne supplanted,
Wandering wide, by Jacob's hand :
Leah's tender vision fleeth
Much that clear-eyed Rachel seeth
Wedded thence in equal band.

By the wayside as she fareth
Tamar twins to Judah beareth
After many a widowed day :
Here the Royal Maid, revealing
What the rush-ark was concealing,
Beareth Moses safe away.

Here the LAMB is immolated
Whereby Israel shall be sated,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood :
Here they pass the Red Sea surges,
While the rising billow urges
Egypt's host beneath the flood.

Here the urn of manna standeth,
Here the Tables GOD commandeth
In the Ark of Covenant rest.
Here the ornaments of beauty,
Here the robes of priestly duty,
Chief of all the fair long vest.

Here his wife Urias loses,—
Bathsheba, whom David chooses
To a queen's estate to bring.
Than the royal maidens fairer,
She, of gold-wrought garment wearer,
"Shall be brought unto the King."

Hither Sheba's queen proceedeth
As to Solomon she speedeth,
Seeking Wisdom at his feet :

Black, but comely, she ascendeth,
As when myrrh with incense blendeth
In a vapour dark but sweet.

She whose glory
Ancient story
Shadowed faintly,
Bright and saintly
Opens here the Day of Grace.
To our Dearest
Lie we nearest,
Resting by Him,
Singing nigh Him,
For the Nuptial comes apace :

The feast, at whose beginning blend
The louder notes that trumpets send,
While gentler psalteries hail the end.
Ten thousand thousand choirs on high
The Bridegroom in one melody
Exalting, sing eternally
Alleluia : Amen.

STOLA REGNI LAUREATUS.

LAURELLED with the stole victorious,
Is the great King's Senate glorious,
Is the Apostolic Choir :
Heart and lips keep well in chorus,
While the pure soul's strains sonorous
To angelic hymns aspire.

These earth's highest decoration,
That shall judge each tongue and nation ;
These the rock of newest grace :
Ere the world was, pre-elected,
By the Architect erected
In the Church's highest place.

Nazarites of ancient story,
They the Cross's wars and glory
To the listening world relate :
Thus the Word of GOD adorning,
Night to night, to morning morning,
" Speech and knowledge " indicate.

Adam of S.
Victor.
(Prose for the
Common of
Apostles.)

See notes at
end of section,
p. 187.

They, earth's furthest limits reaching,
 CHRIST's most easy burden preaching,
 Propagate the Word of Life :
 Earth returns her cultured treasure,
 And in more abundant measure
 With the God-Man's faith is rife.

Paranymphs of GOD's new graces,
 To the New King's dear embraces
 They conduct the Royal Bride :
 Spotless, blemishless, eternal,
 She, the dread of powers infernal,
 Ever Virgin must abide.

Ever Virgin, ever bearing,
 Youth and age for ever sharing,
 From defeat and error free ;
 This her bed, truth held sincerely ;
 This her birth, faith treasured dearly :
 Grace her dowry endlessly.

These, the temple's sure foundations,
 These are they that bind the nations
 Into GOD's great house above :
 These the city's pearly portal,
 Knitting faith with work immortal,
 Jew and Gentile into love.

These are they that evermore
 Winnow in the threshing floor,
 And from the chaff the wheat divide :
 These are they that came to be
 Oxen of the brazen sea
 That Solomon had edified.

Patriarchs twelve in order meetest :
 Twelfefold founts of water sweetest :
 Shewbreads of the temple rite :
 Gems that deck the priestly vestment ;
 Thus they gain their true attestation
 As the people's chiefs in fight.

Let their prayer preserve from error,
 Add to faith, and quench the terror
 Of the woe of final doom :
 So that, freed from all transgression,
 We may enter on possession
 Of the happiness to come. Amen.

IN HOC ANNI CIRCULO.

In the ending of the year
 Light and life to man appear :
 And the Holy Babe is here
 By the Virgin Mary.
 For the Word becometh Flesh
 By the Virgin Mary.

German, 12th
 century (?).

What in ancient days was slain,
This day calls to life again :
 God is coming here to reign
 By the Virgin Mary.
 For the Word becometh Flesh
 By the Virgin Mary.

Adam ate the fruit and died :
 But the curse that did betide
 All his sons is turned aside
 By the Virgin Mary.
 For the Word becometh Flesh
 By the Virgin Mary.

Noe shut the Ark of old,
 When the Flood came, as is told :
 Us its doors to-day enfold
 By the Virgin Mary.
 For the Word becometh Flesh
 By the Virgin Mary.

Every creature of the plain
 Owned the guileful serpent's reign :
 He this happy day is slain
 By the Virgin Mary.
 For the Word becometh Flesh
 By the Virgin Mary.

* See lines
following, by
S. Hildebert.

'Twas the Star the Sun that bore,*
Which Salvation should restore;
But pollution ne'er the more
Touched the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Flesh
By the Virgin Mary.

And they circumcise the LORD,
And His Blood for us is poured :
Thus Salvation is restored
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Flesh
By the Virgin Mary.

In a manger is He laid :
Ox and Ass their worship paid :
Over Him her veil is spread
By the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Flesh
By the Virgin Mary.

And the Heavenly Angels' tongue
Glory in the Highest sung :
And the shepherds o'er Him hung
With the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Flesh
By the Virgin Mary.

Joseph watches o'er His rest :
Cold and sorrow Him infest :
He, an hungered, seeks the breast
Of the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Flesh
By the Virgin Mary.

Wherefore let our choir to-day
Banish sorrow far away,
Singing and exulting aye
With the Virgin Mary.
For the Word becometh Flesh
By the Virgin Mary.

Two Suns appear to man to-day : one made,
 One Maker : one eternal, one to fade.
 One the stars' King ; the King of *their* King, one :
 This makes,—that bids him make,—the hours to run.
 The Sun shines with the True Sun, ray with ray,
 Light with light, Day with Him That makes the day.
 Day without night, without seed bears she fruit,
 Unwedded Mother, Flower without a root.
 She than all greater : He the greatest still :
 She filled by Him Whose glories all things fill.
 That night is almost day, and yields to none,
 Wherein GOD flesh, wherein flesh GOD, put on.
 The undone is done again ; attuned the jar :
 Sun precedes day : the Morn, the morning star.
 True Sun, and Very Light, and Very Day :
 GOD was that Sun, and GOD its Light and ray.
 How bare the Virgin, ask'st thou, GOD and man ?
 I know not : but I know GOD all things can.

S. Hildebert.

O FILII ET FILIÆ.

ALLELUIA ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 Ye sons and daughters of the King
 Whom heavenly hosts in glory sing,
 To-day the grave hath lost its sting !
 Alleluia.

12th century.

On that first morning of the week,
 Before the day began to break,
 They went their buried LORD to seek.
 Alleluia.

[Both Mary, as it came to pass,
 And Mary Magdalene it was,
 And Mary, wife of Cleophas.
 Alleluia.]

Verses
 bracketed
 are omitted.
 in "Hymnal
 Noted."

An Angel clad in white was he
 That sate and spake unto the three,
 "Your LORD is gone to Galilee !"
 Alleluia.

[When John the Apostle heard the fame,
He to the tomb with Peter came :
But in the way outran the same.

Alleluia.]

That night the Apostles met in fear :
Amidst them came their LORD most dear,
And said, " Peace be unto all here ! "

Alleluia.

" When
Thomas after-
ward had
heard," " H. N."

When Didymus had after heard
That JESUS had fulfilled His Word,
He doubted if it were the LORD.

Alleluia.

" Thomas, behold My Side," saith He ;
" My Hands, My Feet, My Body see :
And doubt not, but believe in Me."

Alleluia.

" No longer
Thomas then
denied,"
" H. N."

No longer Didymus denied :
He saw the Hands, the Feet, the Side ;
" Thou art my LORD and GOD," he cried.

Alleluia.

Blessed are they that have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been :
In Life Eternal they shall reign.

Alleluia.

On this most holy Day of days,
Be laud and jubilee and praise :
To GOD both hearts and voices raise :

Alleluia.

And we with Holy Church unite,
As is both meet and just and right,
In glory to the King of Light.

Alleluia.

SURREXIT CHRISTUS HODIE.

13th century
(Easter).

TO-DAY the Victor o'er His foes
For human consolation rose,

Alleluia.

Who, two days since, through torments ran
To succour miserable man.

Alleluia.

The holy women to the tomb
With gifts of precious ointment come :

Alleluia.

And CHRIST the LORD they seek with pain,
For our transgressions Who was slain.

Alleluia.

An Angel clad in white appears
To bring glad tidings to their ears.

Alleluia.

“ Fear not ! O trembling ones ! ” saith he,
“ But go your ways to Galilee ! ”

Alleluia.

“ Make speed and tell the Apostles this,
That He is risen—the LORD of Bliss ! ”

Alleluia.

To Peter then the King of Heaven
Appeared, and after to the Eleven.

Alleluia.

In this our Paschal Joy we raise
To CHRIST the LORD our songs of praise.

Alleluia.

To GOD on High all laud give we ;
The ever blessed TRINITY !

Alleluia.

FINITA JAM SUNT PRÆLIA.

ALLELUIA ! Alleluia !
Finished is the battle now ;
The Crown is on the Victor's brow !
Hence with sadness,
Sing with gladness

Alleluia !

18th century
(Easter).

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 After sharp death that Him befell,
 JESUS CHRIST hath harrowed hell.
 Earth is singing,
 Heaven is ringing,
 Alleluia !

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 On the third morning He arose,
 Bright with victory o'er His foes.
 Sing we lauding,
 And applauding,
 Alleluia !

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 He hath closed Hell's brazen door,
 And Heaven is open evermore !
 Hence with sadness !
 Sing with gladness
 Alleluia !

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 LORD, by Thy Wounds we call on Thee
 So from ill death to set us free,
 That our living
 Be thanksgiving !
 Alleluia !

JAM PULSA CEDUNT NUBILA.

18th century
 (Easter).

THE cloud of night is past away :
 Mary, rejoice, rejoice to-day ! Alleluia.

He That abhorred not thy womb
 Hath risen victorious from the tomb. Alleluia.

The dart of death is knapped in twain ;
 At JESUS' feet death's self lies slain. Alleluia.

In consolation our annoy,
 Our sorrow hath his end in joy. Alleluia.

The Face with spitting marred so late
 Is glorious now as Heav'n's own gate. Alleluia.

Graved in His Hands and Feet, the Wounds
Are rivers whence all Grace abounds. Alleluia.

Thy transverse arms, O Cross, are now
The sceptre whereto all things bow. Alleluia.

VENI, VENI, EMMANUEL.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the SON of GOD appear;
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel!

18th century
(Advent).

Draw nigh, O Jesse's Rod, draw nigh,
To free us from the enemy;
From Hell's infernal pit to save,
And give us victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel!

Draw nigh, Thou Orient, Who shalt cheer
And comfort by Thine Advent here,
And banish far the brooding gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel!

Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The Heavenly Gate will ope to Thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel!

Draw nigh, draw nigh, O LORD of Might,
Who to Thy tribes from Sinai's height
In ancient time didst give the Law,
In cloud and majesty and awe.
Rejoice! rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel!

CÆLOS ASCENDIT HODIE

13th century
(Ascension).

TO-DAY above the sky He soared, Alleluia.
The King of Glory, CHRIST the Lord. Alleluia.

He sitteth on the FATHER's Hand, Alleluia.
And ruleth sky and sea and land. Alleluia.

Now all things have their end foretold, Alleluia.
In holy David's song of old : Alleluia.

My LORD is seated with the LORD, Alleluia.
Upon the Throne of GOD adored. Alleluia.

In this great triumph of our King, Alleluia.
To GOD on high all praise we bring. Alleluia.

To Him all thanks and laud give we, Alleluia.
The Ever-Blessed TRINITY. Alleluia.

ECCE TEMPUS EST VERNALE.

13th century
(Easter).

SPRING returns with jubilation,
When the Tree of our salvation,
Chiefest of the forest nation,
Wrought the work of reparation,
 Fallen man redeeming.
Through Judæa's rage infernal
From the nut breaks forth the kernel :
Hangs upon the Cross the Eternal :
Trembles earth : the sun supernal
 Hides in shades his beaming.
Accusation, condemnation,
Pillar, thongs, and flagellation,
Gall and bitter coronation,
This He bore, and reprobation,
 Railing and blaspheming.
Jewish people crucify Him !
Torture, scourge, and mock, and try Him !
In that precious Blood bedye Him :
That our race is ransomed by Him
 Oh, how little deeming !

Theme of Israelite rejection,
 Now, with joyful recollection,
 Christians ! hail the Resurrection ;
 With good deeds and hearts' affection
 To the Victor teeming !

ADORO TE DEVOTE, LATENS DEITAS.

HUMBLY I adore Thee, hidden Deity,
 Which beneath these figures art concealed from me ;
 Wholly in submission Thee my spirit hails,
 For in contemplating Thee it wholly fails.

S. Thomas
 Aquinas,
 + 1274.

Taste and touch and vision in Thee are deceived :
 But the hearing only may be well believed :
 I believe whatever GOD's own SON averred ;
 Nothing can be truer than Truth's very Word.

On the Cross lay hidden but Thy Deity :
 Here is also hidden Thy Humanity :
 But in both believing and confessing, LORD,
 Ask I what the dying thief of Thee implored.

Though Thy Wounds, like Thomas, I behold not now,
 Thee my LORD confessing, and my GOD, I bow :
 Give me ever stronger faith in Thee above,
 Give me ever stronger hope and stronger love.

O most sweet memorial of His death and woe,
 Living Bread, Which givest life to man below,
 Let my spirit ever eat of Thee and live,
 And the blest fruition of Thy sweetness give !

Pelican of Mercy, JESU, LORD and GOD,
 Cleanse me, wretched sinner, in Thy Precious Blood :
 Blood, whereof one drop for humankind outpoured
 Might from all transgression have the world restored.

JESU, Whom thus veiled, I must see below,
 When shall that be given which I long for so,
 That at last beholding Thy uncover'd Face,
 Thou wouldst satisfy me with Thy fullest grace ?

S. Thomas
Aquinas
1264.

PANGE LINGUA GLORIOSI.

OF the glorious Body telling,
O my tongue, its mysteries sing;
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which for this world's ransoming
In a generous womb once dwelling,
He shed forth, the Gentiles' King.

Given for us, for us descending
Of a Virgin to proceed,
Man with man in converse blending
Scattered He the Gospel seed :
Till His sojourn drew to ending,
Which He closed in wondrous deed.

At the last Great Supper seated,
Circled by His brethren's band,
All the Law required, completed
In the feast its statutes planned,
To the Twelve Himself He meted
For their food with His own hand.

Word made Flesh, by Word He maketh
Very Bread His Flesh to be;
Man in wine CHRIST'S Blood partaketh,
And if senses fail to see,
Faith alone the true heart waketh
To behold the Mystery.

Therefore we, before it bending,
This great Sacrament adore :
Types and shadows have their ending
In the new Rite evermore :
Faith, our outward sense amending,
Maketh good defects before.

Honour, laud, and praise addressing
To the FATHER and the SON,
Might ascribe we, virtue, blessing,
And eternal benison :
HOLY GHOST, from Both progressing,
Equal laud to Thee be done ! Amen.

ALLELUIA, DULCE CARMEN.

ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
 Voice of joy, eternal lay :
 Alleluia is the Anthem
 Of the choirs in Heavenly day,
 Which the Angels sing, abiding
 In the House of GOD alway.

13th century.

Alleluia thou resoundest,
 Salem, Mother ever blest ;
 Alleluias without ending
 Fit yon place of gladsome rest ;
 Exiles we, by Babel's waters
 Sit in bondage and distress'd.

Alleluia we deserve not
 Here to chant for evermore ;
 Alleluia our transgressions
 Make us for awhile give o'er ;
 For the holy time is coming
 Bidding us our sins deplore.

See note 6,
p. 189.

TRINITY of endless glory,
 Hear Thy people as they cry !
 Grant us all to keep Thy Easter
 In our Home beyond the sky ;
 There to Thee our Alleluia
 Singing everlastingly. Amen.

DIES EST LÆTITIE.

ROYAL Day that chasest gloom !
 Day by gladness speeded !
 Thou beheld'st from Mary's womb
 How the King proceeded ;
 Whom, True man, with praise our Choir
 Hails, and love, and heart's desire,
 Joy and admiration ;
 Who, True GOD, enthroned in light,
 Passeth wonder, passeth sight,
 Passeth cogitation.

German carol.
See Carol
Section, p. 286.

On the Virgin as He hung,
 God, the world's Creator,
 Like a rose from lily sprung,—
 Stood astounded nature :
 That a Maiden's arms enfold
 Him That made the world of old,
 Him That ever liveth :
 That a Maiden's spotless breast
 To the King Eternal, rest,
 Warmth and nurture giveth !

As the sunbeam through the glass
 Passeth but not staineth,
 Thus the Virgin, as she was,
 Virgin still remaineth :
 Blessed Mother, in whose womb
 Lay the Light that exiles gloom,
 God, the LORD of ages :
 Blessed Maid ! from whom the LORD,
 Her own Infant, GOD adored,
 Hunger's pangs assuages.

NOVI PARTUS GAUDIUM.

14th century (?)
 (Christmas).

LET the faithful raise the lay
 To the new-born King to-day :
 That the Light of Light would come
 From the Virgin's holy womb :
 Purging Adam's guilt away,
 Shedding joy and scattering gloom.

Long had darkness reigned around :
 Light and freedom none were found,
 Hope of exit none in ken
 For the fallen tribes of men,
 Whom the Prince of this world bound
 Fast within his doleful den.

From the dungeon and the cave
 Had the Law no power to save :
 While the wounded traveller lay
 Breathing of his soul away,
 There the Priest no aidance gave,
 Word of hope had none to say.

So the Levite, passing by,
 On him cast an idle eye :
 For the Law, that sin displayed,
 Showed its stain, but gave no aid,
 Till to succour her drew nigh,
 Grace, with mightier powers arrayed.

Prophet's staff was sent before,
 But the child was ne'er the more
 Raised to life, until He came
 Who had sent afore the same :
 God and man, Whom Mary bore,
 Taking of an infant frame.

O QUAM GLORIFICUM.

O WHAT the blessedness, dwelling alone,
 Filled with the peace to the worldly unknown,
 As in a mirror the Bridegroom to see,
 Fearing no peril nor toil that can be !

15th century (?)
 (German
 hymn).

This is a joy that costs trouble and care,
 Fleeting, and broken, and utterly rare :
 For a long warfare is all of our life,—
 Little of peace, and abundance of strife.

For that iniquity now hath increased,
 Therefore true love waxeth cold, and hath ceased :
 Sharp contradictions beset us about ;
 Faintings within us, and fightings without.

Woe is me ! what is existence below ?
 Trouble on trouble, and blow upon blow !
 What is in this world save sorrowful years,
 Much tribulation, and plentiful tears ?

“ Dust of the earth, dost thou wail and repine,
 For that, in sundry ways, trial is thine ?
 Leisure and softness—to these hast thou right ?
 Draw the sword—grasp the shield—gird thee for fight !

“ As in the furnace the gold must be proved,
So, by affliction, the son that is loved :
For My true followers trouble is stored ;
Nor is the servant above his own LORD.

“ Hast thou forgotten the tale thou hast read ?
I, when on earth, had no place for My head :
This was the Cross all My life long I bare,
When, the world's Maker, I exiled Me there.

“ Thou, the more lowly thou humblest thee here,
All the more perfectly shalt be My peer :
I Who am Highest, True GOD of True GOD,
I was the meanest, when this world I trod.

“ See how especially all Mine elect
Manifold woes and vexations affect :
Filled with the merit of virtues by this,
Now everlastingly joy they in bliss.

“ Wouldst thou but ponder the promise I make,
Willingly, joyfully, pain wouldst thou take :
That in My kingdom the joys thou may'st see
Of the Confessors who suffered for Me.

“ Nothing more precious than this in My sight,
If with thyself and thine own will thou fight :
Bearing all anguish, renouncing all bliss,
And, as a sacrifice, offering this.

“ For, if iniquity beareth not sway,
Happy adversity merits alway :
THIS is the Royal road, leading above,
Which My Elect took to kingdoms of love.”

Grant Thou this patience, O JESU, to me !
Grant Thou Thy graces, my safeguard to be !
So that in all things Thy will may be mine,
Bearing all troubles, because they are Thine.

Still let me study like Thee to appear,—
Still let me seek to be crucified here :
That, if my anguish, like Thine, is increased,
I may sit also with Thee at Thy Feast.

Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and *through Whom*, and *in Whom* are all;
Of Whom,—the FATHER, and *in Whom*,—the SON,
Through Whom,—the SPIRIT, with these ever One.
 Amen.

MULTI SUNT PRESBYTERI.

MANY are the Presbyters
 Lacking information
 Why the Cock on each church tow'r
 Meetly finds his station;
 Therefore I will now hereof
 Tell the cause and reason,
 If ye lend me patient ears
 For a little season.

Cock, he is a marvellous
 Bird of God's creating,
 Faithfully the Priestly life
 In his ways relating:
 Such a life as he must lead
 Who a parish tendeth,
 And his flock from jeopardy
 Evermore defendeth.

From what point the wind his course
 On the tower directeth,
 To that point the cock his head
 Manfully objecteth:
 Thus the Priest, where'er he sees
 Satan warfare waging,
 Thither doth he turn himself
 For his flock engaging.

Cock, he, more than other birds
 Way through ether winging,
 Hearer high above the clouds
 Choirs Angelic singing;
 Thus he warns us cast away
 Evil word and doing,
 Thoughts and joys of things above
 Evermore ensuing.

14th century.
 "The choice
 quaintness and
 deep simple
 piety of the
 original have
 always made
 the following
 poem (which
 may be of the
 end of the
 fourteenth
 century) a
 great favourite
 with me."

J. M. N.

On his head a royal crown,
Like a king, he beareth ;
On his foot a shapely spur,
Like a knight, he weareth ;
Waxeth golden more and more
As in age he groweth ;
And the lion quakes with fear,
When by night he croweth.

Thus they spur the idle on,
On their warfare bowing,
Thus God marks His heritage,
By the tonsure crowning :
As they wax in age, their crowns
Should but shine more glorious,
And the Lion-foe should quake
At their shout victorious.

Cock hath soldier's buskins on,
Strengthening and protecting,
Singularly every fault
Of his hens correcting :
So the Priest is bound to do,
Punishing transgression,
Making men in word and deed
Better by confession.

Cock, he rules a tribe of hens,
Laws and customs giving,
And hath many cares of heart
For their way of living :
Even thus parochial cure
Whoso entertaineth,
Let him learn and let him do
That which God ordaineth.

Cock, he findeth grains of wheat,
And his hens he calleth,
Giving to the dearer ones
What to each befalleth :
Midst his people thus the clerk
Scripture nurture shareth,

And for sick, and poor, and maim'd
Providently careth.

Cock is speedy, in his hens
Very sore amercing,
Whom with other than himself
He may find conversing :
Thus the Priest doth, unto them
Due correction giving,
From the LORD who turn away
Unto evil living.

From the egg that cock hath hatch'd
Basilisk proceedeth ;
From the negligence of Priest
Satan's increase speedeth ;
If he teach not men to fear
Punishment infernal,
If he lead not men to look
Up to joys supernal.

When it draws to vesper-tide,
Cock neglecteth never,
But he goeth straight to roost,
With his subjects ever :
So that then, when midnight comes,
He may well and truly
Call God's Priests to rise and sing
Matin service duly.

Cock at midnight croweth loud,
And in this delighteth ;
But, before he crows, his sides
With his wings he smiteth :
So the Priest at midnight, when
Him from rest he raiseth,
Firstly doeth penitence,
After that he praiseth.

Let the present things suffice
Of the cock related,
Only in the hearers' hearts
Let them be located :

This sweet musk, if fully chewed
In its truth and meetness,
Shall abound with more than all
Aromatic sweetness.

Thus the cock hath preached to you ;
Hear with duty fervent,
Priests and Levites of the LORD,
Every faithful servant !
That at last it may be said,
" Come to joys supernal :—"
Yea, bestow on all of us,
FATHER, Life Eternal !

OMNIS FIDELIS GAUDEAT.

Melmen Brevi-
ary (for the
medieval Feast
of The Face
of our Saviour).

LET every faithful heart rejoice,
And render thanks to GOD on high :
And with each power of soul and voice
Extol His praises worthily.

Into this dark world JESUS came,
And all men might His form behold ;
While to the limits of the same
He passed, that we might be consoled.

To all He showed that gentle Face :
On good and bad alike it shone :
Its perfect loveliness and grace
The LORD of all concealed from none.

O love of CHRIST beyond all love !
O clemency beyond all thought !
O grace all praise of men above,
Whereby such gifts to men are brought !

O Blessed Face, whose praise we sing !
Here in the Way we worship Thee :
That in the Country of our King
Filled with Thy glory we may be.

To GOD on High be glory meet !
Equal to Thee, Eternal SON !
Equal to Thee, Blest PARACLETE,
While never-ending ages run. Amen.

GLORIOSI SALVATORIS.

To the Name that brings Salvation
 Honour, worship, laud we pay :
 That for many a generation
 Hid in God's foreknowledge lay ;
 But to every tongue and nation
 Holy Church proclaims to-day.

German.
 Date unknown.
 15th century (?)
 (For the Feast
 of the Holy
 Name of Jesus.)

Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
 By the tongue ineffable,
 Name of sweetness passing measure,
 To the ear delectable,
 'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,
 'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

'Tis the Name for adoration,
 'Tis the Name of victory ;
 'Tis the Name for meditation
 In the vale of misery :
 'Tis the Name for veneration
 By the Citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whoso preaches
 Finds it music in his ear :
 'Tis the Name that whoso teaches
 Finds more sweet than honey's cheer :
 Who its perfect wisdom reaches
 Makes his ghostly vision clear.

'Tis the Name by right exalted
 Over every other Name :
 That when we are sore assaulted
 Puts our enemies to shame :
 Strength to them that else had halted,
 Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

Jesu, we Thy Name adoring
 Long to see Thee as Thou art :
 Of Thy clemency imploring
 So to write it in our heart,
 That, hereafter, upward soaring,
 We with Angels may have part. Amen.

REDEUNDO PER GYRUM.

German
prose on the
Theban Legion.

* See note 7 at
end of section,
p. 189.

As the circling year rolls on
O'er our northern region,
Comes the day that gave the crown
To the Theban Legion :
Equinoctial was that day,*
As the world believed it ;
Everlasting was its ray,
As that band received it.
They had light that knew no end,
Chiefs of ancient story,
That the sun illumined not,
But diviner glory ;
Day of calm serenity,
By no twilight followed—
Day when age was changed to youth,
Death in victory swallowed.
There Mauritius, spite his name,
Shines in heavenly whiteness :
Ethiopian Candidus
Puts on candid brightness :
Exuperius o'er his foes
There superior standeth ;
Victor, vanquished though by death,
With the victors bandeth ;
Innocentius meetly falls,
Innocence defending :
And Vitalis for his meed
Hath the life unending.
Six the chiefs that led the war,
Thousands six they guided ;
For the truth they stood in fight,
Careless what betided :
Though their necks endured the sword,
They, the gallant hearted,
From their Head—their Head and ours—
Never could be parted.
Pray, ye valiant six, that we
Still may bid defiance,
So we gain the six-stepped Throne,
To the twice six lions :

That the six adversities
 May beset us never,
 Pray, ye glorious ones, who now
 Wear the Crown for ever !

O BEATA BEATORUM:

BLESSED Feasts of Blessed Martyrs !
 Sainly days of saintly men !
 With affection's recollections
 Greet we your return again.

German
 sequence.

Mighty deeds they wrought, and wonders,
 While a frame of flesh they bore :
 We with meekest praise, and sweetest,
 Honour them for evermore.

Faith unblenching, Hope unquenching,
 Well-lov'd LORD, and single heart,—
 Thus they glorious and victorious
 Bore the Martyr's happy part.

Blood in slaughter pour'd like water,
 Torments long and heavy chain,
 Flame, and axe, and laceration,
 They endur'd, and conquered pain.

While they passed through divers tortures,
 Till they sank by death oppress'd,
 Earth's rejected were elected
 To have portion with the Blest.

By contempt of worldly pleasures,
 And by mighty battles done,
 They have reached the Land of Angels,
 And with them are knit in one.

[Wherefore made co-heirs of glory,
 Ye that sit with CHRIST on high :
 Join to ours your supplications,
 As for grace and peace we cry.
 That this naughty life completed,
 And its transient labours past,
 We may merit to be seated
 In our LORD's bright Home at last.]

"Medieval
 Hymns," First
 Edition, 1851.

And to repentance turning :
 On the Crucified One look,—
 Thou shalt read as in a book,
 What well is worth thy learning.

Look on the Head, with such a Crown
 Of bitter thorns surrounded ;
 Look on the Blood that trickles down
 The Feet and Hands thus wounded !
 Let that frame thy tears engage,
 Marking how Judæa's rage
 And malice hath abounded.

But though upon Him many a smart
 Its bitterness expendeth,
 Yet more,—oh how much more !—His Heart
 Man's thankless spirit rendeth !
 On the Cross, bewailed by none,
 Mark, O man, how Mary's Son
 His life of sorrow endeth.

None ever bare such grief, alas,
 None ever such affliction,
 As when Judæa brought to pass
 His bitter crucifixion :
 He, that we might dwell on high,
 Bare the pangs that made Him die
 In oft-renewed infliction.

O therefore Satan's wiles repel,
 And yield not to temptation !
 Think on the woes that CHRIST befell
 In working thy salvation !
 For, if He had never died,
 What could thee and all betide
 But uttermost damnation ?

If thus He bled, that Only SON
 The FATHER held so dearly,
 Thou wicked servant, faithless one,
 O how much more severely !
 If the green wood kindled, how
 Shall not every sapless bough
 Consume as fuel merely !

O mortal ! heed these terrors well !
 O sinner, flee from sinning !
 Consider thou the woes of hell,
 Ne'er ending, still beginning :
 Render thanks to CHRIST on high :
 Thus with Him beyond the sky
 Eternal glory winning. Amen.

EXITE, SION FILIÆ.

DAUGHTERS of Sion, see your King !
 Go forth, go forth to meet Him !
 Your Solomon is hastening
 Where that dear flock shall greet Him.
 The sceptre and the crown by right
 He wears, in robe of purple dight.
 Your Solomon, the Prince of Peace,
 Bears not His Mother's laurel :
 But with the olive bids to cease
 The long and bloody quarrel :
 JESUS, the SON of GOD Most High,
 Offers His peace to them that die.
 It glitters fair, His Diadem,
 But Thorns are there entwining :
 And from the Red sea comes each gem
 That in its wreath is shining :
 Their radiance glows like stars at night :
 With precious blood-drops are they bright.
 The Royal Sceptre that He bears
 Beneath Whom nature quaketh,
 No monarch's pride and pomp declares,
 A Reed, it feebly shaketh :
 For iron sceptre ne'er possess'd
 The power to guide a human breast.
 The Festive Purple of the LORD,
 Is here no garment stately :
 A vest, by very slaves abhorred ;
 —The worm hath tinged it lately :
 " I am a Worm," of old said He,—
 And what its toils have tinged, ye see.

15th or 16th
 century.

And, as ye meet Him on the way,
 The mighty triumph greet, and say,
 Hail ! JESU ! glorious Prince, to-day !
 Bow before His Name Eternal
 Things celestial, things terrestrial,
 And infernal.

Who is the King of glory blest
 Effulgent in His purple vest ?
 With garments dyed in Bosrah, He
 Ascends in pomp and jubilee.
 It is the King, renowned in fight,
 Whose hands have shattered Satan's might.
 Bow before His Name Eternal
 Things celestial, things terrestrial,
 And infernal.

Right gloriously strife endeth now.
 Henceforward all things to Thee bow,
 And, at the FATHER'S Side sit Thou !
 O JESU, all our wishes' goal,
 Be Thou our joy when troubles roll,
 And the reward of every soul !
 Bow before His Name Eternal
 Things celestial, things terrestrial,
 And infernal.

HYMNS FROM THE "HYMNAL NOTED," ETC.

SATURDAY EVENING.

O LUX, BEATA TRINITAS.

O TRINITY of blessed light,
O UNITY of princely might,
The fiery sun now goes his way ;
Shed Thou within our hearts Thy ray.

To Thee our morning song of praise,
To Thee our evening prayer we raise ;
Thy glory suppliant we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

O QUANTA QUALIA SUNT ILLA SABBATA.

O WHAT their joy and their glory must be,—
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see !
Crown for the valiant : to weary ones rest :
God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne ?
What are the peace and the joy that they own ?
Tell us, ye blest ones, that in it have share,
If what ye feel ye can fully declare.

Truly " Jerusalem " name we that shore,
" Vision of Peace " that brings joy evermore ;
Wish and fulfilment can sever'd be ne'er ;
Nor the thing pray'd for come short of the prayer.

We, where no trouble distraction can bring,
Safely the anthems of Sion shall sing :
While for Thy grace, LORD, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people shall evermore raise.

Published
1852-1854.
In this
portion are
inserted a few
hymns from
" S. Margaret's
Hymnal " and
" Breviary
Offices ", also
hymns hitherto
unpublished.
These will be
noted as they
occur.
S. Ambrose.

Abelard.

There dawns no Sabbath,—no Sabbath is o'er ;
 Those Sabbath-keepers have one, and no more ;
 One and unending is that triumph-song
 Which to the angels and us shall belong.

Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
 We for that Country must yearn and must sigh :
 Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
 Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all :
Of Whom,—the FATHER ; and in Whom,—the SON :
 Through Whom,—the SPIRIT, with These ever One.
 Amen.

POST FACTA CELSA CONDITOR.

Ven. Bede.

GOD ended all the world's array,
 And rested on the Seventh Day :
 His holy voice proclaimed it blest,
 And named it for the Sabbath rest.

And He who death by death subdued,
 And yesterday our life renewed,
 On Saturday His Sabbath kept,
 As in the heart of earth He slept.

His servants, while they dwell below,
 Six days of this world's labour know :
 Six days to bear the Cross have they,
 And o'er Hell's pow'rs to force their way.

But when the conflict shall be o'er,
 And conquer'd sin can harm no more,
 The soul, released from fleshy chain,
 Shall life's eternal Sabbath gain.

Then, then that Sunday shall ensue,
 Whose end no eye shall ever view,
 When this our flesh, from sin set free,
 Shall put on immortality.

Then soul and body shall possess
 United, double blessedness :
 When we the ramparts shall ascend
 Of that bright realm which cannot end.

O FATHER, that we ask be done,
Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine Only Son,
Who, with the HOLY GHOST and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

SUNDAY MORNING.

SOMNO REFECTIS ARTUBUS.

Our limbs refresh'd with slumber now,
And sloth cast off, in prayer we bow;
And while we sing Thy praises dear,
O FATHER, be Thou present here!

S. Ambrose.

To Thee our earliest morning song,
To Thee our hearts' full powers belong,
And Thou, O Holy One, prevent
Each following action and intent.

As shades at morning flee away,
And night before the Star of day,
So each transgression of the night
Be purg'd by Thee, celestial Light!

Cut off, we pray Thee, each offence,
And every lust of thought and sense;
That by their lips who Thee adore
Thou may'st be prais'd for evermore.

O FATHER, that we ask be done,
Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine Only Son;
Who, with the HOLY GHOST and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

PRIMO DIERUM OMNIUM.

On this the day that saw the earth
From utter darkness first have birth;—
The day its Maker rose again
And vanquish'd death, and burst our chain:

S. Gregory.

Away with sleep and slothful ease!
We raise our hearts and bend our knees,
And early seek the Lord of all,
According to the Prophet's call.

That He may grant us that we crave;
 May stretch His strong right arm to save :
 And purging out each sinful stain,
 Restore us to our Home again.

Assembled here this holy day,
 This holiest hour we raise the lay;
 And oh, that He to Whom we sing
 May now reward our offering !

O FATHER of unclouded light !
 We pray Thee, kneeling in Thy sight,
 From all defilement to be freed,
 And every sinful act and deed :

That this our body's mortal frame
 May know no sin, and fear no shame,
 Whereby the fires of hell may rise
 To torture us in fiercer wise.

We therefore, Saviour, cry to Thee
 To wash out our iniquity :
 And give us of Thy boundless grace
 The blessings of the heavenly Place.

That we, thence exil'd by our sin,
 Hereafter may be welcom'd in :
 That blessed time awaiting now,
 With hymns of glory here we bow.

O FATHER, that we ask be done,
 Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine Only Son,
 Who, with the HOLY GHOST and Thee,
 Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

OMNES UNA CELEBREMUS.

16th century.

IN our common celebration,
 Thanks and holy veneration
 To CHRIST's Festival be paid.

This the day that GOD hath blest,
 This the day that calls to rest,
 This the day the LORD hath made.

Wherein the world its first creation knew,
Whence better life its earliest being drew,
This is the day :

Wherein CHRIST burst the bars of hell in twain,
And raised His handiwork to heaven again,
This is the day :

When the peace that is from heaven
Was bestowed upon the Eleven,
As the doors were closed at night.

When the HOLY SPIRIT'S flame
On the Church's teachers came,
Filling them with grace and light.

When the Priests their trumpets take,
And the gospel message wake,
And the people hear aright.

In this festal celebration
Make we earnest supplication,
That our ransomed spirits may,
Through CHRIST'S mercy, with the blest,
Enter on eternal rest,
At the fearful Judgment Day !

QUANDO NOCTIS MEDIUM.

WHEN in silence and in shade
Earth, at midnight, had been laid,—
Working out the FATHER'S plan,
In the Virgin's womb made man,
God His earthly life began.

14th century.

By each mouth His praise be showed,
For the new gift now bestowed ;
From on high came down the dew,
From the earth the floweret grew,
Health in mortals to renew.

Very God as Man is born ;
Swaddling clothes enwrap the Morn ;
Praise by angel tongues is poured ;
Earth is ransomed by the LORD ;
Peace to sinners is restored.

Ammon's king, in woe and grief,
Owns the dread of Sion's grief;
Trembles haughty Babylon,
When they set the Royal Crown
On our truer Solomon.

There the Cross is reared on high,
And their God they crucify;
Conquering Life in death hath lain,
Death's contriver falls again,
Death itself by death is slain.

After sunset in the grave
Comes our Sun again to save,
And He shows the glory, won
By the deeds His hand hath done,
To the Blest around the throne.

Holy FATHER, now we crave,
Hear us, and redeem and save;
Let the things we ask be done,
Through thy well-beloved Son,
With Thee and the SPIRIT One. Amen.

EN DIES EST DOMINICA.

15th century.

THE Sunday Morn again is here,
That all the faithful must revere,
For on this day, the eighth and first,
Our rising LORD death's fetters burst.

And by His flock, hath CHRIST declared,
His Resurrection must be shared:
For we, who trust in Him to save,
Have risen with Him, and left the grave.

We, one and all, of Him possess,
Are made most rich, are made most blest,
For all He did, and all He bare,
He gave us as our own to share.

Eternal rest, a Home on high,
A blessed immortality,
And peace and gladness, and a throne,
Are all His gifts, and all our own.

And therefore kept must Sunday be
In these things' pious memory,
That Christian men to heart may lay
Why this is called the LORD's own day.

Ruler of times, GOD ever blest,
The heart's true peace and very rest !
Thy love we praise, Thy Name adore,
Both on this day and evermore. Amen.

HAC DIE SURGENS DOMINUS.

CHRIST being raised from death of yore
As on this day, can die no more ;
And that which He in body wrought
By us in spirit must be sought.

15th century.

This is the day that we must win
A resurrection from all sin,
Lest by consent the soul, though free,
The slave of Satan's wiles should be.

But whence we came, and what our state,
And where we are, and why create,
And whither we must soon depart,
These thoughts to-day should fill the heart.

From God on high to this world's frame,
To darkness out of light we came,
The work of GOD Himself, endued
With His own blest similitude.

Between this day and Sundays gone
The soul should draw comparison,
And find what progress it has made,
And where its powers have been decayed :

Each evil way should hate and flee,
The path of right keep earnestly ;
And think that each new week will yield
New struggle in new battle-field :

And still rejoice, because we know
That we have time as yet below,
Wherein we may advance apace,
As well to glory, as in grace.

Ruler of times, GOD ever blest,
 The heart's true peace and very rest !
 Thy love we praise, Thy Name adore,
 Both on this day and evermore. Amen.

SUNDAY EVENING

ADES PATER SUPREME.

Prudentius

BE present, holy FATHER,
 Unseen by mortal eye ;
 And CHRIST, the WORD Eternal,
 And SPIRIT from on high !

Thou TRINITY, in Essence
 And light and virtue One :
 FATHER, and SON, and SPIRIT
 Of FATHER and of SON :

The toil of day is over ;
 The hour of rest comes round
 And, in its turn, kind slumber
 Our members hath unbound.

Servant of CHRIST, remember
 The Font's Baptismal dew :
 Remember thy renewal
 In Confirmation too.

And thou, O crafty serpent,
 Who seek'st by many an art,
 And many a guileful winding,
 To vex the quiet heart :

Depart, for CHRIST is present ;
 Since CHRIST is here, give place :
 And let the sign thou ownest
 Thy ghostly legions chase.

And though awhile the body
 In sleep may lie reclined,
 Yet CHRIST, in very slumber
 Shall fill the Christian mind.

All laud to GOD the Father,
 All laud to GOD the SON;
 To GOD the HOLY SPIRIT
 Be equal honour done. Amen.

LUCIS CREATOR OPTIME.

O BLEST Creator of the light,
 Who mak'st the day with radiance bright,
 And o'er the forming world didst call
 The light from Chaos first of all :

S. Gregory (?)

Whose wisdom join'd in meet array
 The morn and eve, and nam'd them Day :
 Night comes with all its darkling fears
 Regard Thy people's prayers and tears.

Lest, sunk in sin, and whelm'd with strife,
 They lose the gift of endless life;
 While thinking but the thoughts of time,
 They weave new chains of woe and crime.

But grant them grace, that they may strain
 The heav'nly gate and prize to gain :
 Each harmful lure aside to cast,
 And purge away each error past.

O FATHER, that we ask be done,
 Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine Only Son;
 Who, with the HOLY GHOST and Thee,
 Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

O LUCE QUI MORTALIBUS.

FATHER of glory, that dost dwell
 In splendour inaccessible;
 Upon the brightness of Whose rays,
 The veiled Seraph fears to gaze :

From " S.
 Margaret's
 Hymnal."

Thick is the mist, the night is drear,
 That shrouds us as we sojourn here :
 But soon a light, that fadeth never,
 Shall chase away our shade for ever.

That light, whose radiance passeth far
The glory of the noontide star,
That light hath God laid up for them
That wear His royal diadem.

It lingereth yet ! Why thus delay
Thy wish'd-for hours, celestial day ?
Ere we can reach that heavenly hall,
Our earthly tenement must fall.

But when, O God, the spirit, free
From these its chains, shall haste to Thee,
Then shall it see Thee, then adore,
Then shall it love Thee evermore.

Grant that our life's fast fading ray
May usher in eternal day,
That we may find a home with Thee,
O undivided Trinity !

LUCIS LARGITOR SPLENDE.

O GLORIOUS Father of the light,
From Whose effulgence, calm and bright,
Soon as the hours of night are fled,
The brilliance of the dawn is shed :

Thou art the dark world's truer ray :
No radiance of that lesser day,
That heralds in, the morn begun,
The advent of our darker sun :

But brighter than its noontide gleam,
Thyself full daylight's fullest beam,
The inmost mansions of our breast,
Thou by Thy grace illuminest.

DAILY.

AT AN EARLY SERVICE.

JAM LUCIS ORTO SIDERE.

Now that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do, or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day

S. Hilary.
From "S.
Margaret's
Hymnal."

Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife :
 From anger's din would hide our life :
 From all ill sights would turn our eyes :
 Would close our ears from vanities :

Would keep our inmost conscience pure ;
 Our souls from folly would secure :
 Would bid us check the pride of sense
 With due and holy abstinence.

So we, when this new day is gone,
 And night in turn is drawing on,
 With conscience by the world unstained,
 Shall praise His Name for victory gained.

All laud to GOD the FATHER be ;
 All laud, Eternal SON, to Thee ;
 All laud, as is for ever meet,
 To GOD the Holy PARACLETE. Amen.

AT THE THIRD HOUR.

NUNC SANCTE NOBIS SPIRITUS

COME, HOLY GHOST, with GOD the SON,
 And GOD the FATHER, ever one :
 Shed forth Thy grace within our breast,
 And dwell with us, a ready guest.

By every pow'r, by heart and tongue,
 By act and deed, Thy praise be sung :
 In flame with perfect love each sense,
 That others' souls may kindle thence.

- * O FATHER, that we ask be done,
 Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine Only Son,
 Who, with the HOLY GHOST and Thee,
 Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

AT THE SIXTH HOUR.

RECTOR POTENS, VERAX DEUS.

O GOD of truth, O Lord of might,
 Who ord'rest time and change aright,
 And send'st the early morning ray,
 And light'st the glow of perfect day ;

* Special Doxologies may be used at the different seasons for this and the three following hymns, see p. 95 and 96.

Extinguish Thou each sinful fire,
And banish every ill desire :
And while Thou keep'st the body whole,
Shed forth Thy peace upon the soul.

O FATHER, that we ask be done,
Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine Only Son,
Who, with the HOLY GHOST and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

AT THE NINTH HOUR.

RERUM DEUS TENAX VIGOR.

S. Ambrose.

O GOD, Creation's secret Force,
Thyself unmov'd, all motion's source,
Who from the morn till evening's ray,
Through all its changes guid'st the day :

Grant us, when this short life is past,
The glorious evening that shall last :
That by a holy death attain'd,
Eternal glory may be gain'd.

O FATHER, that we ask be done,
Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine Only Son ;
Who, with the HOLY GHOST and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

AT NIGHT.

TE LUCIS ANTE TERMINUM.

BEFORE the ending of the day,
Creator of the world, we pray
That with thy wonted favour, Thou
Would'st be our Guard and Keeper now.

From all ill dreams defend our eyes,
From nightly fears and fantasies ;
Tread under foot our ghostly Foe,
That no pollution we may know.

O FATHER, that we ask be done,
Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine Only Son ;
Who, with the HOLY GHOST and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

ECCE JAM NOCTIS.

DARKNESS is waning, shadows are retreating,
Morning and light are coming in their beauty ;
Suppliant seek we with an earnest outcry
God the Almighty.

S. Gregory the
Great.
Reprinted from
" Breviary
Offices."

So that our Master, having mercy on us,
May repel languor, may bestow salvation,
Granting us, FATHER, of Thy loving-kindness,
Glory hereafter.

This of His mercy, ever Blessed Godhead,
FATHER, and SON, and HOLY SPIRIT, grant us ;
Whom through the wide world celebrate for ever
Worship and glory.

JESU, SALVATOR SAECULI.

JESU, our Saviour and our Lord,
The FATHER's Image and His Word,
Lighten our darkness, Light of light,
And be our watchful guard to-night.

A shortened
version
arranged for
Compline in
Sackville
College.

From every danger and annoy
Defend us in our Paschal Joy :
From sin and death and hell protect
Thy ransomed Flock, Thine Own Elect.

Glory to Thee, our Risen Head,
To Thee Who livest, and wast dead ;
Like glory to the FATHER be ;
Like glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee !

FROM CHRISTMAS TILL THE PURIFICATION
INCLUSIVE

(except during Epiphany-tide).

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

The special
Doxologies.

On the EPIPHANY, and seven days after.

All glory, LORD, to Thee we pay,
For Thine Epiphany to-day :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

From EASTER till ASCENSION DAY.

To Thee Who, dead, again dost live,
All, glory, LORD, Thy people give ;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

From ASCENSION DAY till WHITSUNTIDE.

All glory, LORD, to Thee we pay,
Ascending o'er the stars to-day :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

On WHITSUN DAY, and seven days after.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, praise be done :
And CHRIST the LORD upon us pour
The SPIRIT's gift for evermore. Amen.

MONDAY MORNING.

SPLENDOR PATERNÆ GLORIÆ.

S. Ambrose.

J.D. Chambers
and J. M. N.

THOU Brightness of the Father's ray,
True Light of light and Day of day :
Light's fountain and eternal spring :
Thou Morn the morn illumining !

Glide in, Thou very Sun divine ;
With everlasting brightness shine :
And shed abroad on every sense
The SPIRIT's light and influence.

Thee, FATHER, let us seek aright :
The Father of perpetual light :
The Father of Almighty grace :
Each wile of sin away to chase.

Our acts with courage do Thou fill :
 Blunt Thou the tempter's tooth of ill :
 Misfortune into good convert,
 Or give us grace to bear unhurt.

Our spirits, whatsoe'er betide,
 In chaste and loyal bodies guide :
 Let Faith, with fervour unalloy'd,
 The bane of falsehood still avoid ;

And CHRIST our daily food be nigh,
 And Faith our daily cup supply :
 So may we quaff, to calm and bless,
 The SPIRIT's rapturous holiness.

Now let the day in joy pass on :
 Our modesty like early dawn,
 Our faith like noontide splendour glow,
 Our souls the twilight never know.

All laud to GOD the FATHER be ;
 All laud, Eternal SON, to Thee :
 All laud, as is for ever meet,
 To GOD the Holy PARACLETE. Amen.

MONDAY EVENING

IMMENSE CÆLI CONDITOR.

O GREAT Creator of the sky,
 Who wouldst not the floods on high
 With earthly waters to confound,
 But mad'st the firmament their bound :

The floods above Thou didst ordain :
 The floods below Thou didst restrain :
 That moisture might attemper heat,
 Lest the parch'd earth should ruin meet.

Upon our souls, good LORD, bestow
 The gift of grace in endless flow :
 Lest some renew'd deceit or wile
 Of former sin should us beguile.

Let Faith discover heav'nly light :
 So shall its ray direct us right :
 And let this faith each error chase :
 And never give to falsehood place.

O FATHER, that we ask be done,
 Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine Only Son,
 Who, with the HOLY GHOST and Thee,
 Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

TUESDAY MORNING

ALES DIEI NUNTIVS.

Prudentius.

THE winged herald of the day
 Proclaims the morn's approaching ray :
 And CHRIST the LORD our souls excites,
 And so to endless life invites.

Take up thy bed, to each He cries,
 Who sick, or wrapped in slumber lies :
 And chaste and just and sober stand,
 And watch : My coming is at hand.

With earnest cry, with tearful care,
 Call we the LORD to hear our prayer ;
 While supplication, pure and deep,
 Forbids each chastened heart to sleep.

Do Thou, O CHRIST, our slumbers wake :
 Do Thou the chains of darkness break :
 Purge Thou our former sins away,
 And in our souls new light display.

All laud to GOD the FATHER be :
 All laud, Eternal SON, to Thee :
 All laud, as is for ever meet,
 To GOD the Holy PARACLETE. Amen.

TUESDAY EVENING

TELLURIS INGENS CONDITOR.

Ambrosius.

EARTH's mighty Maker, Whose command
 Rais'd from the sea the solid land ;
 And drove each billowy heap away,
 And bade the earth stand firm for aye :

That so with flowers of golden hue,
The seeds of each it might renew;
And fruit-trees bearing fruit might yield,—
And pleasant pasture of the field :

Our spirit's rankling wounds efface
With dewy freshness of Thy grace :
That grief may cleanse each deed of ill,
And o'er each lust may triumph still.

Let every soul Thy law obey,
And keep from every evil way ;
Rejoice each promis'd good to win,
And flee from every mortal sin.

O FATHER, that we ask be done,
Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine Only Son ;
Who, with the HOLY GHOST, and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

WEDNESDAY MORNING

NOX, ET TENEBRÆ, ET NUBILA.

HENCE, night and clouds that night-time brings, *Prudentiæ.*
Confused and dark and troubled things ;
The dawn is here : the sky grows white :
CHRIST is at hand : depart from sight !

Earth's dusky veil is torn away,
Pierced by the sparkling beams of day :
The world resumes its hues apace
Soon as the Day-star shows its face.

But Thee, O CHRIST, alone we seek,
With conscience pure and temper meek :
With tears and chants we humbly pray
That Thou wouldst guide us through the day.

For many a shade obscures each sense,
Which needs Thy beams to purge it thence :
Light of the Morning Star ! illumine,
Serenely shining, all our gloom !

All laud to GOD the FATHER be :
All laud, Eternal SON, to Thee :
All laud, as is for ever meet,
To GOD the Holy PARACLETE. Amen.

WEDNESDAY EVENING

CÆLI DEUS SANCTISSIMES.

Ambrosian.

O GOD, Whose hand hath spread the sky,
And all its shining hosts on high,
And painting it with fiery light,
Made it so beauteous and so bright :

Thou, when the fourth day was begun,
Didst frame the circle of the Sun,
And set the Moon for ordered change,
And planets for their wider range :

To night and day, by certain line,
Their varying bounds Thou didst assign :
And gav'st a signal, known and meet,
For months begun and months complete :

Enlighten Thou the hearts of men :
Polluted souls make pure again :
Unloose the bands of guilt within :
Remove the burden of our sin.

O FATHER, that we ask be done,
Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine Only Son :
Who, with the HOLY GHOST and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

FRIDAY MORNING

ÆTERNA CÆLI GLORIA.

Ambrosian.

trans. J. M. N.,
J D. Chambers.

ETERNAL Glory of the sky,
Blest hope of frail humanity,
The FATHER'S Sole-begotten One,
Yet born a spotless Virgin's Son !

Uplift us with Thine arm of might,
And let our hearts rise pure and bright :
And ardent in God's praises, pay
The thanks we owe Him every day.

The Day-star's rays are glittering clear,
 And tell that Day itself is near :
 The shadows of the night depart :
 Thou, Holy Light, illumine the heart !

Within our senses ever dwell,
 And worldly darkness thence expel :
 Long as the days of life endure,
 Preserve our souls devout and pure :

The Faith that first must be possess'd.
 Root deep within our inmost breast ;
 And joyous Hope in second place,
 Then Charity, Thy greatest grace.

All laud to GOD the FATHER be :
 All laud, Eternal SON, to Thee :
 All laud, as is for ever meet,
 To GOD the Holy PARACLETE. Amen.

SATURDAY MORNING

AURORA JAM SPARGIT POLUM.

DAWN sprinkles all the east with light ;
 Day o'er the earth is gliding bright ;
 Morn's glittering rays their course begin ;
 Farewell to darkness and to sin.

S. Ambrose (?)

Each phantom of the night depart,
 Each thought of guilt forsake the heart :
 Let every ill that darkness brought
 Beneath its shade now come to nought.

So that last morning, dread and great,
 Which we with trembling hope await,
 With blessed light for us shall glow,
 Who chant the song we sang below,—

All laud to GOD the FATHER be :
 All laud, Eternal SON, to Thee :
 All laud, as is for ever meet,
 To GOD the Holy PARACLETE. Amen.

ADVENT

EVENING

CREATOR ALME SIDERUM.

Ambrosian (?)

CREATOR of the stars of night,
Thy people's everlasting light,
JESU, Redeemer, save us all,
And hear Thy servants when they call.

Thou, grieving that the ancient curse
Should doom to death an universe,
Hast found the med'cine, full of grace
To save and heal a ruin'd race.

Thou cam'st, the Bridegroom of the Bride,
As drew the world to evening tide;
Proceeding from a Virgin shrine,
The spotless Victim all divine.

At Whose dread Name, Majestic now,
All knees must bend, all hearts must bow;
And things celestial Thee shall own,
And things terrestrial, LORD alone.

O Thou Whose coming is with dread
To judge and doom the quick and dead,
Preserve us, while we dwell below,
From ev'ry insult of the foe.

To Him Who comes the world to free,
To GOD the SON, all glory be :
To GOD the FATHER, as is meet,
To GOD the blessed PARACLETE. Amen.

MORNING

VERBUM SUPERNUM PRODIENS,

A PATRE OLIM EXIENS.

11th century.

To earth descending, WORD sublime,
Begotten ere the days of time,
Who cam'st a Child, the world to aid,
As years their downward course display'd,

Each breast be lighten'd from above,
 Each heart be kindled with Thy love;
 That we, who hear Thy call to-day,
 At length may cast earth's joys away.

That so,—when Thou, our Judge, art nigh,
 All secret deeds of men to try,
 Shalt mete to sin pangs rightly won,
 To just men joy for deeds well done.—

Thy servants may not be enchain'd
 By punishment their guilt has gain'd,
 But with the blessed evermore
 May serve and love Thee, and adore.

To Him Who comes the world to free,
 To GOD the SON, all glory be :
 To GOD the FATHER, as is meet,
 To GOD the blessed PARACLETE. Amen.

VOX CLARA ECCE INTONAT.

A THRILLING voice by Jordan rings,
 Rebuking guilt and darksome things :
 Vain dreams of sin and visions fly;
 CHRIST in His might shines forth on high.

Possibly
 5th century

Now let each torpid soul arise,
 That sunk in guilt and wounded lies;
 See ! the New Star's refulgent ray
 Shall chase disease and sin away !

The LAMB descends from Heaven above,
 To pardon sin with freest love;
 For such indulgent mercy shewn,
 With tearful joy our thanks we own :

That when again He shines revealed,
 And trembling worlds to terror yield,
 He give not sin its just reward,
 But in His love protect and guard.

To Him Who comes the world to free,
 To GOD the SON, all glory be :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

CHRISTMAS EVE TO THE EPIPHANY

EVENING

VENI, REDEMPTOR GENTIUM.

S. Ambrose.

COME, Thou Redeemer of the earth,
 Come, testify Thy Virgin-birth :
 All lauds admire,—all times applaud ;
 Such is the birth that fits a GOD.

Begotten of no human will,
 But of the SPIRIT, mystic still,
 The WORD of GOD, in flesh array'd,
 The promised fruit to man display'd.

The Virgin womb that burden gain'd
 With Virgin honour all unstain'd :
 The banners there of virtue glow :
 GOD in His temple dwells below.

Proceeding from His Chamber free,
 The royal hall of chastity,
 Giant of twofold substance, straight
 His destined way He runs elate.

From GOD the FATHER He proceeds :
 To GOD the FATHER back He speeds :
 Proceeds,—as far as very hell ;
 Speeds back,—to light ineffable.

O Equal to Thy FATHER, Thou !
 Gird on Thy fleshly mantle now :
 The weakness of our mortal state
 With deathless might invigorate.

Thy cradle here shall glitter bright,
 And darkness breathe a newer light :
 Where endless faith shall shine serene
 And twilight never intervene.

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee !
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

CORDE NATUS EX PARENTIS.

OF the FATHER sole begotten,
 Ere the worlds began to be,
 He the Alpha and Omega,
 He the source, the ending He,
 Of the things that are, that have been,
 And that future years shall see,
 Evermore and evermore !

Prudentius.

He is here, Whom seers in old time
 Chanted of, while ages ran ;
 Whom the writings of the Prophets
 Promised since the world began :
 Then foretold, now manifested,
 To receive the praise of man,
 Evermore and evermore !

O that ever-blessed birthday,
 When the Virgin, full of grace
 Of the HOLY GHOST incarnate ;
 Bare the SAVIOUR of our race,
 And that Child, the world's Redeemer,
 First displayed His Sacred Face,
 Evermore and evermore !

Praise Him, O ye Heav'ns of Heavens !
 Praise Him, Angels in the height !
 Every Power and every Virtue
 Sing the praise of GOD aright :
 Let no tongue of man be silent,
 Let each heart and voice unite,
 Evermore and evermore !

Thee let age, and Thee let manhood,
 Thee let choirs of infants sing ;
 Thee the matrons and the virgins,
 And the children answering :

Let their modest song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore !

Laud and honour to the FATHER !
Laud and honour to the SON !
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT !
Ever Three and ever One :
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run,
Evermore and evermore. Amen.

CHRISTMAS DAY TO THE EPIPHANY

MORNING

CHRISTE, REDEMPTOR OMNIUM.

11th century.

JESU, the Father's Only SON,
Whose death for all redemption won,
Before the worlds, of GOD Most High
Begotten all ineffably :

The FATHER's Light and Splendour Thou,
Their endless Hope to Thee that bow :
Accept the prayers and praise to-day,
That through the world Thy servants pay.

Salvation's Author, call to mind
Thou took'st the form of humankind,
When of the Virgin undefiled,
Thou in man's flesh, becam'st a Child.

Thus testifies the present day
Through every year in long array,
That Thou, Salvation's source alone,
Proceededst from the FATHER's Throne.

Whence sky, and stars, and sea's abyss,
And earth, and all that therein is,
Shall still, with laud and carol meet,
The Author of Thine Advent greet.

And we who, by Thy precious Blood
From sin redeemed, are marked for God,
On this, the day that saw Thy Birth,
Sing the new song of ransom'd earth.

For that Thine Advent, glory be,
O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee !
With FATHER, and with HOLY GHOST,
From men, and from the Heav'nly Host. Amen.

CHRISTMAS

FIRST HOUR

AGNOSCAT OMNE SÆCULUM.

LET every age and nation own
That life's reward at length is shown ;
The Foe's hard yoke is cast away,
Redemption hath appeared to-day.

Isaiah's strains fulfilment meet,
And in the Virgin are complete :
The Angel's tongue hath called her blest,
The HOLY GHOST hath filled her breast.

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee !
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

THIRD HOUR

MARIA VENTRE CONCIPIT.

THE Virgin Mary hath conceived,
By that true word which she believed ;
And Whom the wide world cannot hold,
A spotless maiden's arms enfold.

Now buds the flower of Jesse's root ;
Now Aaron's rod puts out its fruit ;
She sees her Offspring rise to view,
The Mother, yet the Virgin too.

*Venantius.
Fortunatus.*

*These four
short hymns
are divisions,
with doxology,
of one in eight
stanzas.*

HYMNS TRANSLATED

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee !
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

SIXTH HOUR

PRÆSEPE PONI PERTULIT.

HE, by Whose Hand the Light was made,
 Deigns in a manger to be laid ;
 He with His Father made the skies,
 And by His Mother swaddled lies.

He that once gave the Law to men,
 And wrote it in Commandments Ten,
 Himself man's nature deigns to share,
 The fetters of the Law to wear.

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee !
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

NINTH HOUR

ADAM VETUS QUOD POLLUIT.

Now the Old Adam's sinful stain
 Doth the New Adam cleanse again ;
 And what the first by pride o'erthrew,
 This lowliest One uprears anew.

Now light is come, Salvation shewn,
 And night repelled, and Death o'erthrown ;
 Approach, ye nations ! own this morn,
 That God of Mary hath been born.

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee !
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

ADESTE FIDELES, LAETI TRIUMPHANTES.

BE present, ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
 And hasten, and hasten, to Bethlehem;
 See in a manger the Monarch of Angels :
 O come and let us worship,
 O come and let us worship,
 O come and let us worship the LORD with them !

GOD of GOD eternal, Light from Light proceeding,
 He deigns in the Virgin's womb to lie :
 Very GOD of Very GOD, begotten, not created ;
 O come and let us worship,
 O come and let us worship,
 O come and let us worship the LORD on high !

Say Alleluia, Chorus of the Angels,
 Sing, Heavenly Citizens, joyously :
 Glory to GOD in the highest, glory ;—
 O come and let us worship,
 O come and let us worship,
 O come and let us worship the LORD on high !

To Thee, Who wast born on Christmas Day of Mary,
 O JESU, be praise eternally ;
 Word of th' Eternal FATHER, now Incarnate :
 O come and let us worship,
 O come and let us worship,
 O come and let us worship the LORD on high !

A SOLIS ORTÛS CARDINE.

FROM lands that see the sun arise,
 To earth's remotest boundaries,
 The Virgin-born to-day we sing,
 The Son of Mary, CHRIST the King.

Sedulius.

Blest Author of this earthly frame,
 To take a servant's form He came,
 That liberating flesh by flesh,
 Whom He had made might live afresh.

In that chaste parent's holy womb
Celestial grace hath found its home :
And she, as earthly bride unknown,
Yet calls that Offspring blest her own.

The mansion of the modest breast
Becomes a shrine where God shall rest :
The pure and undefiled one
Conceived in her womb The SON.

That SON, that Royal SON she bore,
Whom Gabriel's voice had told afore ;
Whom, in His Mother yet conceal'd,
The Infant Baptist had reveal'd.

The manger and the straw He bore,
The cradle did He not abhor :
A little milk His infant fare
Who feedeth ev'n each fowl of air.

The Heavenly chorus fill'd the sky,
The Angels sang to God on high,
What time to shepherds, watching lone,
They made Creation's Shepherd known.

Why, impious Herod, vainly fear,
That CHRIST the SAVIOUR cometh here ?
He takes not earthly realms away,
Who gives the crown that lasts for aye.

To greet His birth the wise men went,
Led by the star before them sent ;
Called on by light, towards Light they press'd,
And by their gifts their God confess'd.

In holy Jordan's purest wave
The heav'nly LAMB vouchsaf'd to lave ;
That He, to Whom was sin unknown,
Might cleanse His people from their own.

New miracle of Power Divine !
The water reddens into wine :
He spake the word ; and pour'd the wave
In other streams than nature gave.

All glory, LORD, to Thee we pay
 For Thine Epiphany to-day :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

S. STEPHEN'S DAY

SANCTE DEI PRETIOSE.

SAINT of GOD, elect and precious,
 Protomartyr Stephen, bright
 With thy love, of amplest measure,
 Shining round thee like a light,
 Who to GOD commendedst, dying,
 Them that did thee all despite :

11th century.

Glitters now the Crown above thee,
 Figured in thy sacred name :
 Oh, that we, who truly love thee,
 May have portion in the same ;
 In the dreadful Day of Judgment
 Fearing neither sin nor shame.

Laud to GOD, and might, and honour,
 Who with flow'rs of rosy dye
 Crown'd thy forehead, and hath plac'd thee
 In the starry throne on high :
 He direct us, He protect us
 From death's sting eternally. Amen.

HOLY INNOCENTS

SALVETE FLORES MARTYRUM.

ALL hail ! ye infant martyr flowers,
 Cut off in life's first dawning hours :
 As rosebuds, snapt in tempest strife,
 When Herod sought your SAVIOUR's life.

Prudentius.

You, tender flock of lambs, we sing,
 First victim slain for CHRIST your King :
 Beneath the Altar's heavenly ray,
 With Martyr Palms and Crowns ye play.

For their redemption glory be,
O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee !
With FATHER, and with HOLY GHOST,
For ever from the Martyr Host. Amen.

EPIPHANY

AT THE HOLY COMMUNION

JESU, DULCIS MEMORIA.

S. Bernard.

JESU !—The very thought is sweet !
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet ;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of His Presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this :
No name is heard more full of bliss :
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than JESUS, Son of GOD most high.

JESU ! the hope of souls forlorn !
How good to them for sin that mourn !
To them that seek Thee, oh how kind !
But what art Thou to them that find ?

JESU, Thou sweetness, pure and blest,
Truth's Fountain, light of souls distress'd,
Surpassing all that heart requires,
Exceeding all that soul desires !

No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness :
Alone who hath thee in his heart
Knows, love of JESUS ! what thou art.

I seek for JESUS in repose,
When round my heart its chambers close ;
Abroad, and when I shut the door,
I long for JESUS evermore.

With Mary, in the morning gloom,
I seek for JESUS at the tomb ;
For Him, with love's most earnest cry,
I seek with heart, and not with eye.

JESUS, to GOD the FATHER gone,
Is seated on the Heavenly Throne :
My heart hath also passed from me,
That where He is, there it may be.

We follow JESUS now, and raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise ;
That He at last may make us meet
With Him to gain the Heavenly Seat. Amen.

EPIPHANY

A PATRE UNIGENITUS.

FROM GOD the FATHER, Virgin-born
To us the only SON came down ;
By death the font to consecrate,
The faithful to regenerate.

As in " S.
Margaret's
Hymnal."

From highest heaven His course began,
He took the form of mortal man ;
Creation by His death restored,
And shed new joys of life abroad.

Glide on, Thou glorious Sun, and bring
The gift of healing on Thy wing ;
The clearness of Thy light dispense
Unto Thy people's every sense.

Abide with us, O LORD, we pray,
The gloom of night remove away ;
Thy work of healing, LORD, begin,
And do away the stain of sin.

We know that Thou didst come of yore ;
Thou, we believe, shalt come once more :
Thy guardian shield o'er us extend,
Thine own dear sheepfold to defend.

All glory, LORD, to Thee we pay,
For Thine Epiphany to-day ;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

An earlier
version of the
former, in
"Hymnal
Noted."

A PATRE UNIGENITUS.

SENT down by GOD to this world's frame
The only SON through Mary came,
And hallowed by His Cross the wave
To give new life, and man to save.

From highest heaven He came on earth,
He took the form of man at birth;
Redeemed by death the world He made,
And gives us joys that cannot fade.

Glide on, Thou glorious Sun, and bring
The gift of healing on Thy wing;
The clearness of Thy light dispense
Unto Thy people's every sense.

Remain with us, O LORD, to-day,
Chase night and all its shades away;
The stains of every sin remove,
And give us healing of Thy love.

We, knowing Thou didst come of yore,
Believe Thou shalt return once more:
The glorious flock of Thine elect,
With Thy defending shield protect.

All glory, LORD, to Thee we pay,
For Thine Epiphany to-day;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

EPIPHANY AND THE FOLLOWING WEEK

MORNING

JESU, DULCIS MEMORIA.

Also for Festival
of Name of
JESUS,
August 7.

JESU !—The very thought is sweet !
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of His Presence are.

8. Bernard.

No word is sung more sweet than this :
No name is heard more full of bliss :
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than JESUS, SON of GOD most high.

JESU ! the hope of souls forlorn !
How good to them for sin that mourn !
To them that seek Thee, oh how kind !
But what art Thou to them that find ?

No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness :
Alone who hath thee in his heart
Knows, love of JESUS ! what thou art.

O JESU ! King of wondrous might !
O Victor, glorious from the fight !
Sweetness that may not be express'd,
And altogether loveliest !

More glorious than the sun to see,
More fragrant than the balsam-tree,
My heart's desire, and boast, and mirth,
JESU, salvation of the earth.

Remain with us, O LORD, to-day !
In every heart Thy grace display ;
That, now the shades of night are fled,
On Thee our spirits may be fed.

All honour, laud, and glory be,
O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee !
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

FIRST AND SECOND WEEKS IN LENT

EVENING

EX MORE DOCTI MYSTICO.

THE fast, as taught by holy lore,
We keep in solemn course once more :
The fast to all men known, and bound
In forty days of yearly round.

The law and seers that were of old
In divers ways this Lent foretold,
Which CHRIST, all seasons' King and Guide,
In after ages sanctified.

More sparing therefore let us make
 The words we speak, the food we take,
 Our sleep and mirth,—and closer barred
 Be every sense in holy guard.

In prayer together let us fall,
 And cry for mercy, one and all,
 And weep before the Judge's feet,
 And His avenging wrath entreat.

Thy grace have we offended sore
 By sins, O GOD, which we deplore,
 But pour upon us from on high,
 O pardoning One, Thy clemency !

Remember Thou, though frail we be,
 That yet Thine handiwork are we ;
 Nor let the honour of Thy Name
 Be by another put to shame.

Forgive the sin that we have wrought ;
 Increase the good that we have sought :
 That we at length, our wanderings o'er,
 May please Thee here and evermore.

Grant, O Thou Blessed TRINITY,
 Grant, O Essential UNITY,
 That this our fast of forty days
 May work our profit and Thy praise ! Amen.

MORNING

AUDI, BENIGNE CONDITOR.

S. Gregory
 the Great.

O MAKER of the world, give ear !
 Accept the prayer and own the tear,
 Towards Thy seat of mercy sent
 In this most holy fast of Lent.

Each heart is manifest to Thee :
 Thou knowest our infirmity :
 Forgive Thou then each soul that fain
 Would seek to Thee, and turn again.

Our sins are manifold and sore,
But pardon them that sin deplore;
And, for Thy Name's sake, make each soul
That feels and owns its languor, whole.

So mortify we every sense
By grace of outward abstinence,
That from each stain and spot of sin
The soul may keep her fast within.

Grant, O Thou Blessed TRINITY,
Grant, O Essential UNITY,
That this our fast of forty days
May work our profit and Thy praise ! Amen.

THIRD AND FOURTH WEEKS IN LENT

EVENING

ECCE TEMPUS IDONEUM.

Lo ! now is our accepted day,
The med'cine, purging sin away ;
Where'er our lives have wrought offence,
By thought and word, by deed and sense.

Sometimes
ascribed to
S. Gregory.

For God, the merciful and true,
Hath spar'd His people hitherto ;
Nor us and ours, with searching eyes,
Destroy'd for our iniquities.

Him therefore now, with earnest care,
And contrite fast, and tear and prayer,
And works of mercy and of love,
We pray for pardon from above ;

That from pollution making whole,
With virtues He may deck each soul,
And join us in the Heavenly Place,
To Angel cohorts by His grace.

Grant, O Thou Blessed TRINITY,
 Grant, O Essential UNITY,
 That this our fast of forty days
 May work our profit and Thy praise ! Amen.

MORNING

JESU, QUADRAGENARIE.

JESU, the Law and Pattern, whence
 Our forty days of abstinence,
 Who souls to save, that else had died,
 This sacred fast hast ratified :

That so to Paradise once more
 Might abstinence preserv'd restore
 Them that had lost its fields of light,
 Through crafty wiles of appetite :

Be present now, be present here,
 And mark Thy Church's falling tear,
 And own the grief that fills her eyes
 In mourning her iniquities.

Oh, by Thy grace be pardon won
 For sins that former years have done ;
 And let Thy mercy guard us still
 From crimes that threaten future ill.

That by the Fast we offer here,
 Our annual sacrifice sincere,
 To Paschal gladness at the end,
 Set free from guilt, our souls may tend.

Grant, O Thou Blessed TRINITY,
 Grant, O Essential UNITY,
 That this our fast of forty days
 May work our profit and Thy praise ! Amen.

MAUNDY THURSDAY

VERBUM SUPERNUM PRODIENS,

NEC PATRIS LINQUENS DEXTERAM.

THE Word of GOD proceeding forth,
 Yet leaving not the FATHER's side,
 And going to His work on earth,
 Had reached at length Life's eventide.

S. Thomas
 Aquinas.

By a Disciple to be given
 To rivals, for His Blood athirst :
 Himself, the Very Bread of Heaven,
 He gave to His Disciples first.

He gave Himself in either kind,
 His precious Flesh ; His precious Blood ;
 Of flesh and blood is man combin'd,
 And He of man would be the food.

In Birth, man's fellow man was He ;
 His Meat, while sitting at the board ;
 He died, his Ransomer to be :
 He reigns, to be his great Reward.

O saving Victim, slain to bless,
 Who op'st the Heavenly Gate to all :
 The attacks of many a foe oppress ;
 Give strength in strife, and help in fall.

To God, the Three in One, ascend
 All thanks and praise for evermore ;
 He grant the Life that shall not end,
 Upon the Heav'nly Country's shore.

EASTER EVE, AND ON SATURDAY EVENINGS TILL ASCENSION DAY

EVENING

CHORUS NOVÆ HIERUSALEM.

YE Choirs of New Jerusalem !
 To sweet new strains attune your theme,
 The while we keep, from care releas'd,
 With sober joy our Paschal Feast.

S. Fulbert of
 Chartres, 1029.

When CHRIST, unconquer'd Lion, first
 The Dragon's chains by rising burst :
 And while with living voice He cries,
 The dead of other ages rise.

Engorg'd in former years, their prey
Must Death and Hell restore to-day :
And many a captive soul, set free,
With JESUS leaves captivity.

Right gloriously He triumphs now,
Worthy to Whom should all things bow,
And joining heav'n and earth again
Links in one commonweal the twain.

And we, as these His deeds we sing,
His suppliant soldiers, pray our King,
That in His Palace, bright and vast,
We may keep watch and ward at last.

Long as unending ages run,
To GOD the FATHER laud be done :
To GOD the SON our equal praise,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST, we raise. Amen.

EASTER EVE, TILL ASCENSION DAY

JESU, REDEMPTOR SÆCULI.

JESU, Who brought'st redemption nigh,
Word of the FATHER, GOD most High :
O Light of Light, to man unknown,
And watchful Guardian of Thine Own :

Thy hand Creation made and guides ;
Thy wisdom time from time divides :
By this world's cares and toils oppress,
O give our weary bodies rest.

That while in frames of sin and pain
A little longer we remain,
Our flesh may here in such wise sleep,
That watch with CHRIST our souls may keep.

O free us, while we dwell below,
From insults of our ghostly foe,
That he may ne'er victorious be
O'er them that are redeemed by Thee.

We pray Thee, King with glory deck'd,
In this our Paschal joy, protect
From all that Death would fain effect,
Thy ransomed flock, Thine own elect.

To Thee Who, dead, again dost live,
All glory, LORD, Thy people give :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

EASTER DAY, AND TILL ASCENSION DAY

MORNING

AURORA LUCIS RUTILAT.

LIGHT's glittering morn bedecks the sky,
Heav'n thunders forth its victor-cry ;
The glad earth shouts its triumph high,
And groaning Hell makes wild reply.

S. Ambrose (?)

While He, the King of glorious might,
Treads down Death's strength in Death's despite,
And trampling Hell by victor's right,
Brings forth His sleeping Saints to light.

Fast barr'd beneath the stone of late,
In watch and ward where soldiers wait,
Now shining in triumphant state,
He rises Victor from death's gate.

Hell's pains are loos'd, and tears are fled ;
Captivity is captive led ;
The Angel, crowned with light, hath said,
" The LORD is risen from the dead."

The Apostles' hearts were full of pain,
For their dear LORD so lately slain,
That LORD His servants' wicked train
With bitter scorn had dar'd arraign.

We pray Thee, King with glory deck'd,
In this our Paschal joy, protect
From all that Death would fain effect,
Thy ransom'd flock, Thine own elect.

To Thee Who, dead, again dost live,
 All glory, LORD, Thy people give :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

SERMONE BLANDO ANGELUS.

S. Ambrose (?)

WITH gentle voice the Angel gave
 The women tidings at the grave;
 "Forthwith your Master shall ye see :
 He goes before to Galilee."

And while with fear and joy they pressed
 To tell these tidings to the rest,
 Their LORD, their living LORD, they meet,
 And see His Form, and kiss His Feet.

Th' Eleven, when they hear, with speed
 To Galilee forthwith proceed;
 That there they may behold once more
 The LORD's dear face, as oft afore.

In this our bright and Paschal day
 The sun shines out with purer ray :
 When CHRIST, to earthly sight made plain,
 The glad Apostles see again.

The Wounds, the riven Wounds He shows
 In that His Flesh with light that glows,
 With public voice, both far and nigh,
 The LORD's arising testify.

O CHRIST, the King Who lov'st to bless,
 Do Thou our hearts and souls possess;
 To Thee our praise that we may pay,
 To Whom our laud is due, for aye.

We pray Thee, King with glory deck'd,
 In this our Paschal joy, protect
 From all that death would fain effect,
 Thy ransomed flock, Thine own elect.

To Thee Who, dead, again dost live,
 All glory, LORD, Thy people give :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

EASTER DAY, AND TILL LOW SUNDAY

INCLUSIVE

AT THE HOLY COMMUNION

VICTIMÆ PASCHALI.

To the Paschal Victim, Christians, bring the Sacrifice of praise.

The LAMB the sheep hath ransom'd ; CHRIST, the undefiled, sinners to His GOD and FATHER hath reconciled.

Death and Life, in wondrous strife, came to conflict sharp and sore. Life's Monarch, He That died, now dies no more.

What thou sawest, Mary, say, as thou wentest on the way.

I saw the Slain One's earthly prison : I saw the glory of the Risen :—

The witness-Angels by the cave :—and the garments of the grave.

The LORD, my Hope, hath ris'n, and He shall go before to Galilee.

We know that CHRIST is risen from death indeed :—Thou victor Monarch, for Thy suppliants plead.

Amen. Alleluia !

VICTIMÆ PASCHALI.

Chorus. The Paschal work is wrought
 The Victim's praise be told ;
 The Shepherd back hath brought
 The sheep into their fold.
 The Just and Innocent was slain
 To reconcile to GOD again.

Another
 version in
 MSS. only.

Semi-chorus.

Death from the Prince of Life hath fled :
 Sharp was the battle, but 'tis o'er,

Sem. Behold He liveth that was dead
 And is alive for evermore.

Sem. Mary, sad mourner, say,
What saw'st thou on the way?

Sem. I saw the Slain One's earthly prison :
I saw the glory of the Risen.

Sem. The Angel guards within the cave,
The useless garments of the grave,

Sem. My hope hath risen from the dead,
And gone before you, as He said.

Full chorus.

Christ hath arisen, He is risen indeed :
Thou Victor-monarch, for Thy suppliants plead !

EASTER DAY, AND SEVEN DAYS AFTER MORNING

SALVE FESTA DIES TOTO VENERABILIS ÆVO.

Fortunatus.

HAIL ! Festal Day ! for evermore ador'd,
Wherein GOD conquer'd Hell, and upward soar'd !
(Hail ! Festal Day ! for evermore ador'd.)

See, the world's beauty, budding forth anew,
Shews with the LORD His gifts returning too !
(Wherein GOD conquer'd Hell, and upward soar'd.)

The earth with flow'rs is deck'd,—the sky serene ;
The Heav'nly portals glow with brighter sheen.
(Hail ! Festal Day ! for evermore ador'd.)

The greenwood-leaves, the flowering meadows tell
Of CHRIST, triumphant over gloomy Hell.
(Wherein GOD conquer'd Hell, and upward soar'd.)

The Power of Satan crush'd, He seeks the skies ;
From earth, light, stars, and ocean, anthems rise !
(Hail ! Festal Day ! for evermore ador'd.)

The Crucified reigns God for evermore ;
Their Maker all created things adore.
(Wherein GOD conquer'd Hell, and upward soar'd.)

CHRIST, Who didst fashion man and hast re-won,
The Eternal FATHER's sole-begotten SON;
(Hail ! Festal Day ! for evermore ador'd.)

When Death and Hell the human race o'erran,
Thou, man to save, Thyself becamest Man.
(Wherein God conquer'd Hell, and upward soar'd.)

EASTER DAY, AND SEVEN DAYS AFTER
MORNING

Or on Festival
S. Mary Magda-
lene, July 23.

MANE PRIMA SABBATI.

ON the morn of Easter day,
From the tomb wherein He lay,
CHRIST our Hope rose gloriously ;
Trampling down the infernal king,
Hell and Satan vanquishing,
He returned victoriously.

When the risen Lord was seen,
Blessed Mary Magdalene
Was the herald whom He chose :
On the glorious errand sent,
To His brethren straight she went,
Bearing joy to end their woes.

O thrice blessed eyes, that first,
When the chains of death were burst,
Sin destroyed and Satan quelled,
CHRIST, the King of all, beheld !

This was she who was of old
Lost in sin so manifold,
But, at JESUS' feet, obtained
Grace to pardon all that stained.

Lips deploring, heart adoring,
Are the proving of her loving
JESUS more than all the rest ;
Whom she worshipped, fully knowing,
She received from His bestowing
Pardon for her troubled breast.

Marys twain, with news of gladness,
 Freed the Church of God from sadness;
 One still the Virgin Mother, one
 The Saint whom sin had once undone.

One the gate, whereby salvation
 Entered in for every nation;
 And one the herald, sent to tell
 That CHRIST had risen, and vanquished hell.

EASTER DAY (EXCEPT SATURDAYS) TILL ASCENSION DAY

EVENING

AD CENAM AGNI PROVIDI.

See note at end
 of section, p. 194.

THE LAMB's high banquet we await,
 In snow-white robes of royal state:
 And now, the Red Sea's channel past,
 To CHRIST our Prince we sing at last.

Upon the Altar of the Cross
 His Body hath redeem'd our loss:
 And tasting of His roseate Blood,
 Our life is hid with Him in God.

That Paschal Eve GOD's arm was bar'd,
 The devastating Angel spar'd:
 By strength of hand our hosts went free
 From Pharaoh's ruthless tyranny.

Now CHRIST, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,
 The LAMB of GOD That knows no stain,
 The true Oblation offer'd here,
 Our own unleaven'd bread sincere.

O Thou, from Whom Hell's Monarch flies,
 O great, O very Sacrifice,
 Thy captive people are set free,
 And endless life restor'd in Thee.

For CHRIST, arising from the dead,
 From conquer'd hell victorious sped:
 And thrust the tyrant down to chains,
 And Paradise for man regains.

To Thee Who, dead, again dost live,
All glory, LORD, Thy people give;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

ASCENSION EVE TILL WHITSUN-DAY

EVENING

ÆTERNE REX ALTISIME.

ETERNAL Monarch, King most high,
Whose Blood hath brought Redemption nigh,
By whom the death of Death was wrought,
And conq'ring Grace's battle fought :

S. Gregory (?)

Ascending to the Throne of might,
And seated at the FATHER's right,
All power in Heav'n is JESUS' own,
That here His Manhood had not known.

That so, in nature's triple frame,
Each heavenly and each earthly name,
And things in Hell's abyss abhorr'd,
May bend the knee and own Him LORD.

Yea, angels tremble when they see
How chang'd is our humanity,
That Flesh hath purg'd what flesh had stain'd,
And GOD, the Flesh of GOD, hath reign'd.

Be Thou our Joy, and Thou our Guard,
Who art to be our great Reward :
Our glory and our boast in Thee
For ever and for ever be !

All glory, LORD, to Thee we pay,
Ascending o'er the stars to-day ;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

ASCENSION DAY TILL WHITSUN-DAY

MORNING

JESU, NOSTRA REDEMPTIO.

7th or 8th
century.

JESU, Redemption all divine,
Whom here we love, for Whom we pine,
God, working our creation's plan,
And, in the latter time, made Man ;

What love of Thine was that, which led
To take our woes upon Thy Head,
And pangs and cruel death to bear,
To ransom us from death's despair !

To Thee Hell's gate gave ready way,
Demanding there his captive prey :
And now, in pomp and victor's pride,
Thou sittest at the FATHER's side.

Let very mercy force Thee still
To spare us, conquering all our ill ;
And, granting that we ask, on high
With Thine Own Face to satisfy.

Be Thou our Joy, and Thou our Guard,
Who art to be our great Reward :
Our glory and our boast in Thee
For ever and for ever be !

All glory, LORD, to Thee we pay,
Ascending o'er the stars to-day ;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

WHITSUN-DAY, AND THE FOLLOWING WEEK

EVENING

JAM CHRISTUS ASTRA ASCENDERAT.

S. Ambrose (?)

Now CHRIST, ascending whence He came,
Had mounted o'er the starry frame :
The HOLY GHOST on men to pour,
As GOD the FATHER's promise bore.

The solemn time was drawing nigh,
 Replete with heavenly mystery,
 On seven days' sevenfold circles born,
 That first and blessed Whitsun-morn.

When the third hour shone all around,
 There came a rushing mighty sound,
 And told the Apostles, while in prayer,
 That, as 'twas promised, GOD was there.

Forth from the FATHER's light it came,
 That beautiful and kindly flame :
 To fill, with fervour of His word,
 The spirits faithful to their LORD.

Thou once in every holy breast
 Didst bid indwelling grace to rest :
 This day our sins, we pray, release,
 And in our time, O LORD, give peace.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the SPIRIT, praise be done ;
 And CHRIST the LORD upon us pour
 The SPIRIT's gift for evermore. Amen.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS, ET EMITTE.

COME, O Thou FATHER of the poor,
 Blest PARACLETE, below ;
 And from the abundance of Thy store,
 Thy promised gift bestow.

A free para-
 phrase of
 last verses.
 See p. 181.

Now that the day's created beam
 Hath faded into night,
 Still let Thy glories o'er us stream,
 O uncreated light !

Come to our spirits, heavenly Guest,
 And bid their labours cease ;
 And in the sorrows of the breast
 Mingle Thy perfect peace !

Give us, O Fount of grace, to fight,
 Though foes stand thick around ;
 Fighting, to conquer in Thy might,
 And conquering, to be crown'd !

HYMNS TRANSLATED

Praise to the FATHER, as is meet,
 Praise to the only SON ;
 Praise to the Holy PARACLETE,
 The Blessed Three in One ! Amen.

MORNING

BEATA NOBIS GAUDIA.

S. Hilary of
 Poitiers (?)

BLEST joys for mighty wonders wrought
 The year's revolving orb has brought,
 What time the HOLY GHOST in flame
 Upon the LORD's disciples came.

The quivering fire their heads bedewed
 In cloven tongues' similitude,
 That eloquent their words might be,
 And fervid all their charity.

In varying tongues the LORD they praised,
 The gathering people stood amazed ;
 And whom the COMFORTER Divine
 Inspired, they mocked, as full of wine.

These things were done in type to-day,
 When Easter-tide had worn away,
 The number told which once set free
 The captive at the Jubilee.

Thy servants, falling on their face,
 Beseech Thy mercy, GOD of grace,
 To send us, from Thy heavenly Seat,
 The blessings of the PARACLETE.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the SPIRIT, praise be done ;
 And CHRIST the LORD upon us pour
 The SPIRIT's gift for evermore. Amen.

AT THE HOLY COMMUNION

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS, ET EMITTE.

Innocent III.

COME, Thou Holy PARACLETE,
 And from Thy Celestial seat
 Send Thy light and brilliancy :

Father of the poor, draw near,
 Giver of all gifts, be here :
 Come, the soul's true radiancy :

Come, of Comforters the best,
 Of the soul the sweetest guest,—
 Come in toil refreshingly :

Thou in labour rest most sweet,
 Thou art shadow from the heat,
 Comfort in adversity.

O thou Light, most pure and blest,
 Shine within the inmost breast
 Of thy faithful company.

Where Thou art not, man hath nought ;
 Every holy deed and thought
 Comes from Thy Divinity.

What is soiled, make Thou pure ;
 What is wounded, work its cure ;
 What is parchèd, fructify ;

What is rigid, gently bend ;
 What is frozen, warmly tend ;
 Strengthen what goes erringly.

Fill Thy faithful, who confide
 In Thy power to guard and guide,
 With Thy sevenfold Mystery :

Here Thy grace and virtue send ;
 Grant salvation in the end,
 And in Heav'n felicity.

TRINITY SUNDAY

EVENING

ADESTO, SANCTA TRINITAS.

BE present, HOLY TRINITY :
 Like splendour, and one Deity :
 Of things above, and things below,
 Beginning that no end shall know.

11th century.

Thee all the armies of the sky
 Adore, and laud, and magnify :
 And Nature, in her triple frame,
 For ever sanctifies Thy Name.

And we, too, thanks and homage pay,
 Thine own adoring flock to-day :
 O join to that celestial song
 The praises of our suppliant throng.

Light, sole and one, we Thee confess,
 With triple praise we rightly bless ;
 Alpha and Omega we own,
 With every spirit round Thy Throne.

To Thee, O Unbegotten One,
 And Thee, O Sole-begotten SON,
 And Thee, O HOLY GHOST, we raise
 Our equal and eternal praise. Amen.

MORNING

TRINITAS, UNITAS, DEITAS ÆTERNA.

12th century.

TRINITY, UNITY, DEITY

Eternal :

Majesty, Potency, Brilliancy

Supernal :

First and Last, End and Cause,
 King of Kings, Law of Laws,
 Judge of all,

Round whose Throne Angels fall,
 Thee they laud, Thee adore,
 Thee they chant evermore :

With acclaim

Heav'nly Hosts greet Thy Name.

Thou art one, Thou art true,
 Flow'r of Life, healing dew :
 Govern us, save us still,
 Guide us on tow'rds the hill
 Of Thy rest,
 Tow'rds the joys of the Blest.

Thou art God, Thou art Just,
 Thee we love, Thee we trust :
 King ador'd, Holiest LORD,
 Glory be,
 Both to-day and alway,
 Unto Thee !

THE FESTIVALS OF APOSTLES

EVENING

ANNUE, CHRISTE, SÆCULORUM DOMINE.

O CHRIST, Thou Lord of worlds !
 Thine ear to hear us bow,
 On this the festival
 Of Thine Apostle now :
 That all the weary load
 Of many a foul offence
 May, as we sing his praise,
 Be lost in penitence.

Redeemer ! save Thy work,
 Thy noble work of grace,
 Sealed with the holy light
 That beameth from Thy face,
 Nor suffer them to fall
 To Satan's wiles a prey,
 For whom Thou didst on earth
 Death's costly ransom pay.

Pity Thy flock, enthralled
 By sin's captivity :
 Forgive each guilty soul,
 And set the bondmen free :
 And those Thou hast redeemed
 With Thine own precious blood,
 Grant to rejoice with Thee,
 Thou Monarch kind and good.

O JESU, SAVIOUR blest,
 And gracious LORD, to Thee,
 All glory, virtue, power,
 And laud and empire be :

The FATHER with like praise,
 And SPIRIT we adore :
 With Whom Thou reignest God,
 For ages evermore. Amen.

MORNING

ÆTERNA CHRISTI MUNERA, APOSTOLORUM GLORIAM.

S. Ambrose.
 See com-
 mentary,
 p. 196.

TH' eternal gifts of CHRIST the King,
 Th' Apostles' glorious deeds, we sing :
 And while due hymns of praise we pay,
 Our thankful hearts cast grief away.

The Church in these her princes boasts,
 These victor chiefs of warrior hosts :
 The soldiers of the heavenly hall,
 The lights that rose on earth for all.

'Twas thus the yearning faith of Saints,
 Th' unconquer'd hope that never faints,
 The love of CHRIST that knows not shame,
 The Prince of this world overcame.

In these the FATHER's glory shone ;
 In these the will of GOD the Son ;
 In these exults the HOLY GHOST ;
 Through these rejoice the Heavenly host.

Redeemer, hear us of Thy Love,
 That, with the glorious band above,
 Hereafter, of Thine endless grace,
 Thy servants also may have place. Amen.

THE FESTIVALS OF APOSTLES IN
EASTER-TIDE

EVENING

TRISTES ERANT APOSTOLI.

S. Ambrose (?)

TH' APOSTLES' hearts were full of pain,
 For their dear LORD so lately slain,
 That LORD His servants' wicked train
 With bitter scorn had dared arraign.

With gentle voice the Angel gave
 The women tidings at the Grave;
 "Forthwith your Master shall ye see :
 He goes before to Galilee."

And while with fear and joy they pressed
 To tell these tidings to the rest,
 Their LORD, their living LORD, they meet,
 And see His Form, and kiss His Feet.

Th' Eleven, when they hear, with speed
 To Galilee forthwith proceed :
 That there they may behold once more
 The LORD's dear Face, as oft afore.

O CHRIST, the King, Who lov'st to bless,
 Do Thou our hearts and souls possess;
 To Thee our praise that we may pay,
 To Whom our laud is due, for aye.

We pray Thee, King with glory deck'd,
 In this our Paschal joy, protect
 From all that death would fain effect,
 Thy ransom'd flock, Thine own elect.

To Thee Who, dead, again dost live,
 All glory, LORD, Thy people give :
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

MORNING

CLARO PASCHALI GAUDIO.

In this our bright and Paschal day
 The sun shines out with purer ray;
 When CHRIST, to earthly sight made plain,
 The glad Apostles see again.

The Wounds, the riven Wounds He shows
 In that His flesh with light that glows,
 With public voice both far and nigh,
 The LORD's arising testify.

This and the
 preceding
 hymns are
 arranged from
*Aurora lucis
 rutilat*,
 ascribed to
 S. Ambrose.
 See p 121.

O CHRIST, the King, Who lov'st to bless,
Do Thou our hearts and souls possess ;
To Thee our praise that we may pay,
To Whom our laud is due, for aye.

We pray Thee, King with glory deck'd,
In this our Paschal joy, protect
From all that death would fain effect,
Thy ransom'd flock, Thine own elect.

To Thee, Who, dead, again dost live,
All glory, LORD, Thy people give :
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

THE FESTIVALS OF MARTYRS

EVENING

SANCTORUM MERITIS.

THE triumphs of the Saints,
Blessed for evermore,
Their love that never faints,
The toils they bravely bore,—
For these the Church to-day
Pours forth her joyous lay,—
These victors win the noblest bay.

They, whom this world of ill,
While it yet held, abhorr'd :
Its with'ring flowers that still
They spurn'd with one accord :
They knew them short-liv'd all,
And followed at Thy call,
King JESU, to Thy Heavenly Hall.

For Thee all pangs they bare,
Fury and mortal hate,
The cruel scourge to tear,
The hook to lacerate ;
But vain their foes' intent :
For, every torment spent,
Their valiant spirits stood unbent.

Like sheep their blood they pour'd :
And without groan or tear,
They bent before the sword
For that their King most dear :
Their souls, serenely blest,
In patience they possessed,
And looked in hope towards their rest.

What tongue may here declare,
Fancy or thought descry,
The joys Thou dost prepare
For these Thy Saints on high !
Empurpled in the flood
Of their victorious blood,
They won the laurel from their God.

To Thee, O LORD, Most High,
One in Three Persons still,
To pardon us we cry,
And to preserve from ill :
Here give Thy servants peace ;
Hereafter glad release,
And pleasures that shall never cease. Amen.

ÆTERNA CHRISTI MUNERA, ET MARTYRUM VICTORIAS.

Th' eternal gifts of CHRIST the King,
The Martyrs' glorious deeds, we sing :
And while due hymns of praise we pay
Our thankful hearts cast grief away.

S. Ambrose.

The terrors of the world despised,
The body's torments lightly prized,
By one brief space of death and pain
Life everlasting they obtain.

To flames the Martyr Saints are hail'd :
By teeth of savage beasts assailed :
Against them, arm'd with ruthless brand
And hooks of steel, their torturers stand.

The mangled frame is tortur'd sore,
The holy life-drops freshly pour :
They stand unmov'd amidst the strife,
By grace of everlasting life.

Redeemer, hear us of Thy love,
That, with the Martyr Host above,
Hereafter, of Thine endless grace,
Thy servants also may have place. Amen.

MORNING

DEUS TUORUM MILITUM.

O GOD, Thy soldiers' Crown and Guard,
And their exceeding great reward,
From all transgressions set us free,
Who sing Thy Martyr's victory.

The pleasures of the world he spurn'd,
From sin's pernicious lures he turn'd;
He knew their joys imbued with gall,
And thus he reach'd Thy Heav'nly Hall.

For Thee thro' many a woe he ran,
In many a fight he play'd the man;
For Thee his blood he dar'd to pour,
And thence hath joy for evermore.

We therefore pray Thee, full of love,
Regard us from Thy Throne above:
On this Thy Martyr's triumph-day,
Wash ev'ry stain of sin away.

O FATHER, that we ask be done,
Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine only SON,
Who, with the HOLY GHOST, and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally. Amen.

THE FESTIVALS OF CONFESSORS

EVENING

ISTE CONFESSOR DOMINI SACRATUS.

HE, the Confessor of the LORD, with triumph,
Whom through the wide world celebrate the faithful,
He on this day through tribulation enter'd
Heavenly mansions.

Pious and prudent, continent and humble,
 Sober he was, and gentle of behaviour,
 While in his frame dwelt, animate with action,
 Earthly existence.

Wherefore our choir, with willing hymns and anthems,
 Here, on his feast day, doth him fitting honour;
 That in his glory we may have our portion,
 Ever and ever.

Glory and virtue, honour and salvation,
 Be unto Him That, sitting in the highest,
 Ordereth meetly earth, and sky, and ocean,
 Onely and Trinal. Amen.

FOR EVANGELISTS

LAUS DEVOTA MENTE.

PRAISE, the true heart's offer,
 Let our voices proffer,
 And our thanks to CHRIST resound;
 For the faith's four Preachers,
 And unshaken Teachers,
 Whom His grace hath made renowned.

He by these would render
 Brilliance out of splendour,
 As His wont, to earth around:
 While by their election,
 Uttermost rejection
 Heresy and schism found.

These four holy fountains
 Bathe the vales and mountains
 With the stream whose waters save;
 These, from Eden flowing,
 Through the wide world going,
 Pour their undivided wave.

These make good the features
 Of the Living Creatures
 Whom prophetic visions trace:
 Varied forms possessing,
 But alike progressing,
 One and all, in equal pace.

From the
 "S. Margaret's
 Hymnal."

These, with pinions gifted,
 These, from earth uplifted,
 With the living chariot go :
 Full of eyes each pinion,
 In serene dominion,
 Herald they God's word below.

Here those four rings golden
 Well may be beholden,
 Which the Ark of God upbore :
 CHRIST the good seed sowing,
 And the fruit bestowing,
 In the doctrine of the four.

That old type declaring
 Of the chariot, bearing
 Sheba's queen to Salem's Hall,
 Is this car elected,
 By the Lamb directed ;
 By the Lamb that died for all.

CHRIST is Head and Ending
 Of their aim and tending,
 He Whose presence all things fills :
 By the blest inditing
 Of their holy writing
 Stands the Church secure from ills.

CHRIST, through their direction,
 Grant us all protection
 From eternal death and woe :
 By their holy teaching,
 Safe and happy reaching
 Of celestial joys, bestow.

CIRCA THRONUM MAJESTATIS.

ROUND the throne, 'midst Angel naturse
 Stand four holy Living Creatures,
 Whose diversity of features
 Maketh good the seer's plan :
 This an Eagle's visage knoweth :
 That a Lion's image sheweth :
 Scripture on the rest bestoweth
 The twain forms of Ox and Man.

Adam of
 S. Victor.

From "S.
 Margaret's
 Hymnal."

These are they, the symbols mystic
Of the forms Evangelistic,
Who the Church, with streams majestic,

Irrigate from sea to sea :
Matthew first, and Mark the second :
Luke with these is rightly reckoned :
And the loved Apostle, beckoned
From his nets and Zebedee.

Matthew's form the man supplieth,
For that thus he testifieth
Of the LORD, that none denieth
Him to spring from man He made ;
Luke the ox, in form propitial,
As a creature sacrificial,
For that he the rites judicial
Of Mosaic law displayed.

Mark the wilds as lion shaketh,
And the desert hearing quaketh,
Preparation while he maketh
That the heart with God be right :
John, love's double wing devising,
Earth on eagle plumes despising,
To his God and Lord uprising
Soars away in purer light.

Symbols quadriform uniting
They of CHRIST are thus inditing ;
Quadriform His acts, which writing
They produce before our eyes :
Man,—Whose birth man's law obeyeth :
Ox,—Whom victim's passion slayeth :
Lion,—when on death He preyeth :
Eagle,—soaring to the skies.

In these streams our souls bedewing,
That more fully we ensuing
Thirst of goodness and renewing,
Thirst more fully may allay :
We their holy doctrine follow
From the gulf that gapes to swallow,
And from pleasures vain and hollow
To the joys of heavenly day.

FOR A VIRGIN MARTYR

QUAM SACRA VIRGO.

In Christian
Remembrancer,
Oct. 1849, and
"S. Margaret's
Hymnal."

WHEREFORE, O virgin, faithful-hearted martyr,
Deck'st thou with twofold coronal thy forehead?
'Tis because twofold was the line of battle,
Double thy triumph.

Bent by no soft allure of earth's affections,
Broken by no fierce frown of earthly tyrant,
Thou for thy LORD didst triumph o'er the torture,
Triumph o'er pleasure.

Lilies and roses are the Bridegroom's portion:
Thou, to thy Bridegroom evermore found faithful,
Gavest Him roses as a martyr, gavest
Lilies, a virgin.

Glory and virtue, honour and salvation
Be unto Him That, sitting in the highest,
Ordereth meetly earth, and stars, and ocean,
Onely and Trinal. Amen.

S. KATHARINE

VOX SONORA NOSTRI CHORI.

Adam of
S. Victor.
From "S.
Margaret's
Hymnal."

LOUD and true our full-voic'd chorus
Raise to GOD the strain sonorous,
Who disposeth all things right:
Now that weakness mighty groweth,
And a maiden overthroweth
Warriors, aided by His might.

And with Alexandria's sages
Woman, not as woman, wages
War against each idol shrine;
Heathen lore from Christian flying,
Patience triumphed over dying,
In immortal Katharine.

Let her prayer preserve from error,
 Add to faith, and quench the terror
 Of the woe of final doom :
 So that, freed from all transgression,
 We may enter on possession
 Of the happiness to come. Amen.

THE FESTIVALS OF VIRGINS

JESU, CORONA VIRGINUM.

JESU, the Virgin's Crown, do Thou
 Accept us, as in prayer we bow ;
 Born of that Virgin, whom alone
 The Mother and the Maid we own.

Amongst the lilies Thou dost feed,
 With Virgin choirs accompanied ;
 With glory decked, the spotless brides
 Whose bridal gifts Thy love provides.

They, wheresoe'er Thy footsteps bend,
 With hymns and praises still attend ;
 In blessed troops they follow Thee,
 With dance, and song, and melody.

We pray Thee therefore to bestow
 Upon our senses here below,
 Thy grace, that so we may endure
 From taint of all corruption pure.

All laud to GOD the FATHER be :
 All laud, Eternal SON, to Thee :
 All laud, as is for ever meet,
 To GOD, the Holy PARACLETE. Amen.

CONVERSION OF S. PAUL

PAULE, DOCTOR EGREGIE.

LET Gentiles raise the thankful lay
 Upon their great Apostle's Day :
 Whose doctrine, like the thunder, sounds
 To the wide world's remotest bounds.

S. Peter
 Damian!.

O bliss of Paul, beyond all thought !
 To Paradise, yet living, caught,
 He hears the heav'nly mysteries there,
 Which mortal tongue cannot declare.

The Word's blest seed around he flings
 And straight a mighty harvest springs :
 And fruits of holy deeds supply
 God's everlasting granary.

The lamp his holy lore displays
 Hath filled the world with glorious rays :
 And doubt and error are o'erthrown,
 That truth may reign, and reign alone.

Long as unending ages run,
 To GOD the FATHER laud be done :
 To GOD the SON our equal praise,
 And GOD the HOLY GHOST, we raise. Amen.

PURIFICATION OR ANNUNCIATION

QUEM TERRA, PONTUS, ÆTHERA.

THE GOD, Whom earth, and sea, and sky,
 Adore, and laud, and magnify ;
 Who o'er their threefold fabric reigns,
 The Virgin's spotless womb contains.

The GOD, Whose will by moon and sun
 And all things in due course is done,
 Is borne upon a Maiden's breast,
 By fullest heavenly grace possess'd.

How blest that Mother, in whose shrine
 The great Artificer Divine,
 Whose hand contains the earth and sky,
 Vouchsafed, as in His ark, to lie !

Blest, in the message Gabriel brought ;
 Blest, by the work the SPIRIT wrought :
 From whom the Great Desire of earth
 Took human flesh and human birth.

All honour, laud, and glory be,
 O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee !
 All glory, as is ever meet,
 To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

LÆTABUNDUS.

FULL of gladness,
 Let our faithful Choir be singing
 Alleluia.
 Monarchs' Monarch
 From unspotted Maiden springing,
 Alleluia.

S. Bernard.

Him the Holy Virgin bore,
 Wonderful and Counsellor,
 Sun from star had spring :
 Sun, that never knoweth night ;
 Star, for ever shining bright,
 Ever glittering.

As a star a ray most fair,
 Thus the Virgin also bare,
 Like in form, the child ;
 Nor the star by that its ray,
 Nor the Virgin any way
 By the Birth defiled.

Now conforms the Cedar tall
 To the hyssop of the wall
 In our vale of tears :
 He, God's Word and Essence, came
 To assume our mortal frame,
 And with man appears.

Though Isaiah had foreshewn,
 Though the Synagogue had known,
 Yet the truth she will not own,
 Still remaining blind :
 If she do her prophets wrong,
 If she will not hear their throng
 Still she may, in Gentile song,
 Seek the deed, and find.

Turn, Judæa, and repent :
 Credit thine Old Testament :
 Why upon destruction bent,
 Miserable race ?
 Whom its oracles foretold
 Born to save the world behold !
 Him a Virgin's arms enfold,
 Full of truth and grace.

ANNUNCIATION

MORNING

MITTIT AD VIRGINEM.

Abelard.

To the Virgin He sends
 No inferior Angel ;
 But Gabriel He summons,
 His Might, His Archangel :
 He, Lover of Men.

And mighty must needs be
 The Messenger sent,
 By whom shall the order
 Of nature be bent,
 When a Virgin shall bear.

The King's Natal glory
 Shall Nature o'ersway ;
 Let Him reign, let Him conquer,
 By purging away
 The dross of corruption.

Let Him cast every haughty one
 Down from his seat,
 In His might on the mighty ones
 Setting his feet,—
 The Victor in battle.

Let Him cast out the Monarch
 Whom this world obeys ;
 To the Throne of the FATHER
 His Bride let Him raise,
 To be sharer with Him.

Go forth on thy message,
These gifts to unfold ;
From the letter of Scripture
The veil shall be rolled,
By the might of thy word.

Draw nigh,—speak the tidings,—
Say *Hail !* to her now ;
And say, *Highly favoured*,
And say, *Fear not thou*,
And, *The Lord is with thee*.

Receive, then, O Virgin,
The gift God ordains,
While yet the firm purpose
Unaltered remains
Of thy chastest resolve.

The word she receiveth,
That lowliest one,
Believeth, conceiveth,
And beareth The SON ;
And His Name shall be called

Wonderful, Counsellor,
LORD God of Hosts ;
The Father Eternal,
The Monarch Who boasts
A Kingdom of peace.

MORNING

HUMANI GENERIS.

THE sighs and the sorrows
Of this world may cease ;
This happy day bringeth
Glad tidings of peace
For suffering mortals.

Through one man's transgression
We all of us fell ;
From heavenly mansions,
To save us from hell,
He came, the Most Highest.

To the one chosen Virgin
 Who GOD was to bear,
 The Angel descendeth
 The tale to declare,
 Salvation's high mystery.

The WORD of the FATHER,
 Eternally born,
 Assumeth man's body,
 On this blessed morn,
 That He may redeem us.

He shall offer this Body
 Our ransom to be;
 His blood He shall pour forth,
 His servants to free,
 And pour every life-drop.

From my country an exile
 I wandered in vain,
 And knew not the pathway
 By which to regain
 True joy everlasting.

To the place of my exile
 GOD deigns to descend;
 My way He becometh
 Himself, and my end:
 I shall walk here in safety.

INVENTION OF THE CROSS

CRUX BENEDICTA NITET.

Venantius,
 Fortunatus.
 From "S.
 Margaret's
 Hymnal."

THAT blest Cross is displayed, where the LORD in the flesh
 was suspended,
 And, by His blood, from their wounds cleansed and
 redeemed His elect:

Where, for us men, through His love, become the victim of
 mercy,
 He, the blest Lamb, His sheep saved from the fangs of
 the wolf:

Where by His palms transpierced He redeemed the world
from its ruin,
And by His own dear death closed up the path of the
grave.

This was the Hand that, transfixed by the nails, and bleeding
of old times,
Paul from the depth of his crime ransomed, and Peter
from death.

Strong in thy fertile array, O Tree of sweetness and glory,
Bearing such new-found fruit 'midst the green wreaths of
thy boughs :

Thou by the savour of life the dead from their slumbers
restorest,
Rendering sight to the eyes that have been closed to the
day.

Heat is there none that can burn beneath thy shadowy
covert :
Nor can the sun in the noon strike, nor the moon in the
night.

Planted art thou beside the streams of the rivers of waters :
Foliage and loveliest flowers scattering widely abroad.

Fast in thy arms is enfolded the Vine ; from Whom in its
fulness,
Floweth the blood-red juice, Wine that gives life to the
soul.

S. JOHN BAPTIST

PRÆCURSOR ALTUS LUMINIS.

THE great forerunner of the Morn,
The Herald of the WORD, is born ;
And faithful hearts shall never fail
With thanks and praise his light to hail.

Beda.

With heav'nly message Gabriel came,
That JOHN should be that herald's name ;
And with prophetic utterance told
His actions great and manifold.

John, still unborn, yet gave aright
 His witness to the coming light :
 And CHRIST fulfill'd it, at His Birth,
 Right gloriously o'er all the earth.

Of women born shall never be
 A greater prophet than was he :
 Whose mighty deeds exalt his fame
 To greater than a Prophet's name.

But why should mortal accents raise
 The hymn of John the Baptist's praise ?
 Of whom, or ere his course was run,
 Thus spake the FATHER to the SON :

Behold My herald, who shall go
 Before Thy Face, Thy way to show :
 Shall shine, as with the Day-Star's gleam,
 Before Thine own eternal beam.

All laud to GOD the FATHER be :
 All laud, Eternal SON, to Thee :
 All laud, as is for ever meet,
 To GOD, the Holy PARACLETE. Amen.

THE TRANSFIGURATION

CŒLESTIS FORMAM GLORIÆ.

A TYPE of those bright rays on high
 For which the Church hopes longingly,
 CHRIST on the holy mountain shows,
 Where brighter than the Sun He glows.

Tale for all ages to declare :
 For with the three disciples there,
 Where Moses and Elias meet,
 The LORD holds converse, high and sweet.

The chosen witnesses stand nigh,
 Of Grace, the Law, and Prophecy :
 And from the cloud the Holy One
 Bears record to the Only SON.

With face more bright than noontide ray,
CHRIST deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in GOD with perfect love.

And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery,
For which, in yearly course, we raise
The voice of prayer, and hymn of praise.

Thou, FATHER,—Thou, Eternal SON,
Thou, HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One,
To this same Glory bring us nigh,
That we may see Thee eye to eye. Amen.

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

MORNING

EXCELSORUM CIVIUM.

THE mighty host on high,
Their joys beyond compare,
Their glories in the sky,
The deeds they bravely dare :
For these the Church to-day
Pours forth her joyous lay,
To Heaven's great princes praise to pay.

These are the chieftains bright,
Viceroys of GOD's domain,
Unwearied in their might
The demons to restrain :
To quell the infernal foe,
And work their rivals woe,
These heavenly warriors haste below.

Captains of mighty race,
And noble champions, they
The evil spirits chase,
Undaunted in the fray :
They speed, in ranks arrayed,
The upright soul to aid,
And crown him victor undismayed.

What tongue can here declare,
 Fancy or thought descry,
 The joys Thou dost prepare
 For these Thine hosts on high ?
 Who, for the warfare deck'd,
 Their earthly friends protect,
 And in right paths to heaven direct.

To Thee, O LORD most high,
 One in Three Persons still,
 To pardon us we cry,
 And to preserve from ill :
 That, after perils sore,
 Thy Name we may adore
 With holy Angels evermore. Amen.

EXULTET CÆLUM LAUDIBUS.

From "S.
 Margaret's
 Magazine."

LET heaven exult with joyous praise,
 Let earth its heartiest anthems raise,
 For Michael's glory, throned on high,
 Within the palace of the sky.

The great Thrice Holy we prolong,
 Celestial and seraphic song,
 Through all their mystical degrees
 Of heavenly principalities.

To all the heavenly warriors blest,
 Their glorious chiefs above the rest,
 Whose names are known to man below,
 A hymn of grateful praise we owe.

"Who like to GOD?" is Michael's shout :
 "God's glory," Gabriel thunders out :
 "God's healing," Raphael's songs proclaim :
 And these all laud EMMANUEL's Name.

To GOD, Who rules the earth and skies,
 The praises of the Blessed rise ;
 Who in eternal joys adore,
 With holy Michael evermore. Amen.

ALL SAINTS, OR FOR ANY PARTICULAR SAINT
MORNING

INTERNI FESTI GAUDIA.

OUR festal strains to-day reveal
The joys that faithful spirits feel,
As often as the inmost heart
In these true Sabbaths bears a part.

The pure of soul alone have grace
The future joys of Heav'n to trace,
And learn in foretaste sweet and rare
What glories deck the Blessed there :

What bliss, in that celestial land,
They know, the bright Angelic band ;
Who see the King That crowns the fight,
In all His Majesty of light.

Blest is that Country, ever blest,
Which knoweth nought save joy and rest,
Whose citizens for ever raise
The long unbroken chant of praise !

Whom sweetness, more than earthly, fills ;
Who know no grief, and mourn no ills ;
Whom never more can foe alarm,
Nor storm approach to work them harm.

Let this our meditation be
Along the vale of misery ;
This occupy each sleeping hour,
And exercise each waking power.

Thus shall we gain, this exile past,
Our Country's blessed Crown at last ;
Thus in His Glory shall adore
The King of Ages evermore. Amen.

HARUM LAUDUM PRECONIA.

THE praises that the Blessed know
The Church shall imitate below,
Whene'er she greets, in yearly strain,
The birthdays of her Saints again.

Adam of
Victor S.

This and the
following hymn
are centos from
the same
original, which
begins as above.

Adam of
S. Victor.

Now, all their battles past and gone,
The crown of glory is set on ;
For Chastity, as lily white,
For Martyrdom, as ruby bright.

This cannot human fancy know,
Nor tongue of men nor Angels shew,
Till endless life the victory brings
That gives for earthly, heavenly things.

One day of those most glorious rays
Is better than ten thousand days ;
Refulgent with celestial light,
And with God's fullest knowledge bright.

That we the Saints' blest lives may reach,
That we their blessed faith may teach,
May join above, and love below,
The SPIRIT of All Grace bestow ! Amen.

S. DROSTANE'S DAY

From the
" Aberdeen
Breviary."

DROSTANE's story, Drostane's glory,
Let our choirs sing loud and free,
Faith's devotion, Love's emotion ;
Up to age from infancy.

GOD beseeching that like teaching
And like grace may be our own,
Following therefore Drostane's warfare,
Till we come to Drostane's throne.

TUNC FIDELIS AD CELESTEM.

7th century.
See p. 11.
From " S.
Margaret's
Hymnal."

ALL the righteous upward wending,
To the heavenly land shall soar,
'Midst the cohorts of the Angels,
Where is joy for evermore.

To Jerusalem exulting,
They with shouts shall enter in,
That true sight of peace and glory,
That sets free from grief and sin ;

CHRIST shall they behold for ever,
 Seated at the FATHER's hand ;
 As in Beatific Vision,
 His elect before Him stand.

Wherefore, man, while yet thou mayest,
 From the dragon's malice fly ;
 Give thy bread to feed the hungry,
 If thou seek'st to win the sky ;

Let thy loins be straitly girded,
 Life be pure, and heart be right,
 At the coming of the Bridegroom,
 That thy lamp may glitter bright.

IN DOMO PATRIS.

MY FATHER's home eternal,
 Which all dear pleasures share,
 Hath many divers mansions,
 And each one passing fair :
 They are the victors' guerdon,
 Who, through the hard-won fight,
 Have followed in My footsteps,
 And reign with Me in light.

Amidst the happy number,
 The Virgins' Crown and Queen,
 The ever-Virgin Mother,
 Is first and foremost seen :
 Her one and only gladness,
 That undefiled one,
 To gaze in adoration,
 The Mother, on the Son.

There Adam leads the chorus,
 And tunes the joyous strain
 Of all his myriad children
 That follow in My train :
 Victorious over sorrow,
 The countless bands to see,
 Destroyed through his transgression,
 But raised to life by Me.

15th century.
 From " Joys
 and Glories of
 Paradise."

The Patriarchs in their triumph
My praises nobly sing,
Of old their promised Offspring,
And now their Victor-King :
The Prophets harp their gladness,
That Whom their strains foretold,
In manifested glory
They evermore behold.

And David calls to memory
His own especial grace
In such clear prophet-vision
To see Me face to face :
The Apostolic cohort,
My valiant and My own,
As royal co-assessors,
Are nearest to My throne.

My Martyrs reign in glory,
Who triumphed as they fell,
And by a thousand tortures
Defeated death and hell :
And every patient sufferer,
Who sorrow dared contemn,
For each especial anguish
Hath one especial gem.

The purple-stoled Confessors
Put on their meet array,
Who bare the heat and burden
Of many a weary day :
The Doctors of My wisdom,
Whose teaching fell like rain
Upon the Church's pastures,
Now wear the golden chain.

The brave Religious Orders,
Their self-denial ceased,
Sit down with Me, and banquet
At My eternal feast :
The Hermits, that elected
Strait cells for love of Me,
Are called to be thy denizens,
Jerusalem the free !

The Virgins walk in beauty
 Amidst their lily-bowers,
 The coronals assuming
 Of amaranthine flowers;
 And each true-hearted Widow,
 Made perfect in My grace,
 Hath meet, though lower, portion,
 Midst those that see My face.

There dwell, who lives unspotted
 In saintly wedlock led,
 Preserving in its pureness
 The undefiled bed :
 And Innocents sport gaily
 Through all the courts of light,—
 To whom I gave the guerdon
 Before they fought the fight.

The continent of spirit,
 Their carnal struggles o'er,
 With joy put off the armour
 That they shall need no more :
 And these, and all that battled
 Beneath their Monarch's eyes,
 The harder was the conflict,
 The brighter is the prize.

The Penitents, attaining
 Full pardon in My sight,
 Leave off the vest of sackcloth,
 And don the robe of white :
 The bondsman and the noble,
 The peasant and the king,
 All gird one glorious Monarch
 In one eternal ring.

QUISQUIS VALET NUMERARE.

If there be that skills to reckon
 All the number of the Blest,
 He, perchance, can weigh the gladness
 Of the everlasting Rest
 Which, their earthly exile finished,
 They by merit have possest.

"Of the Glory
 of the Heaven
 Jerusalem inly
 general."

15th century.

Thomas à Kempis, or of his school.

This hymn and the two following are taken from "Joys and Glories of Paradise." Parts of them are in common use.

Through the vale of lamentation
Happily and safely past,
Now the years of their affliction
In their memory they recast,
And the end of all perfection
They can contemplate at last.

For they see their cruel tempter
Suffering torments evermore;
To the SAVIOUR That redeemed them
Those redeemed ones praises pour;
And the Monarch That rewards them
Those rewarded Saints adore.

There the gifts of each and single,
All in common right possess;
There each member hath his portion
In the Body's blessedness:
So that he, the least in merits,
Shares the guerdon none the less.

O what splendour, O what beauty
Lightens round the happy place,
From the King's dear Royal Mother,
From that Vessel, full of grace:
While the legions of the Blessed
Gaze upon her glorious face!

In her joy Angelic cohorts,
And the Saints that fill the skies,
And the Apostolic chorus,
And the Martyrs sympathize:
And the Virgins and Confessors
Bend on her their loving eyes.

In a glass, through types and riddles,
Dwelling here, we see alone;
Then serenely, purely, clearly,
We shall know as we are known;
Fixing our enlightened vision
On the glory of the Throne.

There the Trinity of Persons
 Unbeclouded shall we see;
 There the Unity of Essence
 Perfectly revealed shall be;
 While we hail the Threefold Godhead,
 And the simple Unity.

Wherefore, man, take heart and courage,
 Whatsoe'er thy present pain;
 Such untold reward through suffering
 Thou may'st merit to attain:
 And for ever in His glory
 With the Light of light to reign. Amen.

JERUSALEM LUMINOSA.

LIGHT's abode, Celestial Salem,
 Vision whence true peace doth spring,
 Brighter than the heart can fancy,
 Mansion of the highest King;
 O how glorious are the praises
 Which of thee the Prophets sing!

Thou with beauteous stones, and polished,
 Wondrously art raised on high;
 Thou with precious gems and crystal
 Decorated gloriously:
 And with pearls Thy portals glitter,
 And with gold Thy highways vie.

There for ever and for ever
 Alleluia is outpoured;
 For unending, for unbroken,
 Is the feast-day of the LORD:
 All is pure, and all is holy,
 That within thy walls is stored.

There no cloud nor passing vapour
 Dims the brightness of the air;
 Endless noonday, glorious noonday,
 From the Sun of suns is there:
 There night needs not rest from labour,
 For unknown are toil and care.

'Of the Glory
 of the Heavenly
 Jerusalem, so
 far as con-
 cerneth the
 Glorified
 Body.'

15th century.

Author,
 Thomas à
 Kempis, or
 a writer
 subject to his
 influence.

There the everlasting spring-tide
Sheds its dewy, green repose;
There the summer, in its glory,
Cloudless and eternal glows;
For that Country never knoweth
Autumn's storms nor winter's snows.

Whatsoever trills of gladness
From the sweet birds' sweetest throat,—
Whatsoever delicious concord
Drops from music's tenderest note,—
Strains a thousand times more lovely
Round the heavenly City float.

Youth with all its freshest vigour
Into age there cannot wane,
There the old man shall not sorrow
For departed years again :
Nothing past, and nothing future,—
Time doth present still remain.

Animal and carnal passion
Nevermore can weary there;
That new flesh made spiritual
Then the spirit's yoke shall bear;
Sensual vigour, perfect reason,
Both one common law shall share.

O how blessed, O how quick'ning,
Is the Fount of all good things,
Whence each heart hath full possession
Of its best imaginings :
Whence hath body, whence hath spirit,
What their highest rapture brings !

Sempiternal is the glory
In the which that Land is viewed,
Where each ransomed form attaineth
Its complete beatitude;
Where the Elect and where the Angels
Hold entire similitude.

O how glorious and resplendent,
 Fragile body, shalt thou be,
 When endued with so much beauty,
 Full of health, and strong, and free,
 Full of vigour, full of pleasure,
 That shall last eternally !

Now with gladness, now with courage,
 Bear the burden on thee laid,
 That hereafter these thy labours
 May with endless gifts be paid :
 And in everlasting glory
 Thou with joy may'st stand array'd ! Amen.

NEC QUISQUAM.

EYE hath never seen the glory ;
 EAR hath never heard the song ;
 Heart of man can never image
 What good things to them belong,
 Who have loved the LORD of beauty
 While they dwelt in this world's throng.

If the body, once made glorious,
 Such high gifts and bright shall own,
 What the beatification
 Of the spirits round the Throne,
 When in perfect revelation
 Shall the Bridegroom's Face be shown ?

There the soul, in fullest tenour,
 Graspeth wisdom's total round ;
 There in loveliest peace and concord
 With each sister soul is bound ;
 And, for shame receiving double,
 Sits, with perfect honour crowned.

O how full, how heaped, the rapture,—
 O how blest, how high, the soul,—
 When on every side around her
 Torrents of such pleasure roll !
 Nothing this way, nothing that way,
 Lacking to the perfect whole.

" Of the Glory
 of the Heavenly
 Jerusalem, as
 concerning the
 Endowments
 of the Glorified
 Soul."

15th century.

Thomas à
 Kempis, or
 of his school.

Every sense in every fibre
 There, beholding God, shall thrill;
 All the intellectual vigour
 Clearly comprehend Him still;
 Whom, embracing unitively,
 Thou shalt love with perfect will.

Yield not then to fear or weeping,
 O thou soul of little faith!
 If it chance that many travails
 Should assail, as Scripture saith;
 Or if manifold temptations
 Of the fiend should work thee scathe!

Lo! thou hearest that the sufferings
 Of the present world are not
 Worth compare the weight of glory
 That shall be thy future lot;
 Weight eternal, weight exceeding;
 Endless joy, and pain forgot. Amen.

AD PERENNIS VITÆ FONTEM.

For the fount of life eternal
 Longs the soul with eager thirst;
 As the imprisoned restless spirit
 Seeks her fleshly gates to burst;
 Struggling, yearning, for the Country
 Whence she has been banished erst.

While she wails for her condition,
 Pressed by grief, by sorrow crossed,
 Sad she looks upon the glory
 Her delinquency has cost;
 Present misery but increases
 Memory of her blessings lost.

For of everlasting quiet
 Who the joyousness can tell?
 Where in glorious edifices
 All of living pearl they dwell;
 While with burnished gold the buildings
 And the couches gleam as well.

S. Peter
 Damiani.
 1002-1072.

From "Joys
 and Glories of
 Paradise."

Twelve dear gems of countless value
Form the walls' foundation stone :
Polished gold, like beaming crystal,
Paves the glorious streets alone :
No pollution, no defilement,
Rain, nor melting snow are known.

Winter braming, summer flaming,
Never more their harms can bring ;
Everlasting roses blooming
Make an everlasting spring :
Lily blanching, crocus blushing,
And the balsam perfuming.

Pasture groweth, flow'ret bloweth,
Honey streameth rivers fair ;
While with aromatic perfume
Gloweth all the grateful air ;
Flowery fruits that never wither
Hang in every thicket there.

There no waxing moon, nor waning ;
Sun, nor stars in courses bright ;
For the LAMB to that glad City
Is the everlasting light :
There the daylight shines for ever,
And unknown are time and night.

There the Saints, in beauty vested,
As the sun, in glory pure,
Crowned in triumph's flushing honours,
Knit in unison secure,
Now in safety tell their battles,
And their foes' discomfiture.

Freed from every stain of evil,
All their carnal wars are done ;
For the flesh made spiritual,
And the soul agree in one :
Peace unbroken spreads enjoyment ;
Sin and scandal are unknown.

Stript of changefulness, united
To primæval Being's spring,
And the present form and essence
Of the Truth contemplating,
There they quaff the vital sweetness
Of the Well of quickening.

Thence it is, that perfect sameness
Perfect joy doth still enhance :
Beauteous, keen, and gay, and noble,
Unexposed to change and chance,
Health is theirs untouched by sickness,
Youth that fears not eld's advance.

Here they live in endless being :
Passingness hath passed away :
Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish ;
For decayed is all decay :
That immortal breeze's vigour
Endeth Death's malignant away.

Knowing Him Who all things knoweth,
What is there they fail to know ?
For into the deepest secrets
Of each other's souls they go ;
One in willing, one in nilling,
Unity their spirits show.

Though each Saint's respective merit
Hath his varying palm assigned,
Love takes all as his possession,
Where his power has all combined ;
So that all that each possesses,
All partake in unconfined.

Where the Sacred Body lieth
Eagle souls will congregate ;
Who, with Saints and happy Angels,
Thus their spirits recreate ;
One same Living Bread sustaining
Denizens of either state.

Ever full, but hungry ever,
 What they have they still desire ;
 Never suffer surfeit's loathing,
 Nor yet famine's torment dire :
 Hungering still, they eat ; and eating,
 Still the sacred Food require.

Lovely voices make a concert*
 Ever new and ever clear ;
 And in never-ceasing festal
 Organs sooth the ravished ear ;
 Worthily the King they honour
 Who hath won them victory's cheer.

Who shall see Heaven's Monarch present,
 O how blest that happy soul !
 And, beneath His Throne of Glory,
 Watch the orbs of nature roll,
 Sun, and Moon, and Stars, and Planets,
 As they course around the pole !

CHRIST, Thy soldiers' palm of honour,
 To this City bright and free
 Lead me, when my warfare's girdle
 I shall cast away from me ;
 A partaker in Thy bounty
 With Thy blessed ones to be !

Grant me vigour, while I labour
 In the ceaseless battle pressed ;
 That Thou may'st, the conflict over,
 Give me everlasting rest ;
 And that I at length inherit
 Thee, my Portion ever blest. Amen.

EXTRA PORTAM.

FROM the gate borne forth, and lying
 Shroud-bound, tomb-held, putrefying,
 Wrapt in grave-clothes, fast in prison,
 THOU canst raise me,—THOU hast risen !
 Speak ! the rock no more shall hold me !
 Speak ! the shroud no longer fold me !
 To the light the prisoner boundeth,
 When Thy Voice, Come forth !—resoundeth.

* Had I dared,
 I would have
 used our very
 pretty Sussex
 word, *chavish*.
 It means the
 sweet con-
 fusion of
 melody that
 birds, in spring-
 time, make in a
 wood.—J. M. N.

S. Hildebert.
 Archbishop of
 Tours, + 1134.

From "Joys
 and Glories of
 Paradise."

On a sea whose tempests grieve me,
Pirates chase me, billows heave me;
This side, conflict; that side, error;
This and that side, death and terror.
O Good Pilot! leave Thy pillow,
Calm the tempest, lay the billow!
Grant me conqueringly to wrestle,
To the safe port bring my vessel.
Ah, my fig-tree, bare and hapless!
Branch all fruitless, trunk all sapless!
Axe and flame it must inherit,
If Thou judgest by its merit.
Yet this year reprieve the sentence:
Tend, dig, till it to repentance:
If all this shall not amend it,
Woe is me! then fire must end it!
All his art my Tempter urges;
Wounds with flame, and whelms with surges;
Thence I falter, thence I languish,
Left to Thee alone in anguish.
That he do me harm no longer,
That the weaker wax the stronger,
Give me graces, firm and lasting,
Those twin graces, Prayer and Fasting:
These to practise, CHRIST assureth,
Freedom from this pest secureth.
From this pest free Thou each motion;
Give me penitent devotion;
Give me fear, which, if a stranger,
Leaves my latter state in danger:
Give me piety unfeigned,
Faith, and Hope, and Love unstained
To despise all earthly pleasures,
And to grasp at Heavenly treasures.
LORD! on Thee my trust is grounded:
Let me never be confounded!
Thou, the Good, my soul conferred on,
Endless Praise, eternal Guerdon:
Thou in labour my Fruition,
Thou in sickness my Physician,
Thou in time of grief my Lyre,
Comforter in time of ire,

Thou my Setter free in danger,
My Director when a stranger :
Wholesome fear in wealth Thou sendest,
From despair in falls defendest.
When man threateneth, Thou repliest ;
Him that hurteth, Thou defiest :
What I need to know, Thou solvest ;
What I need not, Thou involvest.
Let me not, my One Salvation,
See the dungeons of damnation :
Where is anguish unavailing,
Where are weeping, stench, and wailing :
And the ever-damned, confounded ;
And deep things of darkness, sounded :
Where the torturer ever lashing,
Worms still gnawing, teeth still gnashing :
Where this doom is fixed for ever,
For Gehenna's death dies never.
Give me Sion's habitation,
Sion, David's calm foundation :
Her, whose Maker light created,
Her, whose gates the Cross dilated :
Her, whom Peter's faith is key to ;
Her, whose burghers, glad to see to ;
Her, whose gems build up her story :
Her, whose King is King of Glory.
In this City, uninvaded
Peace,—spring endless,—light unfaded :
There eternal incense riseth,
Harp with chorus sympathiseth :
There nought faileth, none but smileth ;
Nothing entereth that defileth ;
All, partakers of one nature,
Grow in CHRIST to equal stature.
Home celestial ! Home supernal !
Founded on the Rock Eternal !
Home, no change nor loss that fearest,
From afar my soul thou cheereest :
Thee it seeketh, thee requireth,
Thee affecteth, thee desireth.
—But the gladness of thy Nation,
But their joyous gratulation,

* The mediæval pronunciation of Alleluia gave to the penultimate syllable the sound of *l*, not as we do, of *u*. I hope it is an allowable liberty to employ that sound here.

What the freedom there from peril,
 What the jacinth or the beryl,
 What the strains the ransomed swell there,
 —Ah ! they know, they know, who dwell there !
 Grant me, with the happy Nation,
 In those streets to find a station :
 There, with Moses and Elias,*
 Chanting endless Alleluias !

JERUSALEM DU HOCHGEBaute STADT.

From Kosegarten's imitation of a hymn by Meyfart.

In "Joys and Glories of Paradise."

JERUSALEM, thou City built on high
 Would GOD I were in thee !
 My yearning heart, with many an earnest sigh,
 Belongs no more to me.
 Far over land and ocean,
 Far over hill and dale,
 She wings her eager motion
 To thee from this world's vale.

City of GOD, whose diamond line of fort
 No storm of foe may dare ;
 Thee can no tyrant waste,—no lordling's court
 Vex the free burghers there :
 But only truth and lightness
 Build up the Monarch's Throne ;
 And brightness beyond brightness
 Invests the Royal Son.

City, whose streets are of transparent gold,
 Whose marble walls stand sure ;
 The stream of splendour, through thy broad ways roll'd,
 Still wellet silver-pure :
 There streams of crystal, laving
 Those happy meadows, glide :
 The Tree of Life is waving
 Her boughs on either side.

No sun, O City, is thy light by day,
 No paler moon by night :
 The LORD Himself is thine eternal ray,
 So mildly, heavenly bright.

GOD'S Self thy light,—thy glory
 The LAMB That once was slain;
 Who wrought Salvation's story
 Upon the Tree of Pain.

O City of our GOD ! for thee we wait
 With sighs that never cease;
 When shall we enter at thy golden gate,
 Still City of our peace?
 What day shall end our sadness,
 And, trampling Pharaoh's might,
 Bid Israel sing with gladness,
 " Egyptian hosts,—Good Night ! "

DEUS IGNEE FONS ANIMARUM.

GOD, fiery fountain of spirits,
 Who, elements twofold combining,
 Both living, each mortal createdst,
 And tending towards dissolution.

They are Thine, both the one and the other,
 Their conjuncture is Thine, while united,
 And Thee, while they dwell in coherence,
 They serve both the soul and the body.

For these, when divided in sunder,
 Dissolve and dismember the mortal,
 The earth giveth rest to the body,
 The other receiveth the spirit.

For dissonant elements sever
 At length, by the law of Creation :
 The woven must haste to unweaving,
 The compacted to disseveration.

Thou, therefore, Creator ! preparing
 For Thy faithful ones death to abolish,
 Hast shown the inviolate pathway
 That their members may see Resurrection.

That though now to the frailer, the nobler
 Be linked, as with fetters in prison,
 That part may then rise in its glory
 Which deriveth its seed from the Heaven.

Prudentius.
 4th century.
 Parts used in
 the Mozarabic
 Office of the
 Dead. Also a
 favourite with
 German
 Protestants.
 Translation
 from MSS.
 not hitherto
 published, with
 the exception
 of eight
 stanzas.

If the will has been chained to the senses
And grovelled in earthly fruition,
The soul, by earth's weight overpowered,
With her co-mate sinks downward for ever.

But, with heavenly source of rememb'ring,
She refuses the sluggish contagion ;
With herself the lov'd frame shall she carry
To the mansions of glory celestial.

For though for a season the body
Lie lifeless, and void of the spirit,
Brief space, and once more reunited,
It shall cherish its noble companion.

The ages are hastening onward,
When those bones vital heat shall revisit ;
And animate then, and for ever,
Shall assume its first lov'd habitation.

The corpse that lay cold and untended,
That the grave had returned to corruption,
Shall be raised to the voluble æther
With its former companion associate.

Hence tombs have their holy attendance,
Hence the frames that have seen dissolution
Receive the last honours of nature,
And are decked with the pomp of the burial.

Hence the wont to enwrap them in linen,
A snow-white and beautiful vestment,
Hence the care for their long preservation,
And the myrrh and the spices of Saba.

For what mean the tombs that we quarry,
What the art that our monuments boast in,
But that this which we trust to their keeping
Is not dead, but reposing in slumber ?

'Tis the love and the forethought of Christians
That cares for its charge, as believing
That the season shall come for their wakening,
Who now lie in darkness and chillness.

Who pities a corpse, and commits it
To the heap'd earth's security, showeth
A deed of compassionate mercy,
And doth it to CHRIST the Almighty.

One law is appointed to all men,
One grief for one lot is before us,
We weep, when we weep for another,
A sorrow that we shall have share in.

That father of holy Tobias,
The sacred and reverend hero,
When the table was spread for the banquet,
Left all to go forth and to bury.

The slaves were arrayed for the festal,
The goblets were ranged, and the viands,
When girt for the grave and this office,
He wept o'er the sepulchre's sadness.

A guerdon celestial is sent him,
His deed is repaid in its fulness,
When his eyes, to the sun that were darkened,
By the gall GOD restoreth to brightness.

Even then taught the Father of all things
How bitter and sharp is the medicine,
If the spiritual vision is clouded
When vexed by His illumination.

He taught also this, that none other
Can enter the Heavenly Kingdom
But he that in sorrow and darkness
Hath endured tribulation and hardness.

Very death thence becometh more blessed,
Because by the anguish of dying
The bright path is oped to the righteous,
And we go to the stars by endurance.

Thus the body, resigned to corruption,
Shall return in a better existence :
Nor, renewed and revived, thenceforth
Can the union again be divided.

The cheek that was pale with diseases,
And withered and wan in its suffering,
Then lovelier than flowers of springtide
Shall put on the hue of its beauty.

Thenceforward, old age and its weakness
Shall gather youth's loveliness never,
Thenceforward, nor sickness nor anguish
Shall rifle its bloom and its vigour.

The source of that pestilent sickness
That now hath its rule in the nation,
Shall then give account for his torments
And rue them in fire and in fetters.

Then the flesh from his high exaltation
Victorious, and thenceforth immortal,
Shall behold, everlastingly ruing,
The woes that himself had occasioned.

Why therefore, survivors, the clamour
Of sorrow and wild lamentation ?
Why at statutes of wisdom and mercy
Such frenzied and bitter repining ?

*Each sorrowful mourner be silent !
Fond mothers give over your weeping !
None count those dear pledges as perished,
This death—it is life's reparation.

Thus arid and lifeless and buried,
Those seeds shall arise in their beauty,
Restored from the turf where we laid them,
Taking thought of a new growth for ever.

*Now take him, O earth, to thy keeping
And give him soft rest in thy bosom ;
I lend thee the frame of a Christian,
I entrust thee the generous fragments.

This once was the home of a spirit
By the breath of its Maker created,
Here once was the wisdom implanted
That leaneth on CHRIST as its Monarch.

* This and the
following
marked verses
are in use in
" S. Margaret's
Hymnal."

*Thou holily guard the deposit,
He will well, He will surely require it
Who forming it, made its creation
The type of His image and likeness.

They are coming, those times of fulfilment,
When God every hope shall accomplish,
Then thou must give up the deposit
That now I entrust to thy keeping.

For not though the flight of long ages
Those bones had resolved into ashes,
And the dust whereunto they had crumbled
One pitiful handful might measure :

Not e'en though meandering rivers
Or breezes that sweep o'er the heaven
Each nerve have dissolved and each fibre,
May we say that the man can have perished.

*But until the resolvable body
Thou recallest, O God, and reformest,
What regions unknown to the mortal
Dost Thou will the pure soul to inhabit !

*It shall rest upon Abraham's bosom,
As the spirit of blest Eleazar,
Whom, afar in that Paradise, Dives
Beholds from the flame of his torments.

*We follow Thy saying, Redeemer,
Whereby, as on death Thou wast trampling,
The thief, Thy companion, Thou willedst
To tread in Thy footsteps, and triumph.

*To the faithful the bright way is open,
Henceforward to Paradise leading,
And to that blessed grove we have access
Whereof man was bereaved by the serpent.

*Thou Leader and Guide of Thy people,
Give command that the soul of Thy servant
May have holy repose in the country
Whence exile and erring he wandered.

Concluding
stanzas of
MS. poem
of the 12th
century.

APPROPINQUAT ENIM DIES.

COMES the day of compensation,
End of just men's tribulation,
On the persecutors frowning,
And the persecuted crowning.

Day of gladness ! Day of glory !
Day of light consolatory !
Day by evening followed never,
Day when death shall die for ever.

Comes the King so long expected,
By each righteous soul affected,
Comes, with mighty preparation,
To complete our full salvation.

He shall come, no more delaying,
Man's most righteous guerdon paying ;
All the weight of glory showing,
To the Faith's confessors owing.

Then the glory, then the pleasure,
To have hated this world's treasure
Then the bitter recollection
To have held it in affection.

O how blessed then, the mourners,
They for CHRIST who scorned the scorners !
Whom this world, the while it paineth,
Gives a crown that aye remaineth

There is peace without contention,
Joy, beyond all human mention,
Youth and beauty never faded,
And salvation uninvaded.

Righteous Judge, returning hither,
O vouchsafe to call me thither !
Thee my very soul desireth,
Thee my anxious prayer requireth.

HOURS OF THE HOLY GHOST

NOBIS SANCTI SPIRITUS.

LET the HOLY SPIRIT's grace,
On our souls descending,
Guide us all our journey through,
Cheer us at its ending;
He that broodeth o'er the deep,
He Whose operation
In the Virgin's holy womb
Wrought the Incarnation.

"S. Margaret's
Hymnal," and
"The Virgin's
Lamp."

Thus GOD's truth can never fail,
Nor His promise vary :
And Incarnate was the SON
Of the Virgin Mary.
Laboured, suffered, on the Cross
All His Passion ended ;
Died, was buried, rose again,
And to Heaven ascended.

Yet He would not leave the Twelve
Orphans in their sadness ;
But He sent the Holy Ghost
Bringing joy and gladness ;
At the hour of Tierce, the LORD
Ended their affliction
On the Day of Pentecost
With His benediction.

They received the SPIRIT's love
And the graces seven,
Which are wont to guide the soul
Up from earth to heaven ;
In His strength they thus went forth,
Sin and demons shaming,
And the Catholic belief
Everywhere proclaiming.

PARACLETE of Paracletes
Was His appellation ;
Comfort, gladness, fire of love
And illumination ;

Every faithful Christian heart
 With His grace renewing :
 Every cold and stony soul
 Softening and bedewing.

Finger Thou of God's Right Hand,
 Point us to our duty ;
 Fountain of all loveliness,
 Lead us to all Beauty :
 That, protected by Thy love,
 By Thy might defended,
 We may be received at last
 When all griefs are ended.

O Thou Blessed PARACLETE,
 Comfort, govern, guide me,
 In my life and through my death,
 Whatsoe'er betide me ;
 So that I, with Faith and Hope
 And with Love surrounded,
 In the dreadful Judgment Day
 May not be confounded !

Therefore these Canonical
 Hours my tongue shall ever,
 HOLY GHOST, to Thee recite
 With my heart's endeavour ;
 That the love which gave me here
 My illumination,
 In my last death-agony
 May be my salvation ! Amen.

*" At even with its note divine
 They raised the lovely Peregrine."*

WHEN Israel went from Egypt,
 And the House of Jacob came
 From the people of strange language,
 With its bondage and its shame :

Then—for God bore them up on high,
 As on an eagle's pinion ;
 Then Judah was His Sanctuary,
 And Israel His Dominion.

From MSS.
 headed as
 above. It
 refers to the
 tradition that
 the Peregrine
 Tone was used
 at the Jewish
 Passover for the
 Great Hallel.
 Ps. 114 and
 following
 psalms.

The sea saw that—the sea fled back,
 And Jordan's waves stood steep;
 And the mountains skipped like a flock of rams,
 And the little hills like sheep.

What ailed thee, O thou sea, to fly?
 What ailed the Jordan's deep?
 What ailed the mountain ranges
 To skip like the little sheep?

Tremble, thou Earth, at God, the source
 Of the powers that in Jacob dwell,
 Who turn'd the hard rock to a water-course,
 The flint to a springing well.

HYMN FOR VESPERS ON SATURDAY

SUPREME MOTOR CORDIUM.

God, to Whom open stands each heart
 And all desires are known,
 Giver of increase blest Thou art
 To that which man hath sown.

Here faith and hope and love unite
 In one sweet sister-band:
 But love alone shall wing her flight
 Up to the heavenly land.

O truth and love and endless day!
 And shall our toils be past,
 And kindling with celestial ray,
 Thy Sabbath dawn at last?

Now we go forth with precious seed,
 And as we sow it, weep:
 The sown in tears, hath God decreed,
 In glory we shall reap.

To us, thrice glorious TRINITY,
 The fruits Thou seek'st be given,
 And when our souls are meet for Thee
 Crown all Thy gifts with Heaven!

"Parisian
 Breviary."
 From MSS.
 1840. Slight
 alteration in
 verse 1 by
 editors.

HYMN FOR VESPERS ON MONDAY

LUCTAMUR FLUCTIBUS.

"Paris
Breviary."
From MSS.

WE lift our eyes, oppressed with ills,
Up to the everlasting hills :
Thither our groans and prayers we send,
Thither our hopes and longings tend.

Readier to hear than we to pray,
FATHER, Thy Hand shall guide our way,
And our infirmity is strong
Through Thee, O GOD, our strength and song.

The threatening ills that round us swell,
O mightier than the mightiest, quell :
And let the soul that trusts in Thee
Feel that Thy grace hath set her free.

Yes, heavenly glory shall array,
Ere long, this body of decay ;
Glory, that must by toil be won,
For who is crowned, except he run ?

O happy toil whose end is blest
With peace, and hope, and glorious rest !
Well may our sorrowing night be borne
When gladness cometh with the morn.

Glory to GOD the FATHER be,
Now and to all eternity ;
To GOD the SON, as aye is meet ;
To GOD the Holy PARACLETE. Amen.

HYMN FOR SUNDAY BEFORE SEPTUAGESIMA

TE LETA MUNDI CONDITOR.

"Paris
Breviary."
From MSS.
1840.

MAKER of earth, for Thee alone
Remains perpetual rest :
And festal strains around Thy throne
Befit the ever-blest.

But we, whose first pure state is lost,
 Though suffering, not complain;
 Yet exiles on an alien coast
 May sing their country's strain.

Father, Thy promise binds Thee still
 To heal the suppliant throng;
 Give us to mourn the deeds of ill
 That banish us so long.

Yet while we mourn, our faith shall lean
 Upon the promise given:
 Ours shall be soon the restful scene,
 Ours all the joys of heaven.

Praise to the FATHER, as is meet,
 Praise to the only SON,
 Praise to the Holy PARACLETE,
 While endless ages run.

PLENA MAGNORUM DOMUS ANGELORUM.

WHEREFORE this dwelling, full of mighty angels,
 Fears not the dweller's universal ruin,
 Bearing the pledges that it then may offer
 At the Tribunal:

A fragment
 from MS.

Thus, when the Judge shall shake His flaming Right Hand,
 As in the stormcloud and the fire He cometh,
 Nations and kindreds in exactest justice,
 Dooming to Judgment,

Then shall each city, from earth's furthest borders,
 Hasten to meet Him, bearing her oblation:
 Offering a casket of the precious relics
 Left by her Martyrs.

ME RECEPIT SION ILLA.

MINE be Sion's habitation,
 Sion, David's sure foundation:
 Form'd of old by light's Creator,
 Reach'd by Him, the Mediator:

Hildebert of
 Tours.

An Apostle guards the portal,
 Denizen'd by forms immortal,
 On a jasper pavement builded,
 By its Monarch's radiance gilded.
 Peace there dwelleth uninvented,
 Spring perpetual, light unfaded :
 Odours rise with airy lightness,
 Harpers strike their harps of brightness ;
 None one sigh for pleasure sendeth ;
 None can err, and none offendeth ;
 All, partakers of one nature,
 Grow in CHRIST to equal stature.
 Home celestial ! Home eternal !
 Home upreared by power Supernal !
 Home no change or loss that fearest,
 From afar my soul thou cheereest :
 Thee it seeketh, thee requireth,
 Thee affecteth, thee desireth.
 But the gladness of thy nation,
 But their fulness of Salvation,
 Vainly mortals strive to show it ;
 They,—and they alone—can know it,
 The redeemed from sin and peril,
 They who walk thy streets of beryl !
 Grant me, SAVIOUR, with Thy Blessèd
 Of Thy Rest to be possessèd,
 And amid the joys it bringeth,
 Sing the song that none else singeth.

STABAT MATER SPECIOSA

GIACOMO DA TODI—better known by his familiar name, Giacomone—was one of the great triad of Franciscan ecclesiastical poets : the other two being S. Francis himself and Thomas of Salerno, the author of the *Dies Iræ*. He left a great number of poems, most of which have been reprinted : by far the most celebrated being the *Stabat Mater dolorosa*. He also left the companion sequence [now presented to the reader] *Stabat Mater speciosa* ; this the hymn of the Cradle, as that other of the Cross.

It will be seen that a very close similarity exists between the two sequences ; a similarity, however, rather apparent than real, as any one attempting a translation will soon find.

A question hereupon of some interest arises : namely, which hymn was first written, and so far, the prototype of the other. It

would be presumptuous to speak on so little evidence; for my own part, I cannot but regard this as the earlier composition. Its greater rudeness would seem to show as much.

It would be a great thing to discover—what probably exists—the original melody: for it is impossible to believe it to have been the same as that, the most mournful in Church-music, of the *Mater dolorosa*.

In the mean time, such as it is, the translation is at the service of the compiler of any English hymnal.

J. M. N.

SACKVILLE COLLEGE,
July, 1866.

FULL of beauty stood the Mother,
By the Manger, blest o'er other,
Where her Little One she lays:
For her inmost soul's elation,
In its fervid jubilation,
Thrills with ecstasy of praise.

O what glad, what rapturous feeling
Filled that blessed Mother, kneeling
By the Sole-Begotten One!
How, her heart with laughter bounding,
She beheld the work astounding,
Saw His Birth, the glorious SON.

Who is he, that sight who beareth,
Nor CHRIST's Mother's solace shareth
In her bosom as He lay:
Who is he, that would not render
Tend'rest love for love so tender,
Love, with that dear Babe at play?

For the trespass of her nation
She with oxen saw His station
Subjected to cold and woe:
Saw her sweetest Offspring's wailing,
Wise men Him with worship hailing,
In the stable, mean and low.

Jesus lying in the manger,
Heavenly armies sang the Stranger,
In the great joy bearing part;
Stood the old man with the Maiden,
No words speaking, only laden
With this wonder in their heart.

15th century,
ascribed to
Giacomo da
Todi.

Mother, fount of love still flowing,
 Let me, with thy rapture glowing,
 Learn to sympathise with thee :
 Let me raise my heart's devotion,
 Up to CHRIST with pure emotion,
 That accepted I may be.

Mother, let me win this blessing,
 Let His sorrow's deep impressing
 In my heart engraved remain :
 Since thy Son, from heaven descending,
 Deigned to bear the manger's tending,
 O divide with me His pain.

Keep my heart its gladness bringing,
 To my JESUS ever clinging
 Long as this my life shall last ;
 Love like that thine own love, give it,
 On my little Child to rivet,
 Till this exile shall be past.
 Let me share thine own affliction ;
 Let me suffer no rejection
 Of my purpose fixed and fast.

Virgin, peerless of condition,
 Be not wroth with my petition,
 Let me clasp thy little Son :
 Let me bear that Child so glorious,
 Him, Whose Birth, o'er Death victorious,
 Will'd that Life for man was won.

Let me, satiate with my pleasure,
 Feel the rapture of thy Treasure
 Leaping for that joy intense :
 That, inflam'd by such communion,
 Through the marvel of that union
 I may thrill in every sense.

All that love this stable truly,
 And the shepherds watching duly,
 Tarry there the live-long night :
 Pray, that by thy Son's dear merit,
 His elected may inherit
 Their own country's endless light.

NOTES

NOTE I

Cives celestis patriæ, p. 28

THE twelve foundation stones of the Apocalypse gave rise, as might be expected, to an infinite variety of mystical interpretations. Marbodus wrote a short commentary on the Prose that we are considering, which will serve as a good explanation of it. His treatment of the foundation stones is *tropological*;—a more usual one is *allegorical*, which I will give from the Commentary of Michael Ayguan on the Psalms. "Jasper," says the comment of Marbodus, "is the first foundation of the Church of GOD, and is of a green colour. Whoever hath it upon him, no phantasm can hurt him. It signifies those who always hold the Faith of God, and never depart from it,—or wither,—but are always flourishing therein, and fear not the assaults of the devil." Allegorically, the Jasper, the first foundation stone, which promotes fecundity and causes unity, symbolises the first Article of the Creed: "*I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.*"

"The Sapphire," says Marbodus, "is of the colour of the sky. It signifies them that, while they be yet on earth, set their affections on things above, and despise things terrestrial: according to that saying, *Our conversation is in Heaven.*" The reason why, in the Prose, it is compared to the Throne of GOD, is clearly that verse in Exodus: *They saw the God of Heaven: and under His Feet was as it were the paved work of a Sapphire stone.* "The Sapphire," says Ayguan, "which reconciles, heals, consoles, gives sight, and is the King of Stones, symbolises the second Article of the Creed: *And in Jesus Christ, His Only Son our Lord.*"

"The Chalcedony, while it is in a house, doth not shine: when under the open air it glitters brightly: it resists those that would cut it or scratch it: when heated, either by the sun, or by rubbing with the finger, it attracts straws. By this they are signified who do their good deeds in secret, as fasting, alms, and the like: according to that saying, *But thou, when thou fastest, &c.* But when such men are compelled to go abroad into the world, then their good works shine before men. But if any seek to flatter them, which is as it were to paint or engrave them, they receive not their vain praises, but manfully resist, and acquiesce not in them. And when heated,

either by the Sun, which is CHRIST, or by the fingers, that is, by the gifts of the HOLY GHOST, they, by word and example, draw straws, that is, sinners, to themselves : and cause them to persevere in good works." "The Chalcedony," says Ayguan, "which is pale, sets forth humility; and so the third Article of the Creed : *Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost ; Born of the Virgin Mary.*"

"The Emerald is exceeding green, surpassing all gems and herbs in greenness. It is found only in a dry and uninhabitable country. Through the bitterness of its cold, nothing can dwell there but griffins, and one-eyed arimasps that fight with them. By the Emerald we understand those who excel others in the vigour of their faith, and dwell among infidels, who be frigid and arid in love. The griffins, that keep watch over them, be devils, who envy them that have this precious gem of faith, and do their diligence to deprive them thereof. Against these fight the one-eyed arimasps, that is, those who go not two ways, nor have a double heart : nor serve two Lords." Ayguan again : "The Emerald which heals, gives eloquence, riches, conquest, clears sight, fortifies memory, banishes luxury and sorrow, typifies the Passion of our LORD, which spiritually doth all these things : and therefore that Article of the Creed : *Suffered under Pontius Pilate.*" The beryl of the New Jerusalem is described in two of the most beautiful lines ever written by Prudentius :—

Has inter species smaragdina gramine verno
Prata virent, volviturque vagos lux herbida fluctus.

"The Sardonyx hath three colours : the lowest black, the middle white, the upmost red. And it signifies those who sustain grief of heart for the Name of CHRIST : and are white, that is, without guile, within : and yet to themselves appear contemptible, and as it were black,—that is, sinners." Ayguan, after the same description, proceeds : "The lower part, which is black, typifies the sorrow of Good Friday;—the middle part, which is white, the rest of Easter Eve;—and the upmost, which is red, the glory of Easter Day." Thus the whole symbolises the fifth Article (as he reckons it) of the Creed : *Was crucified, dead, and buried : He descended into Hell : the third day He rose again from the dead.*

"The Sardius, which is wholly red, signifies the Martyrs, who pour forth their blood for CHRIST." "The Sardius," says Ayguan, "as being a bright stone, setteth forth the joy of the sixth Article of the Creed : *He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty.*" Because the number six is symbolical of our LORD's Passion : since He was crucified at the sixth hour of the sixth day.

"The Chrysolite shines as gold, and emits fiery sparkles : it signifies the wise and charitable, who impart to others that which they possess themselves. For wisdom and charity excel other virtues, as gold other metals." Ayguan is more ingenious : "The Chrysolite shines as gold in the day : as fire in the night. By the day, the good : by the gold, their crown, are represented ; by the night, the wicked, and by the fire, their punishment. Hence the stone

typifies their final separation, and thus the seventh Article of the Creed : *From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.*"

"The Beryl shines as water that reflects the sun, and warms the hand that holds it. It signifies those who are frail by nature; but, being enlightened by the Sun of Righteousness, shine with good works, and warm others by the example of their love." Ayguan says : "The Beryl, whose virtue is to cause love, to bestow power, and confer healing, sets forth the eighth Article : *I believe in the HOLY GHOST.*"

"The Topaz is rare, and therefore precious. It has two colours : one like gold, the other clearer. In clearness it surpasses all gems; and nothing is more beautiful. It signifies those who love GOD and their neighbour." According to Ayguan, the Topaz, which receives as in a vessel the light of the sun, symbolises that which thus stores up the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, *the Holy Catholic Church.*

"The Chrysoprasus, which is purple, with drops of gold, signifies those who pass their life in tribulation and passion, yet constantly abide in charity." According to Ayguan, this stone (a) shines like fire : and (b) communicates its virtues without diminishing them : and thus typifies (a) *The Communion of Saints* : (b) *The Forgiveness of Sins.*

"The Jacinth changes its appearance with that of the sky. It therefore represents those who, like the Apostle, can preach wisdom among them that are perfect, and yet have milk for babes in CHRIST. Thus," he observes, "S. Paul was a Jacinth; for he became all things to all men." Ayguan teaches that the Jacinth has the virtue of invigorating; and therefore is a type of *the Resurrection of the Body.*

The Amethyst is entirely red, and shoots out rosy flames. Its colour signifies earthly sufferings; its emissions prayers for those that cause it. For Marbodus says : "It is the virtue of virtues to pray for persecutors. And we read of few that have done so : yet there are two in the Old Testament,—Moses and Samuel : and two in the New,—the LORD CHRIST and Stephen." Ayguan, affirming the Amethyst to give a clear sight, makes it symbolical of the Beatific Vision—and thus of *the Life Everlasting.* I add the French verses of Marbodus on the same subject, with one or two corrections for the sake of the rhythm :—

Ici sunt nomme les duze pieres,
Ki sunt tenues les plus cheres,
Jaspe, Saphir, Calcedoine,
Smaragde, Sarde, e Sardoine,
Chrisolit, Beril, e Topase,
Ametiste, Jacint, e Chrysopras :
De saintes âmes portent figure,
Ki Deu servent sen poûre.
Ki Deu voudra servir,
Cum des pieres cintes clairzur,
En la Cité Deu sera posé,
E el fundamente bien alloé,
En vision de paz reposera,
En laquel sen fin joîr pourra.

NOTE 2

Jucundare, plebs fidelis, p. 37

The Evangelistic Symbols offered, as might be expected, a favourite theme to mediæval poets. Adam of S. Victor has himself another sequence on the same subject. I quote some of the verses of the Christian poets on the subject.

Juvenius,—if the lines are indeed his,—

Matthew of virtue's path is wont to tell,
And gives the just man laws for living well.
Mark loves to hover 'twixt the earth and sky
In vehement flight, as eagle from on high.
The LORD's Blest Passion Luke more fully writes,
And, named the ox, of priestly deeds indites.
John, as a lion, furious for the strife,
Thunders the mysteries of Eternal Life.

S. Mark's flying between the earth and sky is explained by the gloss thus;—that he neither describes the temporal nativity of our LORD,—represented by earth,—nor His eternal generation, symbolised by heaven;—but, so to speak, avoids both.

Sedulius, a hundred years later, after speaking of our LORD's true manhood, says :—

This Matthew writes, and thence the human face :
Mark roars a lion in a desert place;
While priestly Luke the ox for symbol names,
And John, who towers to heaven, the eagle claims.

Later poets carried out,—as we shall see that Adam does,—the symbolism still further, and made the LORD to be in Himself all that His servants were separately. Thus a mediæval epigram :—

Luke is the ox,—Mark lion,—eagle John,—
Matthew the man : but GOD is all in one.
The Man in birth, the Ox in death, to rise
The Lion,—and the Eagle seek the skies.

Hildebert of Mans, after going through these symbols, adduces another :—

The fountain yet distils : increases thy store :
Each righteous man contains these symbols four.
For human sense he claims the human face :
The ox in self-denial finds a place :
Lion is he, as conqueror in hard straits :
Eagle, for oft he seeks the heavenly gates.

NOTE 3

Zyma vetus expurgetur, p. 40

S. Hildebert, following the Fathers: "Isaac, whose name by interpretation is *laughter*, signifies CHRIST. For CHRIST is the joy of man and angels."

So S. Hildebert again: "This Rod, thrown down on the earth and become a serpent, devoured the rods of the Egyptian magicians, because the SON of GOD made flesh, after the dignity of His glory made obedient unto death, by the very means of the death of the flesh deprived the Serpent of his deadly venom, and destroyed death, and the sting of death, according to that saying, 'O Death, I will be thy death! O Hell, I will be thy plagues!'"

The reference is to the question, put by GOD to Job,—“Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook?”—But what man was unable to do, that CHRIST could and did effect on the true Leviathan, Satan. Thus in an Ambrosian hymn:—

What more sublime can be than this,
That very sin should end in bliss!
That perfect love should cast out fear,
And better life from death appear?
Death should the hook devour amain,
And self in self-made knots enchain?
The Life of all men should be slain,
That all men's life might rise again?

So S. Hildebert in his Epigrams named the moral interpretation of Scripture:—

Fisher the Father is; the world the sea,
Christ's Flesh the bait, the Hook His Deity,
The line His generation. Satan took
The offered bait; and perished by the hook.

NOTE 4

Stola regni laureatus, p. 53

It would be worth while, as an illustration of the above Sequence, to see how the Mediæval Church joined the testimony of the Apostles with that of the Prophets, in the Creed. Every one knows that the twelve clauses of the so-called Apostles' Creed are attributed each to one of the Apostles themselves. The following table gives both type and antitype.

S. Peter . . I believe in GOD the FATHER Almighty, Maker of
Heaven and earth.
Jeremiah . . Thou shalt call Me FATHER, saith the LORD.

- S. Andrew* . . . And in **JESUS CHRIST**, His only **SON**, our **LORD**.
David . . . Thou art My **SON**.
S. James the Greater . . . Who was conceived by the **HOLY GHOST**, born of the **Virgin Mary**.
Isaiah . . . Behold, a **Virgin** shall conceive and bear a **Son**.
S. John . . . He suffered under **Pontius Pilate**, was crucified, dead, and buried.
Daniel . . . After threescore and two weeks shall **Messiah** be out off.
S. Thomas . . . He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead.
Hosea . . . O death, I will be thy plagues: O grave, I will be thy destruction.
S. James the Less . . . He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right Hand of **GOD the FATHER Almighty**.
Amos . . . He buildeth His ascensions in heaven.
S. Philip . . . From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.
Joel . . . In the valley of **Jehoshaphat** He shall judge all nations.
S. Bartholomew . . . I believe in the **HOLY GHOST**.
Haggai . . . My **SPIRIT** shall be in the midst of you.
S. Matthew . . . The **Holy Catholic Church**, the **Communion of Saints**.
Zephaniah . . . This is the rejoicing City that dwelleth without care.
S. Simon . . . The remission of sins.
Malachi . . . When ye hate, forgive,¹ saith the **LORD**.
S. Jude . . . The resurrection of the body.
Zechariah . . . I will raise up thy sons.
S. Matthias . . . And the life everlasting. Amen.
Ezekiel . . . When I shall open your sepulchres, and bring you forth from your tombs.
Daniel . . . Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake: some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.

NOTE 5

Pange lingua gloriosi, p. 64

This hymn contests the second place among those of the Western Church with the *Vexilla Regis*, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Jesu dulcis memoria*, the *Ad regias Agni dapes*, the *Ad supernam*, and one or two others, leaving the *Dies iræ* in its unapproachable glory. It has been a bow of Ulysses to translators. The translation above given claims no other merit than an attempt to unite the best portions of the four best translations with which I am acquainted,—Mr. Wackerbarth's, Dr. Pusey's, that of the Leeds book, and Mr. Caswall's (which last, however, omits the double rhymes).

Cum odio habetis, dimittite. A flagrantly false translation: the Prophet's real meaning is, "Ye, the Jews, say, When ye hate a wife, put her away!"

NOTE 6

Alleluia, dulce carmen, p. 65

The Latin Church, as it is well known, forbade, as a general rule, the use of Alleluia in Septuagesima. Hence, in more than one ritual, its frequent repetition on the Saturday before Septuagesima, as if by way of farewell to its employment. This custom was enjoined in the German Dioceses by the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 817; but various reasons render it probable that the following hymn is not of earlier date than the thirteenth century. The farewell to Alleluia in the Mozarabic rite is so lovely that I give it here. After the *Alleluia Perenne*, the Capitula are as follows: "Alleluia in heaven and in earth; it is perpetuated in heaven, it is sung in earth. There it resounds everlastingly; here sweetly. There happily; here concordantly. There ineffably; here earnestly. There without syllables; here in musical numbers. There from the Angels; here from the people. Which, at the birth of CHRIST the LORD, not only in heaven, but the earth, did the Angels sing; while they proclaimed, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." *The Benediction*: "Let that Alleluia which is ineffably sung in heaven, be more efficaciously declared in your praises. Amen. Unceasingly sung by Angels, let it here be uttered brokenly by all faithful people. Amen. That it, as it is called the praise of God, and as it imitates you in that praise, may cause you to be enrolled as denizens of the eternal mansion. Amen." *The Lauda*: "Thou shalt go, O Alleluia; Thou shalt have a prosperous journey, O Alleluia. *R.* And again with joy thou shalt return to us, O Alleluia. *V.* For in their hands they shall bear thee up; lest thou hurt thy foot against a stone. *R.* And again with joy thou shalt return to us, O Alleluia." So the French Breviaries, on the second Sunday after Easter, celebrate the return of Alleluia. After the beautiful lesson from S. Augustine, in his exposition of the 110th Psalm—"The days have come for us to sing Alleluia. Now these days come only to pass away, and pass away to come again, and typify the Day which does not come and pass away, to which, when we shall have come, clinging to it, we shall not pass away"—they give for the responses: "*V.* Through the streets of Jerusalem, Alleluia shall be sung. Blessed be the LORD Who hath exalted her. Let His Kingdom be for ever and ever: Alleluia, Alleluia." "*R.* Alleluia: salvation, and glory, and power to our God, for true and just are His judgments. Let."

NOTE 7

Redeundo per gyrum, p. 74

The Theban Legion is commemorated on September 22. The poet would remind us that the day which, had they remained in the world would have had as many hours of darkness as of light, was changed for them into the everlasting day of heaven.

The names particularised by the poet are the only six which have come down to us. Of these S. Maurice was the commanding officer; Exuperius, a Senator; Candidus, a Campidoctor, that is, the officer who gave instruction in military exercises; Victor, a veteran; Innocent and Vitalis, simple soldiers.

The six adversities refer to the six curses addressed to the wicked in our LORD's description of the Day of Judgment.

FROM A SHORT COMMENTARY ON SOME HYMNS OF THE FIRST PART OF THE "HYMNAL NOTED," PUBLISHED 1852.

The little collection of hymns which we have just begun to use in this church is very different, and is made on quite a different principle, from the other collections which you may have seen. I will explain how this is.

When the reformers drew up the Prayer Book which we now use, they did not sit down and write it out of their own heads. They took the old Prayer Book of the Church of England, which was written in Latin; and they translated the new Prayer Book out of that; and admirably well they did it.

But there was one part which they did not translate; and that was the hymns. They tried more than once, but they could not succeed: and they had wisdom enough to know that they were not successful. They only put one translation in the Prayer Book, the hymn *Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire*, in the Ordination Service. They left it as their wish, however, that others might arise in the English Church who should be able to translate the hymns which they left untranslated.

In the little book which we now use, the wish of the English Reformers has been carried out. The old hymns of the English Church are translated here, just as the old prayers of the English Church are translated in the Prayer Book; and they are given to the old tunes, which was also the wish of the Reformers.

These hymns were not written by any one man, nor at any one time. They are offerings, cast into the treasury of the Church, slowly, and at different periods, during the space of a thousand years. The writers of most of them are unknown. Of those whom we do know, some are among the greatest Saints that God has raised up in the Church.

These very hymns, then, have consoled thousands of God's faithful servants in all kinds of circumstances, almost from the days of the Apostles to our own: and if on this account only, they ought to be dear to us. But written as they were, not *to order*, not because they were wanted, but because the feelings of the writers were so warm at the moment that they *would* express themselves, written, as many of them were, by such great Saints,—they must have a

depth and a fulness of meaning which cannot be expected in other hymns.

And this fulness of meaning makes them, just as it makes the collects of our Prayer Book, sometimes difficult to be understood. For this reason the following explanation of them has been written.

The hymns themselves, being so different from those to which we are chiefly accustomed, will perhaps, at first sight, seem strange and cold. But the more they are studied, the more their value will be seen and felt. God grant that we may so use them as, in His good time, to be counted worthy of joining with their writers, and the thousands of faithful Christians whose comfort they have been, in that new song, which no man can learn, save the hundred and forty and four thousand which are redeemed from the earth!

O Trinity of blessed light, p. 83

It is fit that, in ending the week, we should lift up our hearts to that Blessed TRINITY in Whom we live and move and have our being. The hymn therefore is addressed to the Three glorious Persons. 1. *Trinity of blessed light*. Not only because "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all"; but because we receive spiritual light, when we are baptised in the Name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST. 2. *Of princely might*. So we read in Psalm li. 12: "Stablish me with Thy free, or princely, SPIRIT." We call on God not only as Almighty, and therefore able to help us; but as Princely, that is, ready to bestow His blessings on us as a liberal King on His servants. 5. *Our morning song*. 6. *Our evening prayer*. Besides the natural sense of these words, they also mean that in the time of prosperity, which is like a morning, when everything is bright and gay, we are to praise God; and in the time of trouble, which is like evening, when the sky grows dark, and the world gloomy, we are to cry for His help. And so it is written: "Is any among you afflicted? Let him pray. Is any merry? Let him sing Psalms" (S. James v. 15). 8. As the whole hymn is addressed to the Blessed TRINITY, there is no special doxology at the end.

Creator of the stars of night, pp. 102, 103

1. We call on God as the *Creator of the stars of night*, both because this is an evening hymn, and also because this world is compared to night: and we are now looking forward to Christ's coming to be His *people's everlasting light*. As it is written: "The LORD God did lighten it, and the LAMB was the light thereof." 5. *Thou grieving that the ancient curse Should doom to death an universe*. Not that God can really grieve; but the hymn speaks after the manner of Scripture, which represents God as grieving, or angry, when He does that which we should do if we had those feelings. *The ancient curse* is the threat made to Adam, "In the day thou eatest, thou shalt surely die." And since, by Adam's fall, we all died spiritually, and became also subject to the death of the body, God sent His SON, as the next verse tells us, to be the *medicine of a sick world*. 9. *Thou cam'st, the Bridegroom of the Bride*. For the Church is constantly likened in Holy Scripture to the Bride, and our LORD to the Bride-

groom. So S. Paul, after speaking of the duties of husbands and wives, says : " This is a great mystery ; but I speak concerning Christ and the Church " (Ephes. v. 32). And so the Angel said to S. John : " Come hither ; I will show thee the Bride, the LAMB'S Wife " (Rev. xxi. 9). 10. *As drew the world to evening tide.* That is, when the world was drawing near to its end, as a day drawing towards night. So S. Paul tells us : " God hath in these latter days spoken unto us by His Son " (Heb. i. 2), and again : " Now in the end of the world hath He appeared " (Heb. ix. 26). 12. After having told why our LORD came into the world—to be the *spotless Victim*, or offering—it goes on to remind us of what was the consequence of His humiliation. Just in the same way S. Paul says : " He became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross ; wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name : that at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth ; and that every tongue should confess that JESUS CHRIST is LORD " (Philip. ii. 8), which words are almost quoted in the next verse. 20. *Of the foe.* That is, of the devil. For " for this purpose the SON of GOD was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil."

From lands that see the sun arise, p. 109

This hymn was written by Sedulius, a Scottish poet, who flourished about A.D. 430. 7. *Liberating flesh by flesh.* That is, by taking our flesh, and suffering in it, He set free the bodies of men from the power of sin, and also from death, because they will rise again as He rose. 19. " And it came to pass that, when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb " (S. Luke i. 41).

Page 111, line 7. For when the wise men came to Jerusalem, saying, " Where is He that is born King of the Jews ? " we are told : " When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him." 7. *Called on by light, towards Light they pressed.* Led on by the light of the star, they hastened to Him that is the True Light, our LORD JESUS. 9. So in the service of Baptism : " And by the Baptism of Thy well-beloved SON in the river Jordan, dost sanctify water to the mystical washing away of sin." The Epiphany is kept, not only in remembrance of our LORD's manifestation to the wise men, but also of His Baptism, and of His first miracle ; because all these also were His manifestations. So S. John says : " This beginning of miracles did JESUS in Cana of Galilee ; and manifested forth His glory." Therefore, in the next verse, the hymn refers to the turning water into wine.

The Royal banners forward go, p. 9

This, which is one of the finest hymns of the Church, was written by Venantius Fortunatus, a French bishop, who flourished about A.D. 590. Passion Sunday is the fifth Sunday in Lent, and the week that follows it is Passion Week ; the week before Easter is not *Passion*, but *Holy Week*. 1. *The Royal Banners forward go.* As the banner is that which leads an army, that under which the soldiers fight, that for which (if need be) they are to die, so the Cross is to the Christian.

And it is said to *go forward* at this time, because on Passion Sunday the Church begins to teach us more fully of our LORD's Passion, which was accomplished on the Cross. 2. *In mystic glow.* Because of the many mysteries in the Old Testament, which were types of the Cross; as the pole on which the brazen serpent hung; the wood, that, being cast into the bitter waters of Marah, made them sweet; and the sticks which the widow of Zarephath was gathering. And this mystery now *shines forth*; that is, as it was revealed to the Apostles, when our Lord suffered, so now the Church, at this time, sets it forth to us. 11. GOD, *saieth he, Hath reigned and triumphed from the Tree.* In Psalm xcvi. 10, where we now have "Tell it out among the heathen that the LORD is KING," a very old reading was, "Tell it out among the heathen that the LORD reigneth *from the Tree*:" and to that the hymn refers. 14. *O Tree, with Royal Purple dight.* The Cross is said to be *dight*, or clothed, with Royal Purple, as having been dyed in the Blood of Him That is King of kings, and LORD of lords. 15. That is, chosen out from other trees to give support to the holy limbs of CHRIST. *Triumphal breast*: because it was there that our LORD won His victory over death and hell. 17. *On whose dear arms, so widely flung.* It has always been a favourite thought of the Church, that our LORD, when He stretched out His arms on the Cross, showed His willingness to embrace the whole world. 19. *The price of human kind to pay.* The arms of the Cross are here likened to a balance, on which our LORD weighed out, as it were, His precious Blood for the salvation of man.

Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle, p. 7

This hymn also was written by Venantius Fortunatus, like the last. 1. *The glorious battle With completed victory ripe.* That conflict which our LORD endured on the Cross, and which in the end was full of victory. 3. *The Cross's trophy.* As soldiers set up a trophy in the place where they have conquered, so the Cross is, as it were, the monument raised in the place where our LORD triumphed over death and hell. 11. *This wood*: namely, the Cross: *the ancient wood*, the tree of knowledge of good and evil. 15. *The manifold or manifold deceiver*: the devil: who does indeed tempt us in all kinds of ways; for, as S. Paul says, we are not ignorant of his devices. 17. *And from thence would bring the medicine Whence the insult of the foe.* That is, as the devil prevailed over Eve by means of a tree, in the garden of Eden, so he should himself be conquered by means of a tree, that is, the Cross. 19. This verse is taken from Gal. iv. 4. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His SON, made of a woman, made under the law."

Page 8, line 13. The Cross is called *faithful*, because it fulfilled the many promises of GOD touching the salvation of mankind. 16. *Thy peers may be.* That is, can be thy equals. 27. As the ark prepared a refuge for all those that were saved from the flood, so the only means of salvation for this ruined world is the Cross.

Ye choirs of New Jerusalem, p. 119

This hymn was written by S. Fulbert of Chartres, who lived about the year 1025. 1. *Ye choirs of New Jerusalem.* Here we call on

the angels to rejoice in heaven, as we do on earth in the victory of CHRIST, Who is their LORD as well as ours. 4. *Sober joy*. That is, joy that does not lead to revellings and other works of the flesh; but to such a gladness as is holy. 5. *Christ, unconquered Lion*. So our LORD is called in Holy Scripture: "The Lion of the tribe of Judah." And by His rising again He plainly showed that He was indeed unconquered. Page 120, line 7, *And joining heaven and earth again*. For, till CHRIST died, heaven and earth were at enmity; but then He reconciled them again, and *linked* them in *one commonweal*, that is, joined them in one kingdom, over which He shall reign for ever and ever.

The Lamb's high banquet we await, p. 126

In order to understand this hymn, we must know for whom it was written. It was the custom of the early Church that Baptism should be solemnly administered to many *catechumens*, that is, persons who had been under instruction and preparation for it, on Easter Eve. This hymn then refers, in the first place, to them; but, since we all have been baptized, we also may use it: and the Church therefore puts it into our mouths. 1. *The Lamb's high banquet we await*. These newly baptized persons were now for the first time about to receive the Holy Communion, and therefore truly *waiting* for that *high banquet*. 2. *In snow-white robes*. Because, at Baptism, a white garment was given to the persons baptized, with words like these: "Take this white vesture for a token of the innocence which, by God's grace, in this holy Sacrament of Baptism, is given unto thee: and for a sign whereby thou art admonished, so long as thou livest, to give thyself to innocency of living, that, after this transitory life, thou mayest be partaker of life everlasting." 3. *And now, the Red Sea's channel past, To Christ our Prince we sing at last*. The Red Sea is made by S. Paul a type of baptism: this *channel* therefore was *passed* by those who had just been baptized. And CHRIST is now their *Prince*: whereas, up to that time, they had been the servants of Satan. 5. The hymn-writers love to speak of the Cross as an Altar. So another says:—

Oh, how beauteous, oh, how glorious
Was this Altar! how victorious
Was the Blood that there was shed.

7. Our LORD's Blood is called *roseate* for two reasons. The first, because there is a reference to His being the True Rose (Cantic. ii. 1). The second, because blood, the longer it flows, the paler it becomes;—and we are thus reminded that our LORD shed, not a few drops only, but the whole of His Precious Blood for us men and for our salvation. 9. *That Paschal Eve God's arm was bared*. On that Easter Eve God *bared His arm*, that is, put forth His might, in over-throwing the power of Satan by Baptism. 10. *The devastating Angel spared*. This refers to the destroying angel, who passed over the houses of the Israelites, when he saw the blood of the Paschal Lamb sprinkled upon them: as we read in Exodus xiii. 23. 12. *From Pharaoh's ruthless tyranny*. Pharaoh, like all the other cruel persecutors of the Israelites, is a type of Satan. And just as the

children of Israel were set free from his dominion by passing through the Red Sea, so we, by baptism, are delivered from the bondage of Satan. So in the Prayer Book: "And also didst safely lead the children of Israel Thy people through the Red Sea, figuring thereby Thy Holy Baptism." 15. *The true oblation.* Because all the Jewish sacrifices were only types and figures of this: they were "sacrifices," as S. Paul says, "which could never take away sin." Whereas our LORD's offering of Himself on the Cross was that one true Sacrifice, which destroyed sin for ever. 16. *Our own unleavened bread sincere.* So S. Paul says that we are to keep the Easter Feast "with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." As the Jews at this time were to put away all leaven out of their houses, so we are to put away all malice and guile, of which leaven is, in Holy Scripture, a type.

Eternal Monarch, King most high, p. 127

7. *All power in Heav'n is Jesus' own, That here His Manhood had not known.* As He said Himself, after His Resurrection, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth." And so, though according to His Godhead He raised Himself from the dead, and exalted Himself unto heaven, yet according to His Manhood it is written, "Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death:" and again, "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him." And this is what we confess in the Athanasian Creed, that He is "equal to the FATHER as touching His Godhead," but "inferior to the FATHER as touching His Manhood." 9. *In Nature's triple frame.* By the threefold frame of nature is meant heaven, earth, and hell. The hymn refers to that saying of S. Paul's: "That at the Name of JESUS every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth." 13. *Yea, angels tremble when they see How changed is our humanity.* Before our LORD came into the world, Angels allowed men to fall down before them. Daniel did so to the Angel that appeared to him by the river of Ulai (Dan. viii. 17). And another Angel himself put Daniel on his knees, while he talked with him (Dan. x. 10). But after our LORD had become man, Angels no longer allowed that flesh which He had taken, and in which He sitteth at the right hand of God, to bow down before them. When S. John worshipped the Angel the answer was, "See thou do it not." The nature of our manhood was changed; and that which it might once do, it might now do no longer. And the reason is given directly afterwards: 15. *That flesh hath purged what flesh had stained, And God, the Flesh of God, hath reigned.* Because our LORD, by taking our flesh, had cleansed the sin of Adam, which was brought about by the lusts of the flesh; and now, not only God, that is, our LORD in His Godhead, but the *Flesh* of God, that is, our LORD in His Manhood, *hath reigned.* A Man rules over Angels, and therefore we may no longer bow down to Angels. 17. As we are now to think of our LORD, not as He was in the days of His humility, nor even as He was in the days after His Resurrection, but as He is at the Right Hand of the FATHER; we call upon Him to be our Joy now, and our Great Reward hereafter. The hymn refers to God's words to Abraham: "Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward" (Gen. xv. 1).

Be present, Holy Trinity, p. 131

2. *Like splendour, and one Deity.* This is in other words what the Athanasian Creed teaches: "Such as the FATHER is, such is the SON, and such is the HOLY GHOST." And again: "But the Godhead of the FATHER, of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST, is all one." Page 132, line 3. *Nature in her triple frame.* That is, things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth. 9. *Light, sole and one, we Thee confess.* We call on God as the sole or only Author of light, as S. James writes, that He is "the Father of lights:" and as the *one* fountain of light, because "these Three are One." 10. *With triple praise we rightly bless.* That is, it is very meet and right that we should join in the threefold praise of the Angels; for "they rest not day nor night saying, Holy, holy, holy, LORD God of Hosts." 11. *Alpha and Omega we own.* Alpha is the first, and Omega is the last, letter of the Greek Alphabet, and thus we confess God to be the beginning and the end of all things. So our LORD says Himself in the Revelation: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last."

The eternal gifts of Christ the King, p. 134

This hymn is by S. Ambrose. 1. Here we confess, as the Church always loves to do, that all that she has, and all that she is, comes from her LORD: that the *Apostles' glorious deeds* are the *gifts of CHRIST*. And they are the *eternal gifts*, because the kingdom which was set up by them shall endure for ever and ever. 5. *The Church in these her princes boasts.* There is a reference to Psalm xlv. 16, where the Prophet, speaking to the Church, says, "Thou shalt have children whom thou mayest make princes in all lands." 6. *The warrior hosts* are the multitude of Christians, especially of Bishops and Priests, who have followed the blessed Apostles from that time to this, in destroying the works of the devil. 11. *The love of CHRIST that knows not shame.* Or, that is perfect: because, as S. John writes: "There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear." 12. *The Prince of this world overcame.* So our LORD Himself called the devil, when He said: "The Prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in Me." 13. *In these the FATHER's glory shone:* in their miracles, in their doctrine, in their success. 14. *In these the will of God the SON:* because His will is that "all men should be saved, and should come to the knowledge of the truth." 15. *In these exults the HOLY GHOST:* because by His grace only could they have accomplished these mighty deeds. 16. *Through these rejoice the Heavenly host:* because "there is joy in the presence of the Angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Blessed City, Heavenly Salem, p. 14

This hymn, like many others written on the same subject, is intended to raise our thoughts from the material Church, the dedication of which we are assembled to keep, to that Church of the First-born, which is written in heaven: that "house not made with hands, eternal." The hymn is at least a thousand years old: at the dedication of how many thousand churches must it have been sung!

2. *Vision dear of Peace.* *Sion* is generally understood of the Church militant, because the word means *expectation*; but *Jerusalem*, which signifies the *Vision of Peace*, is applied to the Church triumphant.
3. *Of living stones.* Each faithful soul is one of the stones which build up the heavenly temple. So another ancient hymn :—

“Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the Corner Stone is CHRIST.”

7. This is taken from Rev. xxi. 2. “And I, John, saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.” And both this verse and the next are copied from the description St. John has given us of New Jerusalem.

14. *It is open evermore.* Rev. xxi. 25: “And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.” And so Isa. lx. 11: “Wherefore thy gates shall be open continually: they shall not be shut day nor night.” Page 15, line 1. *Many a blow and biting sculpture Polish'd well those stones elect.* As stones are cut and chiselled into the right shape, before they can be built up together into a wall; so God's servants are tried by afflictions and sorrows in this world, that they may be made meet to be built up hereafter in His spiritual temple.

7. As we have hitherto been taught how the walls of that Heavenly Jerusalem are built, so now we are led to look to Him Who is at once its Foundation and its Corner Stone, its Author and its Finisher, CHRIST. 9. *Who, the twofold walls surmounting, Binds them closely into one.* As a corner stone stands at the angle formed by two walls, so our LORD binds into one the Jews and Gentiles, once two, but united in Him. 19. Now we call on God, that He would make the church, which we are dedicating, His chosen dwelling-place. And these verses are taken from the prayer of King Solomon at the dedication of the temple, which we have in 1 Kings vii.

SECTION II
RHYTHM OF BERNARD DE MORLAIX

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

1858

HORA NOVISSIMA.

IN the twelfth century, the Abbey of Cluny, under its celebrated head, Peter the Venerable—(he held that dignity from 1122 to 1156)—was at the very height of monastic reputation. Its glorious church, the most magnificent in France, the fulness and exactness of its ritual, and the multitude of its brethren, raised it to a pitch of fame which, perhaps, no other house ever attained.

Bernard of
Morlaix (of
Cluny).
12th century.

At that time, one of its children was Bernard, born at Morlaix, in Bretagne; but of English parents. He occupied a portion of his leisure by the composition of a poem, *De Contemptu Mundi*, in about three thousand lines. The greater part is a bitter satire on the fearful corruptions of the age.

But, as a contrast to the misery and pollution of earth, the poem opens with a description of the peace and glory of heaven, of such rare beauty, as not easily to be matched by any mediæval composition on the same subject. Dean Trench, in his *Sacred Latin Poetry*, gave a very beautiful cento of ninety-five lines from the work.

From that cento I translated the larger part, in the first edition of the *Mediæval Hymns*, following the arrangement of Dean Trench, not of Bernard. The great popularity which my translation, however inferior to the original, attained, is evinced by the very numerous hymns compiled from it, which have found their way into modern collections; so that, in some shape or other, the Cluniac's verses have become, as it were, naturalised among us. This led me to think that a fuller extract from the Latin, and a further translation into English, might not be unacceptable to the lovers of sacred poetry.

I have here deviated from my ordinary rule of adopting the

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measure of the original :—because our language, if it could be tortured to any distant resemblance of its rhythm, would utterly fail to give any idea of the majestic sweetness which invests it in Latin. Its difficulty in that language is such that Bernard, in a preface, expresses his belief that nothing but the special inspiration of the SPIRIT of God could have enabled him to employ it through so long a poem. It is a dactylic hexameter, divided into three parts, between which a cæsura is inadmissible.

There would be no difficulty in forming several hymns, by way of cento, from the following verses : suitable to any Saint's day, to the season of Advent, or to an ordinary Sunday.

If any of Bernard's verses are thus employed, I shall be thankful indeed that "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

Advent, 1858.

PREFACE TO THE SEVENTH EDITION

WHERE any cento from the following poem is sung, it would be well to conclude it with the Doxology as given in *Hymns, Ancient and Modern* :—

In mercy, JESU, bring us
To that dear Land of Rest
Where Thou art, with the FATHER
And SPIRIT, ever blest. *Amen.*

Bernard would have been surprised, could he have foreseen by how many varying sects his poem would be sung. The course of a few days brought me requests to use it from a minister of the Scotch Establishment, a Swedenborgian minister, and a hymn-book for the use of the "American Evangelical Lutheran Church," sanctioned by the "Minister of Pennsylvania," which extracts largely from it.

S. Katherine, 1865.

THE RHYTHM OF BERNARD DE MORLAIX

THE world is very evil ;
The times are waxing late :
Be sober and keep vigil ;
The Judge is at the gate :
The Judge That comes in mercy,
The Judge That comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For man, the God, shall doom.
Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed ;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead ;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the FATHER
Whose own it was before,—
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.
Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of Jubilee ;

And the sunlit Land that recks not
Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite :
The Home of fadeless splendour,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn.
Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around :
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolatè, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace ! for war is needless,—
Yes, calm ! for storm is past,—
And goal from finished labour,
And anchorage at last.
That peace—but who may claim it ?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say :
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be too for earth :
The palace that re-echoes
With festal song and mirth ;
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high ;
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.
There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn :
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below ;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Syon know.
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest ;

True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest !
Strive, man, to win that glory ;
Toil, man, to gain that light ;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight :
Till JESUS gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.
That fulness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
A home like theirs shall gain.
Here is the warlike trumpet ;
There, life set free from sin ;
When to the last Great Supper
The faithful shall come in :
When the heavenly net is laden
With fishes many and great ;
So glorious in its fulness,
Yet so inviolate :
And the perfect from the shattered,
And the fall'n from them that stand,
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd
Shall part on either hand :
And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall pass to rest ;
The new peculiar nation,
The fulness of the Blest.
Jerusalem demands them :
They paid the price on earth,
And now shall reap the harvest
In blissfulness and mirth :
The glorious holy people,
Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
The King, the Crucified :
The sacred ransomed number
Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the Cross their watchword
Of JESUS Nazarene :

Who, fed with heavenly nectar,
 Where soul-like odours play,
 Draw out the endless leisure
 Of that long vernal day :
 While through the sacred lilies,
 And flowers on every side,
 The happy dear-bought nations
 Go wandering far and wide.
 Their breasts are filled with gladness,
 Their mouths are tuned to praise,
 What time, now safe for ever,
 On former sins they gaze :
 The fouler was the error,
 The sadder was the fall,
 The ampler are the praises
 Of Him Who pardoned all.
 Their one and only anthem,
 The fulness of His love,
 Who gives, instead of torment,
 Eternal joys above :
 Instead of torment, glory ;
 Instead of death, that life
 Wherewith your happy Country,
 True Israelites ! is rife.

 Brief life is here our portion ;
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is *There*.
 O happy retribution !
 Short toil, eternal rest ;
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest !
 That we should look, poor wand'ers,
 To have our home on high !
 That worms should seek for dwellings
 Beyond the starry sky !
 To all one happy guerdon
 Of one celestial grace ;
 For all, for all, who mourn their fall,
 Is one eternal place :
 And martyrdom hath roses
 Upon that heavenly ground :

And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls abound.
There grief is turned to pleasure :
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle.
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown :
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope :
But He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
The miserable pleasures
Of the body shall decay :
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away :
And none shall there be jealous ;
And none shall there contend :
Fraud, clamour, guile—what say I ?
—All ill, all ill shall end !
And there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow :
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.
There JESUS shall embrace us,
There JESUS be embraced,—
That spirit's food and sunshine
Whence meaner love is chased.

Amidst the happy chorus,
A place, however low,
Shall shew Him us; and shewing,
Shall satiate evermo.
By hope we struggle onward,
While here we must be fed
With milk, as tender infants,
But there with Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
The morn is bright with gladness :
The Cross becomes our harbour,
And we triumph after sadness :
And Jesus to His true ones
Brings trophies fair to see :
And Jesus shall be loved, and
Beheld in Galilee.
Beheld, when morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day :
And every ear shall hear it ;—
Behold thy King's array ;
Behold thy GOD in beauty ;
The Law hath past away !

Yes ! GOD my King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.
Then Jacob into Israel,
From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah into Rahel
For ever shall be changed :
Then all the halls of Syon
For aye shall be complete ;
And, in the Land of Beauty,
All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear dear Country !
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep :

The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
O one, O onely Mansion !
O Paradise of Joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy ;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall :
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks ;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays :
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced :
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.
The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise :
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise :
JESUS, the Gem of Beauty,
True God and Man, they sing ;
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring :
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of His Court :
The Day-star of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise the holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower :
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
O Bride that know'st no guile,

The Prince's sweetest kisses,
 The Prince's loveliest smile :
 Unfading lilies, bracelets
 Of living pearl, thine own ;
 The LAMB is ever near thee,
 The Bridegroom thine alone :
 The Crown is He to guerdon,
 The Buckler to protect,
 And He Himself the Mansion,
 And He the Architect.
 The only art thou needest,
 Thanksgiving for thy lot :
 The only joy thou seekest,
 The Life where Death is not :
 And all thine endless leisure
 In sweetest accents sings,
 The ill that was thy merit,—
 The wealth that is thy King's !

Jerusalem the Golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed :
 I know not, O I know not,
 What social joys are there ;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare !
 And when I fain would sing them,
 My spirit fails and faints,—
 And vainly would it image
 The assembly of the Saints.
 They stand, those halls of Syon,
 Conjubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng :
 The Prince is ever in them ;
 The daylight is serene ;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.
 There is the Throne of David,—
 And there, from care released,

The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn !
O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim !
O thirst, for ever ardent,
Yet evermore content !
O true, peculiar vision
Of GOD cunctipotent !
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim :
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter,—
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious !
The glory of the Elect !
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect :
Even now by faith I see thee :
Even here thy walls discern :
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn.
Jerusalem the onely,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory ;
In me is all my woe ;
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.
O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise :

O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device :
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart :
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou City of the Angels !
Thou City of the LORD !
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord !
And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes :
The lily-beds of virgins,
The roses' martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the faith below.
And there the Sole-Begotten
Is LORD in regal state ;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow !
O state that fears no strife !
O princely bow'rs ! O land of flow'rs !
O Realm and Home of Life !

Jerusalem, exulting,
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore !
I ask not for my merit :
I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I :
But yet with Faith I venture
And Hope upon my way ;

For those perennial guerdons
I labour night and day.
The Best and Dearest FATHER
Who made me and Who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved :
When in His strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap ;
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep :
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Syon !
O lovelier far than gold !
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold :
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face ?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace ?
I *have* the hope within me
To comfort and to bless !
Shall I ever win the prize itself ?
O tell me, tell me, Yes !

Exult, O dust and ashes !
The LORD shall be thy part :
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art !
Exult, O dust and ashes !
The LORD shall be thy part :
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art !

SECTION III
HYMNS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH

FROM PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION 1862

It is a most remarkable fact, and one which shows how very little interest has been hitherto felt in the Eastern Church, that these are literally, I believe, the only English versions of any part of the treasures of Oriental hymnology. There is scarcely a first- or second-rate hymn of the Roman Breviary which has not been translated : of many we have six or eight versions. The eighteen quarto volumes of Greek Church poetry can only at present be known to the English reader by my little book.

Yet surely, if in the future hymnal of the English Church we are to build an eclectic superstructure on the foundation of the Sarum Book, the East ought to yield its full share of compositions. And hence, I cannot but marvel that the compilers of eclectic hymnals, such as the (modern) Sarum, the *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, and others, have never turned to this source. Here was a noble field open to them ; and to me it is incomprehensible that they should have so utterly neglected it.

There are difficulties in the task to which it is as well to advert. Though the superior terseness and brevity of the Latin hymns renders a translation which shall represent those qualities a work of great labour, yet still the versifier has the help of the same metre ; his version may be line for line ; and there is a great analogy between the collects and the hymns, most helpful to the translator. Above all, we have examples enough of former translation by which we may take pattern.

But in attempting a Greek Canon, from the fact of its being in prose—(metrical hymns, as the reader will learn, are unknown),—one is all at sea. What measure shall we employ ? why this more than that ? Might we attempt the rhythmical prose of the original, and design it to be

chanted? Again, the great length of the Canons renders them unsuitable for our churches, as *wholes*. Is it better simply to form centos of the more beautiful passages? or can separate Odes, each necessarily imperfect, be employed as separate hymns? And above all, we have no pattern or example of any kind to direct our labour. My own belief is, that the best way to employ Greek Hymnology for the use of the English Church, would be by centos.

I trust the reader will not forget the immense difficulty of an attempt so perfectly new as the present, where I have had no predecessors, and therefore could have no master. If I have opened the way for others to do better what I have done imperfectly, I shall have every reason to be thankful. I have kept most of the translations by me for at least the nine years recommended by Horace; and now offer them as a contribution to the hymnology of our own Church. And while fully sensible of their imperfections, I may yet (by way of excuse rather than of boast) say, almost in Bishop Hall's words:—

“I first adventure: follow me who list,
And be the second Eastern Melodist.”

SACKVILLE COLLEGE,
Feast of the Epiphany, 1862.

FROM PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION 1866

It is, of course, a matter of deep thankfulness to me that the Eastern Church should now be more and more widely brought before ordinary congregations by means of some of the following versions. GOD grant that this may be one little help towards the great work of re-union.

And so once more I commit this attempt to further the cause of English hymnology to God's blessing: and I cannot do it better than in the quaint old words of a forgotten poet:—

"I long have long'd to do some little good,
 (According to the best I understood)
 By Thy good grace assisting, which I do
 Most humbly beg for : O adjoin it to
 My longing ardent soul ; and have respect
 To this my weak endeavour, and accept
 (In Thy great mercy) both of it and me,
 Ev'n as we dedicate ourselves to Thee."

The hymns on pp. 272, 273, and "Art thou weary," contain so little that is from the Greek, that they ought not to have been included in this collection, in any future edition they shall appear as an appendix.

SACKVILLE COLLEGE,
 April 1866.

INTRODUCTION TO FIRST EDITION 1862

As a general rule, the first poetical attempts of the Eastern, like those of the Western, Church, were in classical measures. But as classical Greek died out from being a spoken language,—as new trains of thought were familiarised,—as new words were coined,—a versification became valueless, which was attached with no living bonds to the new energy, to the onward movement. Dean Trench has admirably expressed this truth in the introduction to his *Sacred Latin Poetry*, and showed how the "new wine must be put into new bottles." Ecclesiastical terms *must* be used, which rebel against classical metre : in Greek, no less than in Latin, five words in eight would be shut out of the principal classical rhythms. Now, the Gospel was preached to the poor. Church hymns must be the life-expression of all hearts. The Church was forced to make a way for saying in poetry what her message bade her say.

S. Gregory Nazianzen, the first Greek Church poet, used only the ordinary classical measures. S. Sophronius of Jerusalem employed (and in their way not unhappily) Anacreontics : and his hymns on various festivals have

some elegance. But there is a certain degree of dilettanteism, rather than of earnestness, in these compositions; and the most airy, tripping, frivolous measure that the Greek Muse possessed, never, by any possibility, could form the ordinary utterance of the Church. The Church compositions of S. Sophronius, though called *πρωΐματα*, are, in fact, mere prose: as those grand prayers on the Epiphany.

How then was the problem to be solved as to the composition of Eastern Church song? By the beginning of the eighth century, verse, properly speaking (and that with scarcely an exception), had been discarded for ever from the hymns of the Eastern Church; those hymns, occupying a space beyond all comparison greater than they do in the Latin, being written in measured prose. And now to explain the system.

The stanza which is to form the model of the succeeding stanzas,—the strophe, in fact,—is called the *Hirmos*, from its drawing others after it. The stanzas which are to follow it are called *troparia*, from their turning to it.

Let Ps. cxix. 13, be the Hirmos:—

“ I will talk of Thy commandments :
and have respect unto Thy ways.”

Then verse 15 would be a troparion to it:—

“ With my lips have been I telling :
of all the judgments of Thy mouth.”

So would 17:—

“ O do well unto Thy servant :
that I may live, and keep Thy word.”

and Ps. cii. 16:—

“ When the Lord shall build up Sion :
and when His glory shall appear.”

Let verse 44 be a Hirmos:—

“ So shall I alway keep Thy law :
yea, for ever and ever.”

and 45 will be a troparion to it:—

“ And I will walk at liberty :
for I seek Thy commandments.”

These troparia are always divided for chanting by commas—utterly irrespective of the sense.

The perfection of troparia is in a Canon.

A collection of any number of troparia, preceded by their *Hirmos*, is an *Ode*.

And let this be most carefully observed: an *Ode* is simply a *Sequence* under somewhat different laws. Just when the system of Greek ecclesiastical poetry was fully developed, S. Notker and the Monks of S. Gall hit out a similar one for the Latin Church: the *Sequence* or the *Prose*. It was not copied from the East, for we have S. Notker's own account of the way in which he invented it. It prospered to a certain extent; that is, it became one, though the least important, branch of ecclesiastical verses.

Now the perfection of Greek poetry is attained by the Canons at Lauds, of which I proceed to speak.

A Canon consists of nine Odes,—each *Ode* containing any number of troparia from three to beyond twenty.

The next noticeable matter is that these Odes are usually arranged after an acrostich, itself commonly in verse: sometimes alphabetical. The latter device was probably borrowed from the Psalms; as, for example, the 25th, 112th, 119th.

The arrangement is not to be considered as a useless formality or *pretty-ism*: it was of the greatest importance, when so many Canons had to be remembered by heart.

Each *Ode* is ended by a troparion, dedicated to the celebration of S. Mary, and thence named *Theotokion*.

I next have to speak of the books in which Greek Hymnology is to be found. They consist principally of sixteen volumes.

a. Twelve of the *Menœa*: which would answer, in Western ritual, to the Breviary, minus the Ferial Offices. But, whereas in the West, the only human compositions of the Breviary are the lections from the sermons of the Fathers, the hymns, and a few responses—the body of the Eastern Breviary is ecclesiastical poetry: poetry, not strictly speaking written in verse, but in measured prose. This is the staple of those three thousand pages—under whatever name the stanzas may be presented—forming Canons and Odes; as, Troparia, *Idiomela*, *Stichera*,

Stichoi, Contakia, Cathismata, Theotokia, Triodia, Staurotheotokia, Catavasie,—or whatever else. Nine-tenths of the Eastern Service-book is poetry.

β. The *Paracletice*, or *Great Octoechus* : in eight parts.

This contains the Ferial Office for eight weeks.

γ. The *Tridion* : the Lent volume, which commences on the Sunday of the Pharisee and Publican (that before Septuagesima) and goes down to Easter. It is so called because the leading Canons have, during that period, only three Odes.

δ. The *Pentecostarion*,—more properly the *Pentecostarion Charmosynon*,—the Office for Easter-tide. On a moderate computation, these volumes together comprise five thousand closely printed quarto pages, in double columns, of which at least four thousand are poetry.

The thought that, in conclusion, strikes one is this : the marvellous ignorance in which English ecclesiastical scholars are content to remain of this huge treasure of divinity—the gradual compilation of nine centuries at least. I may safely calculate that not one out of twenty who peruse these pages will ever have read a Greek *Canon* through ; yet what a glorious mass of theology do these offices present ! If the following pages tend in any degree to induce the reader to study these books for himself, my labour could hardly have been spent to a better result.

HYMNS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH

STICHERA FOR A SUNDAY OF THE FIRST TONE

ζοφερὰς τρικυμίας.

FIERCE was the wild billow ;
Dark was the night ;
Oars labour'd heavily ;
Foam glimmer'd white ;
Trembled the mariners ;
Peril was high ;
Then said the GOD of GOD,
—" Peace ! It is I ! "

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest !
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest !
Sorrow can never be,—
Darkness must fly,—
Where saith the Light of Light,
—" Peace ! It is I ! "

JESU, Deliverer !
Come Thou to me :
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over Life's sea !
Thou, when the storm of Death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth !
—" Peace ! It is I ! "

S. Anatolius
of Constantinople
+ 458.

EVENING HYMN

τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών.

S. Anatolius.

THE day is past and over :
 All thanks, O LORD, to Thee !
 I pray Thee, that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be.
 O JESU ! keep me in Thy sight,
 And save me through the coming night !

The joys of day are over :
 I lift my heart to Thee ;
 And call on Thee, that sinless
 The hours of sin may be.
 O JESU ! make their darkness light,
 And save me through the coming night !

The toils of day are over :
 I raise the hymn to Thee ;
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of fear may be.
 O JESU ! keep me in Thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming night !

Lighten mine eyes, O SAVIOUR,
 Or sleep in death shall I ;
 And he, my wakeful tempter,
 Triumphant shall cry :
 " He could not make their darkness light,
 Nor guard them through the hours of night ! "

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
 O GOD ! for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go :
 Lover of men ! O hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all !

STICHERA FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE

S. Anatolius.

μέγα καὶ παράδοξον θαῦμα.

A GREAT and mighty wonder !
 A full and holy cure !
 The Virgin bears the Infant
 With Virgin-honour pure !

The Word becomes Incarnate,
 And yet remains on high :
 And Cherubim sing anthems
 To shepherds from the sky.

And we with them triumphant
 Repeat the hymn again :
 " To God on high be glory,
 And peace on earth to men ! "

While thus they sing your Monarch,
 Those bright angelic bands,
 Rejoice, ye vales and mountains !
 Ye oceans, clap your hands !

Since all He comes to ransom,
 By all be He adored,
 The Infant born in Bethlehem,
 The Saviour and the LORD !

And idol forms shall perish,
 And error shall decay,
 And CHRIST shall wield His sceptre,
 Our LORD and GOD for aye.

STICHERA AT VESPERS, S. STEPHEN'S DAY

τῷ Βασιλεῖ καὶ Δεσπότῃ.

S. Anatolius.

THE LORD and King of all things
 But yesterday was born :
 And Stephen's glorious offering
 His birthtide shall adorn.
 No pearls of orient splendour,
 No jewels can he show ;
 But with his own true heart's-blood
 His shining vestments glow.

Come, ye that love the Martyrs,
 And pluck the flow'rs of song,
 And weave them in a garland
 For this our suppliant throng :
 And cry,—O thou that shinest
 In grace's brightest ray,
 CHRIST's valiant Protomartyr,
 For peace and favour pray !

Thou first of all Confessors,
 Thou of all Deacons crown,
 Of every following athlete
 The glory and renown :
 Make supplication, standing
 Before CHRIST's Royal Throne,
 That He would give the Kingdom,
 And for our sins atone !

Thursday of
 mid-Lent
 week.

S. Andrew of
 Crete † 732.

STICHERA FOR GREAT THURSDAY

τὸ μέγα μυστήριον.

O THE mystery, passing wonder,
 When, reclining at the board,
 " Eat," Thou saidst to Thy Disciples,
 " That True Bread with quickening stored :
 Drink in faith the healing Chalice
 From a dying God outpoured."

Then the glorious upper chamber
 A celestial tent was made,
 When the bloodless rite was offered,
 And the soul's true service paid,
 And the table of the feasters
 As an altar stood displayed.

CHRIST is now our mighty Pascha,
 Eaten for our mystic bread :
 Take we of His broken Body,
 Drink we of the Blood He shed,
 As a lamb led out to slaughter,
 And for this world offered.

To the Twelve spake Truth eternal,
 To the Branches spake the Vine :
 " Never more from this day forward
 Shall I taste again this wine,
 Till I drink it in the Kingdom
 Of My FATHER, and with Mine."

Thou hast stretched those hands for silver
 That had held the Immortal Food ;

With those lips that late had tasted
 Of the Body and the Blood,
 Thou hast given the kiss, O Judas;
 Thou hast heard the woe bestowed.

CHRIST to all the world gives banquet
 On that most Celestial Meat :
 Him, albeit with lips all earthly,
 Yet with holy hearts we greet :
 Him, the sacrificial Pascha,
 Priest and Victim all complete.

TROPARIA FOR PALM SUNDAY

Ἰησοῦς ὑπὲρ τοῦ κόσμου.

S. Andrew of
 Crete.

JESUS, hastening for the world to suffer,
 Enters in, Jerusalem, to thee :
 With His Twelve He goeth forth to offer
 That free Sacrifice He came to be.

They that follow Him with true affection
 Stand prepared to suffer for His Name :
 Be we ready then for man's rejection,
 For the mockery, the reproach, the shame.

Now, in sorrow, sorrow finds its healing :
 In the form wherein our father fell,
 CHRIST appears, those quick'ning Wounds revealing,
 Which shall save from sin and death and hell.

Now, Judæa, call thy Priesthood nigh thee !
 Now for Deicide prepare thy hands !
 Lo ! thy Monarch, meek and gentle by thee !
 Lo ! the Lamb and Shepherd in thee stands !

To thy Monarch, Salem, give glad greeting !
 Willingly He hastens to be slain
 For the multitude His entrance meeting
 With their false Hosanna's ceaseless strain.
 "Blest is He That comes," they cry,
 "On the Cross for man to die !"

Part of the
Great Canon of
three hundred
stanzas for mid-
Lent week.

S. Andrew of
Crete.

THE GREAT CANON

CALLED ALSO

THE KING OF CANONS

Πόθεν ἄρξομαι θρηνεῖν ;

WHENCE shall my tears begin ?
What first-fruits shall I bear
Of earnest sorrow for my sin ?
Or how my woes declare ?
Oh, Thou ! the Merciful and Gracious One !
Forgive the foul transgressions I have done.

With Adam I have vied,
Yea, pass'd him, in my fall ;
And I am naked now, by pride
And lust made bare of all ;
Of Thee, O God, and that Celestial Band,
And all the glory of the Promised Land.

No earthly Eve beguil'd
My body into sin :
A spiritual temptress smiled,
Concupiscence within :
Unbridled passion grasp'd the unhallow'd sweet :
Most bitter—ever bitter—was the meat.

If Adam's righteous doom,
Because he dared transgress
Thy one decree, lost Eden's bloom
And Eden's loveliness :
What recompence, O LORD, must I expect,
Who all my life Thy quickening laws neglect ?

By mine own act, like Cain,
A murderer was I made :
By mine own act my soul was slain,
When Thou wast disobeyed :
And lusts each day are quickened, warring still
Against Thy Grace with many a deed of ill.

Thou formed'st me of clay,
 O Heavenly Potter ! Thou
 In fleshly vesture didst array,
 With life and death endow.
 Thou Who didst make, didst ransom, and dost know,
 To Thy repentant creature pity show !

My guilt for vengeance cries ;
 But yet Thou pardonest all,
 And whom Thou lov'st Thou dost chastise,
 And mourn'st for them that fall :
 Thou, as a Father, mark'st our tears and pain,
 And welcomest the prodigal again.

I lie before Thy door,
 O turn me not away !
 Nor in mine old age give me o'er
 To Satan for a prey !
 But ere the end of life and term of grace,
 Thou Merciful ! my many sins efface !

The Priest beheld, and pass'd
 The way he had to go :
 A careless glance the Levite cast,
 And left me to my woe :
 But Thou, O Jesu, Mary's Son, console,
 Draw nigh, and succour me, and make me whole !

Thou Spotless Lamb divine,
 Who takest sins away,
 Remove, remove, the load that mine
 Upon my conscience lay :
 And, of Thy tender mercy, grant Thou me
 To find remission of iniquity !

STICHERA FOR THE SECOND WEEK OF THE GREAT FAST

οὐ γὰρ βλέπεις τοὺς παράπτοντας.
 CHRISTIAN ! dost thou *see* them
 On the holy ground,
 How the troops of Midian
 Prowl and prowl around ?

S. Andrew of
 Crete.

Christian ! up and smite them,
 Counting gain but loss :
 Smite them by the merit
 Of the Holy Cross !

Christian ! dost thou *feel* them,
 How they work within,
 Striving, tempting, luring,
 Goading into sin ?
 Christian ! never tremble !
 Never be down-cast !
 Smite them by the virtue
 Of the Lenten Fast !

Christian ! dost thou *hear* them,
 How they speak thee fair ?
 " Always fast and vigil ?
 Always watch and prayer ? "
 Christian ! say but boldly :
 " While I breathe I pray : "
 Peace shall follow battle,
 Night shall end in day.

" Well I know thy trouble,
 O My servant true ;
 Thou art very weary,—
 I was weary too :
 But that toil shall make thee,
 Some day, all Mine own :
 But the end of sorrow
 Shall be near My Throne."

SUNDAY IN THE WEEK OF THE FIRST TONE

S. Germanus
 of Constantin-
 ople + 784.

Διὰ βρωσέως ἐξέφυε.

By fruit, the ancient Foe's device
 Drove Adam forth from Paradise :
 CHRIST, by the Cross of shame and pain,
 Brought back the dying thief again :
 " When in Thy kingdom, LORD," said he,
 " Thou shalt return, remember me ! "

Thy Holy Passion we adore
 And Resurrection, evermore :
 With heart and voice to Thee on high,
 As Adam and the thief, we cry :
 " When in Thy kingdom Thou shalt be
 Victor o'er all things, think of me ! "

Thou, after three appointed days,
 Thy Body's Temple did'st upraise :
 And Adam's children, one and all,
 With Adam, to New Life didst call.
 " When Thou," they cry, " shalt Victor be
 In that Thy kingdom, think of me ! "

Early, O CHRIST, to find Thy Tomb,
 The weeping Ointment-bearers come :
 The Angel, cloth'd in white, hath said,
 " Why seek the LIVING with the dead ?
 The LORD of Life hath burst death's chain,
 Whom here ye mourn and seek in vain."

The Apostles, on Thy Vision bent,
 To that appointed mountain went :
 And there they worship when they see,
 And there the message comes from Thee,
 That every race beneath the skies
 They should disciple and baptise.

We praise the FATHER, GOD on High,
 The Holy SON we magnify :
 Nor less our praises shall adore
 The HOLY GHOST for evermore ;
 This grace, Blest TRINITY, we crave ;
 Thy suppliant servants hear and save.

FROM THE GOLDEN CANON FOR EASTER DAY

ODE I

ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα.

'Tis the Day of Resurrection :
 Earth ! tell it out abroad !
 The Passover of gladness !
 The Passover of GOD !

S. John
 Damascene,
 died between
 754 and 787.
 " The last but
 one of the
 Fathers of the
 Eastern Church,
 and the
 greatest of her
 poets."

From Death to Life Eternal,—
 From this world to the sky,
 Our CHRIST hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The LORD in rays eternal
 Of Resurrection-Light :
 And, listening to His accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own—*All Hail!*—and hearing,
 May raise the victor strain !

Now let the Heav'ns be joyful !
 Let earth her song begin !
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein :
 Invisible and visible
 Their notes let all things blend,—
 For CHRIST the LORD hath risen,—
 Our Joy that hath no end.

ODE III

Δεῦτε πόμα πίωμεν.

COME, and let us drink of that New River,
 Not from barren rock divinely poured,
 But the Fount of Life that is for ever
 From the Sepulchre of CHRIST the LORD.

All the world hath bright illumination,—
 Heav'n and Earth and things beneath the earth :
 'Tis the Festival of all Creation :
 CHRIST hath ris'n, Who gave Creation birth.

Yesterday with Thee in burial lying,
 Now to-day with Thee aris'n I rise ;
 Yesterday the partner of Thy dying,
 With Thyself upraise me to the skies.

ODE IV

ἐπὶ τῆς θείας φυλακῆς.

STAND on thy watch-tower, Habakkuk the Seer,
And show the Angel, radiant in his light :
"To-day," said he, "Salvation shall appear,
Because the LORD hath ris'n, as GOD of Might."

The Male that opes the Virgin's womb is He ;
The Lamb of Whom His faithful people eat ;
Our truer Passover from blemish free ;
Our very GOD, Whose Name is all complete.

This yearling Lamb, our Sacrifice most blest,
Our glorious Crown, for all men freely dies :
Behold our Pascha, beauteous from His rest,
The healing Sun of Righteousness arise.

Before the ark, a type to pass away,
David of old time danced : we, holier race,
Seeing the Antitype come forth to-day,
Hail, with a shout, CHRIST's own Almighty grace.

ODE V

ὀρθρίζωμεν ὄρθρου βαθείος.

LET us rise in early morning,
And, instead of ointments, bring
Hymns of praises to our Master,
And His Resurrection sing :
We shall see the Sun of Justice
Risen with healing on His wing.

Thy unbounded loving-kindness,
They that groaned in Hades' chain,
Prisoners, from afar beholding,
Hasten to the light again ;
And to that eternal Pascha
Wove the dance and raised the strain.

Go ye forth, His saints, to meet Him !
Go with lamps in every hand !
From the sepulchre He riseth :
Ready for the Bridegroom stand :
And the Pascha of salvation
Hail, with His triumphant band.

S. John
Damascene.

ODE VI

*κατῆλθες ἐν τοῖς κατωτάτοις.*S. John
Damascene.

INTO the dim earth's lowest parts descending,
 And bursting by Thy might the infernal chain
 That bound the prisoners, Thou, at three days' ending,
 As Jonah from the whale, hast risen again.

Thou brakest not the seal, Thy surety's token,
 Arising from the Tomb, Who left'st in Birth
 The portals of Virginity unbroken,
 Opening the gates of heaven to sons of earth.

Thou, Sacrifice ineffable and living,
 Didst to the FATHER by Thyself atone
 As GOD eternal : resurrection giving
 To Adam, general parent, by Thine own.

ODE VII

Ὁ παῖδας ἐκ καμίνου.

WHO from the fiery furnace saved the Three,
 Suffers as mortal ; that, His Passion o'er,
 This mortal, triumphing o'er death, might be
 Vested with immortality once more :

He Whom our fathers still confest
 GOD over all, for ever blest.

The women with their ointment seek the Tomb :
 And Whom they mourned as dead, with many a tear,
 They worship now, joy dawning on their gloom,
 As Living GOD, as mystic Passover ;

Then to the LORD's Disciples gave
 The tidings of the vanquished grave.

We keep the festal of the death of death :
 Of hell o'erthrown : the first-fruits pure and bright.
 Of life eternal ; and with joyous breath
 Praise Him that won the victory by His might :

Him Whom our fathers still confest
 GOD over all, for ever blest.

All hallowed festival, in splendour born !
 Night of salvation and of glory ! Night
 Fore-heralding the Resurrection morn !
 When from the tomb the everlasting Light,
 A glorious frame once more His own,
 Upon the world in splendour shone.

ODE VIII

αὕτη ἡ κλητή.

THOU hallowed chosen morn of praise,
 That best and greatest shinest !
 Lady and Queen and Day of days,
 Of things divine, divinest !
 On thee our praises CHRIST adore
 For ever and for evermore.

S. John
 Damascene.

Come, let us taste the Vine's new fruit
 For heavenly joy preparing :
 To-day the branches with the Root
 In Resurrection sharing :
 Whom as True GOD our hymns adore
 For ever and for evermore.

Rise, Sion, rise, and looking forth,
 Behold thy children round thee !
 From East and West, and South and North,
 Thy scatter'd sons have found thee !
 And in thy bosom CHRIST adore
 For ever and for evermore !

O FATHER ! O co-equal SON !
 O co-eternal SPIRIT !
 In Persons Three, in Substance One,
 And One in power and merit ;
 In Thee baptiz'd, we Thee adore
 For ever and for evermore !

ODE IX

φωτίζου, φωτίζου.

THOU New Jerusalem, arise and shine !
 The glory of the LORD on thee hath risen !
 Sion, exult ! rejoice with joy divine,
 Mother of God ! Thy Son hath burst His prison.

O Heavenly Voice ! O word of purest love !
 " Lo ! I am with you alway to the end ! "
 This is the anchor, steadfast from above,
 The golden anchor, whence our hopes depend.
 O CHRIST, our Pascha ! greatest, holiest, best !
 God's Word and Wisdom and effectual Might !
 Thy fuller, lovelier presence manifest,
 In that eternal realm, that knows no night !

THE STICHERA OF THE LAST KISS

Δεῦτε τελευταῖον ἄσπασμον δῶμεν.

Attributed to
 S. John
 Damascene.

TAKE the last kiss,—the last for ever !
 Yet render thanks amidst your gloom :
 He, severed from his home and kindred,
 Is passing onwards to the tomb :
 For earthly labours, earthly pleasures,
 And carnal joys, he cares no more :
 Where are his kinsfolk and acquaintance ?
 They stand upon another shore.
 Let us say, around him pressed,
 Grant him, LORD, eternal rest !

The hour of woe and separation,
 The hour of falling tears is this :
 Him that so lately was among us
 For the last time of all we kiss :
 Up to the grave to be surrendered,
 Sealed with the monumental stone,
 A dweller in the house of darkness,
 Amidst the dead to lie alone.
 Let us say, around him pressed,
 Grant him, LORD, eternal rest !

Life, and life's evil conversation,
 And all its dreams, are passed away :
 The soul hath left her tabernacle :
 Black and unsightly grows the clay.
 The golden vessel here lies broken :
 The tongue no voice of answer knows :
 Hushed is sensation, stilled is motion ;
 Toward the tomb the dead man goes.
 Let us cry with heart's endeavour,
 Grant him rest that is for ever !

What is our life ? A fading flower ;
A vapour, passing soon away ;
The dewdrops of the early morning :
Come, gaze upon the tombs to-day.
Where now is youth ? Where now is beauty,
And grace of form, and sparkling eye ?
All, like the summer grass, are withered ;
All are abolished utterly !
While our eyes with grief grow dim,
Let us weep to CHRIST for him !

Woe for that bitter, bitter moment,
The fearful start, the parting groan,
The wrench of anguish, from the body
When the poor soul goes forth alone !
Hell and destruction are before her ;
Earth in its truest worth she sees ;
A flickering shade ; a dream of error ;
A vanity of vanities.
Sin in this world let us flee,
That in heaven our place may be.

Draw nigh, ye sons of Adam ; viewing
A likeness of yourselves in clay :
Its beauty gone ; its grace disfigured ;
Dissolving in the tomb's decay ;
The prey of worms and of corruption,
In silent darkness mouldering on ;
Earth gathers round the coffin, hiding
The brother, now for ever gone.
Yet we cry, around him pressed,
Grant him, LORD, eternal rest !

When, hurried forth by fearful angels,
The soul forsakes her earthly frame,
Then friends and kindred she forgetteth,
And this world's cares have no more claim ;
Then passed are vanity and labour ;
She hears the Judge's voice alone ;
She sees the ineffable tribunal :
Where we, too, cry with suppliant moan,
For the sins that soul hath done,
Grant Thy pardon, Holy One !

Now all the organs of the body,
 So full of energy before,
 Have lost perception, know not motion,
 Can suffer and can act no more.
 The eyes are closed in death's dark shadow;
 The ear can never hear again;
 The feet are bound; the hands lie idle;
 The tongue is fast as with a chain.
 Great and mighty though he be,
 Every man is vanity.

Behold and weep me, friends and brethren!
 Voice, sense, and breath, and motion gone;
 But yesterday I dwelt among you;
 Then death's most fearful hour came on.
 Embrace me with the last embracement;
 Kiss me with this, the latest kiss;
 Never again shall I be with you;
 Never with you share woe or bliss.
 I go toward the dread tribunal
 Where no man's person is preferred;
 Where lord and slave, where chief and soldier,
 Where rich and poor, alike are heard:
 One is the manner of their judgment;
 Their plea and their condition one:
 And they shall reap in woe or glory
 The earthly deeds that they have done.
 I pray you, brethren, I adjure you,
 Pour forth to CHRIST the ceaseless prayer
 He would not doom me to Gehenna,
 But in His glory give me share!

IDIOMELA FOR ALL SAINTS

τὰς ἰδὲ τὰς αἰωνίας.

S. John
 Damascene.

THOSE eternal bowers
 Man hath never trod,
 Those unfading flowers
 Round the Throne of God:
 Who may hope to gain them
 After weary fight?
 Who at length attain them
 Clad in robes of white?

He, who gladly barter
 All on earthly ground ;
 He who, like the Martyrs,
 Says, " I WILL be crown'd : "
 He, whose one oblation
 Is a life of love ;
 Clinging to the nation
 Of the Blest above.

Shame upon you, legions
 Of the Heavenly King,
 Denizens of regions
 Past imagining !
 What ! with pipe and tabor
 Fool away the light,
 When He bids you labour,—
 When He tells you,—“ Fight ! ”

While I do my duty,
 Struggling through the tide,
 Whisper Thou of beauty
 On the other side !
 Tell who will the story
 Of our *now* distress :
 Oh, the future glory !
 Oh, the loveliness !

S. THOMAS'S SUNDAY

(WITH US, LOW SUNDAY)

ODE I

ἄσωμεν πάντες λαοί.

“ Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
 Of triumphant gladness !
 God hath brought His Israel
 Into joy from sadness :
 Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
 Jacob's sons and daughters ;
 Led them with unmoistened foot
 Through the Red Sea waters.”

The inverted
 commas in
 this and
 following Odes
 mark the
 Hirmos. See
 Introduction,
 p. 220.

'Tis the Spring of souls to-day :
 CHRIST hath burst His prison ;
 And from three days' sleep in death,
 —As a sun, hath risen.
 All the winter of our sins,
 Long and dark, is flying
 From His Light, to Whom we give
 Laud and praise undying.

Now the Queen of Seasons, bright
 With the Day of Splendour,
 With the royal Feast of feasts,
 Comes its joy to render :
 Comes to glad Jerusalem,
 Who with true affection
 Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
 JESUS' Resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
 Nor the tomb's dark portal,
 Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
 Hold Thee as a mortal :
 But to-day amidst the Twelve
 Thou didst stand, bestowing
 That Thy peace, which evermore
 Passeth human knowing.

ODE III

στερέωσόν με, Χριστέ.

S. John
 Damascus.

“ ON the rock of Thy commandments
 Fix me firmly, lest I slide :
 With the glory of Thy Presence
 Cover me on every side ;
 Seeing none save Thee is holy,
 God, for ever glorified ! ”

New immortal out of mortal,
 New existence out of old :
 This the Cross of CHRIST accomplished,
 This the Prophets had foretold :
 So that we thus newly quickened,
 Might attain the heavenly fold.

Thou Who comprehendest all things,
 Comprehended by the tomb,
 Gav'st Thy Body to the graveclothes
 And the silence and the gloom :
 Till through fast-closed doors Thou camest
 Thy Disciples to illumine.

Every nail-print, every buffet,
 Thou didst freely undergo,
 As Thy Resurrection's witness
 To the Twelve Thou cam'st to show :
 So that what *they* saw in vision,
 Future years by faith might know.

ODE IV

μέγα τὸ μυστήριον.

" ' CHRIST, we turn our eyes to Thee,
 And this mighty mystery ! '
 Habakkuk exclaimed of old,
 In the HOLY SPIRIT bold :
 ' Thou shalt come in time appointed,
 For the help of Thine anointed ! ' "

Taste of myrrh He deign'd to know,
 Who redeem'd the source of woe :
 Now He bids all sickness cease
 Through the honey-comb of peace :
 And to this world deigns to give
 That sweet fruit by which we live.

Patient LORD ! with loving eye
 Thou invitest Thomas nigh,
 Showing him that Wounded Side :
 While the world is certified,
 How the third day, from the grave,
 JESUS CHRIST arose to save.

Blest, O Didymus, the tongue
 Where that first confession hung :
 First the SAVIOUR to proclaim,
 First the LORD of Life to name :
 Such the graces it supplied,
 —That dear touch of JESU's side !

ODE V

ἐκ νυκτὸς ὀρθρίζοντες.

S. John
Damascene.

RECONCILIATION's plan devising,
Fellow-sharer of the FATHER's Throne,
Thee, O CHRIST, we, very early rising,
Tender lover of our spirits, own !

When Thy friends, with deep dismay confounded,
Stood amaz'd, and knew not where to fly,
All the darkness that their souls surrounded
Thou didst scatter with Thy drawing nigh.

Touch, how awful, how consolatory !
When, O Thomas, thou didst stretch thine hand,
And that Side, resplendent in its glory,
Didst explore, because He gave command !

Unbelief of Thomas was the Mother
Of Thy Church's most unshaken Creed :
Thou, O SAVIOUR, wise above all other,
Had'st, before the world was, thus decreed.

CANON FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

ODE I

Χριστὸς γεννᾶται δοξάζετε.

S. Cosmas of
Jerusalem,
died 760,
friend and
foster-brother
of S. John
Damascene,
" holds the
second place
amidst Greek
ecclesiastical
poets."

CHRIST is born ! Tell forth His fame !
CHRIST from Heaven ! His love proclaim !
CHRIST on earth ! Exalt His Name !
Sing to the LORD, O world, with exultation !
Break forth in glad thanksgiving, every nation !
For He hath triumphed gloriously !

Man, in GOD's own Image made,
Man, by Satan's wiles betrayed,
Man, on whom corruption preyed,
Shut out from hope of life and of salvation,
To-day CHRIST maketh him a new creation,
For He hath triumphed gloriously !

For the Maker, when His foe
 Wrought the creature death and woe,
 Bowed the Heav'ns, and came below,
 And, in the Virgin's womb His dwelling making,
 Became True Man, man's very nature taking;
 For He hath triumphed gloriously !

He, the Wisdom, WORD, and Might,
 GOD, and SON, and Light of light,
 Undiscovered by the sight
 Of earthly monarch, or infernal spirit,
 Incarnate was, that we might Heav'n inherit :
 For He hath triumphed gloriously !

ODE III

τῷ πρὸ τῶν αἰώνων.

HIM, of the FATHER's very Essence,
 Begotten, ere the world began,
 And, in the latter time, of Mary,
 Without a human sire, made Man :
 Unto Him, this glorious morn,
 Be the strain outpoured ;
 Thou That liftest up our horn,
 Holy art Thou, LORD !

S. COSMAS.

The earthly Adam, erewhile quickened
 By the blest breath of GOD on high,
 Now made the victim of corruption,
 By woman's guile betray'd to die,
 He, deceiv'd by woman's part,
 Supplication pour'd ;
 Thou Who in my nature art,
 Holy art Thou, LORD !

Thou, JESUS CHRIST, wast consubstantial
 With this our perishable clay,
 And, by assuming earthly nature,
 Exalted'st it to heavenly day.
 Thou, That wast as mortal born,
 Being GOD ador'd,
 Thou That liftest up our horn,
 Holy art Thou, LORD !

Rejoice, O Bethlehem, the city
 Whence Judah's monarchs had their birth;
 Where He that sitteth on the Cherubs,
 The King of Israel, came on earth:
 Manifested this blest morn,
 As of old time never,
 He hath lifted up our horn,
 He shall reign for ever!

ODE IV

Ῥάβδος ἐκ τῆς ρίζης.

ROD of the Root of Jesse,
 Thou, Flower of Mary born,
 From that thick shady mountain*
 Cam'st glorious forth this morn:
 Of her, the Ever Virgin,
 Incarnate wast Thou made,
 The immaterial Essence,
 The GOD by all obeyed!
 Glory, LORD, Thy servants pay
 To Thy wondrous might to-day!

The Gentiles' expectation,
 Whom Jacob's words foretell,
 Who Syria's pride shalt vanquish,
 Samaria's power shalt quell;
 Thou from the Root of Judah
 Like some fair plant dost spring,
 To turn old Gentile error
 To Thee, its GOD and King!
 Glory, LORD, Thy servants pay
 To Thy wondrous might to-day!

In Balaam's ancient vision
 The Eastern seers were skilled;
 They marked the constellations,
 And joy their spirits filled:
 For Thou, bright Star of Jacob,
 Arising in Thy might,
 Didst call these Gentiles first-fruits
 To worship in Thy light.
 They, in holy reverence bent,
 Gifts acceptable present.

*Habbakuk ii.
 2. Septuagint.

8. Cosmas.

As on a fleece descending
 The gentle dews distil,
 As drops the earth that water,
 The Virgin didst Thou fill.
 For Media, leagued with Sheba,
 Falls down and worships Thee :
 Tarshish and Ethiopia,
 The Isles and Araby.
 Glory, LORD, Thy servants pay
 To Thy wondrous might to-day !

ODE V

Θεὸς ὦν εἰρήνης.

FATHER of Peace, and GOD of Consolation !
 The Angel of the Counsel dost Thou send
 To herald peace, to manifest Salvation,
 Thy Light to pour, Thy knowledge to extend ;
 Whence, with the morning's earliest rays,
 Lover of men ! Thy Name we praise.

Midst Cæsar's subjects Thou, at his decreeing,
 Obey'd'st and was enrolled : our mortal race,
 To sin and Satan slave, from bondage freeing,
 Our poverty in all points didst embrace :
 And by that Union didst combine
 The earthly with the All-Divine.

Lo ! Mary, as the world's long day was waning,
 Incarnate Deity conceived and bore ;
 Virgin in birth, and after birth, remaining :
 And man to GOD is reconciled once more :
 Wherefore in faith her name we bless,
 And Mother of our GOD confess.

ODE VI

σπλάγχων Ἰωνᾶν.

As Jonah, issuing from his three days' tomb,
 At length was cast, uninjured, on the earth ;
 So, from the Virgin's unpolluted womb
 The Incarnate WORD, That dwelt there, had His Birth :
 For He, Who knew no taint of mortal stain,
 Willed that His Mother spotless should remain.

S. COSMAS.

CHRIST comes, Incarnate GOD, amongst us now,
 Begotten of the FATHER ere the day :
 And He, to Whom the sinless legions bow,
 Lies cradled, midst unconscious beasts, on hay :
 And, by His homely swaddling-bands girt in,
 Looses the many fetters of our sin.

Now the New Child of Adam's race draws nigh,
 To us, the faithful, given : This, this is He
 That shall the Father of Eternity,
 The Angel of the Mighty Counsel, be :
 This the eternal GOD, by Whose strong hands
 The fabric of the world supported stands.

ODE VII

ὁι παῖδες εὐσεβεῖα.

THE Holy Children boldly stand
 Against the tyrant's fierce command :
 The kindled furnace they defy,—
 No doom can shake their constancy :
 They in the midmost flame confess'd,
 " GOD of our Fathers ! Thou art bless'd ! "

The Shepherds keep their flocks by night ;
 The Heaven glows out with wondrous light ;
 The glory of the LORD is there,
 The Angel-bands their King declare :
 The watchers of the night confess'd,
 " GOD of our Fathers ! Thou art bless'd ! "

The Angel ceas'd ; and suddenly
 Seraphic legions fill'd the sky :
 " Glory to GOD," they cry again :
 " Peace upon earth, good will to men :
 CHRIST comes ! "—And they that heard confess'd,
 " GOD of our Fathers ! Thou art bless'd ! "

What said the Shepherds ?—" Let us turn
 This new-born miracle to learn."
 To Bethlehem's gate their footsteps drew :
 The Mother with the Child they view :
 They knelt, and worshipp'd, and confess'd,
 " GOD of our Fathers ! Thou art bless'd ! "

ODE VIII

θαύματος ὑπερφυῶς ἡ δροσοβόλος.

THE dewy freshness that the furnace flings
Works out a wond'rous type of future things :
Nor did the flame the Holy Three consume,
Nor did the Godhead's fire thy frame entomb,
Thou, on Whose bosom hung the WORD :
Wherefore we cry with heart's endeavour,
" Let all Creation bless the LORD,
And magnify His Name for ever ! "

S. COSMAS.

Babel's proud daughter once led David's race
From Sion, to their exile's woeful place :
Babel now bids her wise men, gifts in hand,
Before King David's Royal Daughter stand,
The Mother of the Incarnate WORD :
Wherefore we cry with heart's endeavour,
" Let all Creation bless the LORD,
And magnify His Name for ever ! "

From music grief held back the exile's hand :
" How sing the LORD's song in an alien land ? "
But Babel's exile here is done away,
And Bethlehem's harmony this glorious day
By Thee, Incarnate GOD, restored :
Wherefore we cry with heart's endeavour,
" Let all Creation bless the LORD,
And magnify His Name for ever ! "

Of old victorious Babel bore away
The spoils of Royal Sion and her prey :
But Babel's treasure now, and Babel's kings,
CHRIST, by the guiding star, to Sion brings.
There have they knelt, and there ador'd :
Wherefore we cry with heart's endeavour,
" Let all Creation bless the LORD,
And magnify His Name for ever ! "

ODE IX

μυστήριον ξένον.

S. Cosmas.

O WOND'ROUS mystery, full of passing grace !
 The grot becometh Heav'n : the Virgin's breast
 The bright Cherubic Throne : the stall that place
 Where He, Who fills all space, vouchsafes to rest :
 CHRIST our GOD, to Whom we raise
 Hymns of thankfulness and praise !

The course propitious of the unknown Star
 The Wisemen follow'd on its heavenly way,—
 Until it led them, beckoning from afar,
 To where the CHRIST, the King of all things, lay :
 Him in Bethlehem they find,
 Born the SAVIOUR of mankind.

" Where is the Child," they ask, " the new-born King,
 Whose herald-light is glittering in the sky,—
 To Whom our offerings and our praise we bring ? "
 And Herod's heart is troubled utterly.
 Armed for war with GOD, in vain
 Would he see that Infant slain.

TRANSFIGURATION

χορὸς Ἰσραήλ.

S. Cosmas.

Cento composed from the
 " more remarkable
 Troparia " of
 the first four
 odes.

THE choirs of ransomed Israel,
 The Red Sea's passage o'er,
 Uprais'd the hymn of triumph
 Upon the further shore :
 And shouted, as the foeman
 Was whelm'd beneath the sea,—
 'Sing we to Judah's Saviour,
 For glorified is He ! "

Amongst His Twelve Apostles
 CHRIST spake the Words of Life,
 And shew'd a realm of beauty
 Beyond a world of strife :

“ When all My FATHER's glory
Shall shine express'd in Me,
Then praise Him, then exalt Him,
For magnified is He ! ”

Upon the Mount of Tabor
The promise was made good ;
When, baring all the Godhead,
In light itself He stood :
And they, in awe beholding,
The Apostolic Three,
Sang out to God their Saviour,
For magnified was He !

In days of old, on Sinai,
The LORD of Sabaoth came,
In majesty of terror,
In thunder-cloud and flame :
On Tabor, with the glory
Of sunniest light for vest,
The excellence of beauty
In JESUS was express'd.

All hours and days inclin'd there,
And did Thee worship meet ;
The sun himself adored Thee,
And bow'd him at Thy feet :
While Moses and Elias,
Upon the Holy Mount,
The co-eternal glory
Of CHRIST our God recount.

O holy, wondrous Vision !
But what, when this life past,
The beauty of Mount Tabor
Shall end in Heav'n at last ?
But what, when all the glory
Of uncreated light
Shall be the promis'd guerdon
Of them that win the fight ?

IDIOMELA OF QUINQUAGESIMA

Δεῦτε ἅπαντες πιστοί.

8. Theophanes,
died 818,
" holds the
third place
among Greek
hymn writers."

HITHER, and with one accord,
Sing the servants of the LORD :
Sing each great ascetic sire ;—
Anthony shall lead the choir :
Let Euthymius next him stand ;
Then, in order, all the band.
Make we joyous celebration
Of their heavenly conversation ;
Of their glory, how they rise,
Like another Paradise :
These the trees our GOD hath plac'd,
Trees, with fruit immortal grac'd ;
Bringing forth, for CHRIST on high,
Flowers of Life that cannot die ;
With the sweetness that they fling
Mortal spirits nourishing.
Filled with GOD, and ever blest,
For our pardon make request !

Egypt, hail, thou faithful strand !
Hail, thou holy Libyan land !
Nurturing for the realm on high
Such a glorious company !
They by many a toil intense,
Chastity and continence,
Perfect men to God upreared,
Stars to guide us have appeared :
They, by many a glorious sign,
Many a beam of Power Divine,
To the earth's remotest shore
Far and wide their radiance pour.
Holy Fathers, bright and blest,
For our pardon make request !

By what skill of mortal tongue
Shall your wondrous acts be sung ?
All the conflicts of the soul,
All your struggles towards the goal ;

And your virtues' prize immense,
 And your victories over sense,
 How perpetual watch ye kept
 Over passion, prayed and wept :
 Yea, like very angels came,
 Visible in earthly frame,
 And with Satan girt for fight
 Utterly o'erthrew his might.
 Fam'd for signs and wonders rare,
 Join to ours, great Saints, your prayer :
 Ask that we, ye ever blest,
 May attain the Land of Rest !

STICHERA AT THE FIRST VESPER OF QUINQUAGESIMA

ADAM'S COMPLAINT.

" THE LORD my Maker, forming me of clay,
 By His own Breath the breath of life convey'd :
 O'er all the bright new world He gave me sway,—
 A little lower than the Angels made.
 But Satan, using for his guile
 The crafty serpent's cruel wile,
 Deceiv'd me by the Tree ;
 And severed me from God and grace,
 And wrought me death, and all my race,
 As long as time shall be.
 O Lover of the sons of men !
 Forgive, and call me back again !

S. Theophanes.

" In that same hour I lost the glorious stole
 Of innocence, that God's own Hands had made ;
 And now, the tempter poisoning all my soul,
 I sit, in fig leaves and in skins arrayed :
 I sit condemn'd, distress'd, forsaken ;
 Must till the ground whence I was taken
 By labour's daily sweat.
 But Thou, That shalt hereafter come,
 The Offspring of a Virgin-womb,
 Have pity on me yet !
 O turn on me those gracious eyes,
 And call me back to Paradise !

“ O glorious Paradise ! O lovely clime !
 O God-built mansion ! Joy of every Saint !
 Happy remembrance to all coming time !
 Whisper, with all thy leaves, in cadence faint,
 One prayer to Him Who made them all,
 One prayer for Adam in his fall !—
 That He, Who formed thy gates of yore,
 Would bid those gates unfold once more
 That I had closed by sin :
 And let me taste that holy Tree
 That giveth immortality
 To them that dwell therein !
 Or have I fallen so far from grace
 That mercy hath for me no place ? ”

Adam sat right against the Eastern gate,
 By many a storm of sad remembrance tost :
 “ O me ! so ruined by the serpent’s hate !
 O me ! so glorious once, and now so lost !
 So mad that bitter lot to choose !
 Beguil’d of all I had to lose !
 Must I then, gladness of my eyes,—
 Must I then leave thee, Paradise,
 And as an exile go ?
 And must I never cease to grieve
 How once my GOD, at cool of eve,
 Came down to walk below ?
 O Merciful ! on Thee I call :
 O Pitiful ! forgive my fall ! ”

FROM THE CANON FOR SEXAGESIMA

S. Theodore

of the Studium,
 died 826.

“ ON THIS DAY, WE COMMEMORATE THE SECOND AND
 IMPARTIAL COMING of our LORD JESUS CHRIST.”

Stichos. When He, the Judge of all things, sits to doom,
 O grant that I may hear His joyful “ Come ! ”

ODE I

τὴν ἡμέραν τὴν φρικτὴν.

The Eastern
 Church has no
 such season as
 Advent.

THAT fearful Day, that Day of speechless dread,
 When Thou shalt come to judge the quick and dead—
 I shudder to foresee,
 O GOD ! what then shall be !

When Thou shalt come, angelic legions round,
 With thousand thousands, and with trumpet sound ;
 CHRIST, grant me in the air
 With saints to meet Thee there !

Weep, O my soul, ere that great hour and day,
 When GOD shall shine in manifest array,
 Thy sin, that thou may'st be
 In that strict judgment free !

The terror !—hell-fire fierce and unsufficed :
 The bitter worm : the gnashing teeth :—O CHRIST,
 Forgive, remit, protect ;
 And set me with the elect !

That I may hear the blessed voice that calls
 The righteous to the joy of heavenly halls :
 And, King of Heaven, may reach
 The realm that passeth speech !

Enter Thou not in judgment with each deed,
 Nor each intent and thought in strictness read :
 Forgive, and save me then,
 O Thou That lovest men !

Thee, One in Three blest Persons ! LORD o'er all !
 Essence of essence, Power of power, we call !
 Save us, O FATHER, SON,
 And SPIRIT, ever one !

This was the
 grandest
 Judgment
 hymn of the
 Church
 till the *Dies
 iræ* was written
 four hundred
 years later.

ODE III

‘Ο Κύριος ἐρχεται.

God comes ;—and who shall stand before His fear ?
 Who bide His Presence, when He draweth near ?
 My soul, my soul, prepare
 To kneel before Him there !

S. Theodore
 of the
 Studium.

Haste,—weep,—be reconciled to Him before
 The fearful judgment knocketh at the door :
 Where, in the Judge's eyes,
 All bare and naked lies.

Have mercy, LORD, have mercy, LORD, I cry,
 When with Thine angels Thou appear'st on high :
 And each shall doom inherit,
 According to his merit.

How can I bear Thy fearful anger, LORD ?
 I, that so often have transgressed Thy word ?
 But put my sins away,
 And spare me in that day !

O miserable soul, return, lament,
 Ere earthly converse end, and life be spent :
 Ere, time for sorrow o'er,
 The Bridegroom close the door !

Yea, I have sinned, as no man sinned beside :
 With more than human guilt my soul is dyed :
 But spare, and save me here,
 Before that day appear !

Three Persons in One Essence uncreate,
 On Whom, both Three and One, our praises wait,
 Give everlasting light
 To them that sing Thy might !

ODE IV

ἐφύσθηκεν ἡ ἡμέρα.

S. Theodore
 of the
 Studium.

THE Day is near, the Judgment is at hand,
 Awake, my soul, awake, and ready stand !
 Where chiefs shall go with them that filled the throne,
 Where rich and poor the same tribunal own ;
 And every thought and deed
 Shall find its righteous meed.

There with the sheep the shepherd of the fold
 Shall stand together ; there the young and old ;
 Master and slave one doom shall undergo ;
 Widow and maiden one tribunal know.
 Oh woe, oh woe, to them
 Whom lawless lives condemn !

That Judgment-seat, impartial in decree,
 Accepts no bribe, admits no subtilty :
 No orator persuasion may exert,
 No perjured witness wrong to right convert :
 But all things, hid in night,
 Shall then be dragged to light.

Let me not enter in the land of woe;
 Let me not realms of outer darkness know!
 Nor from the wedding-feast reject Thou me,
 For my soiled vest of immortality;
 Bound hand and foot, and cast
 In anguish that shall last!

When Thou, the nations ranged on either side,
 The righteous from the sinners shalt divide,
 Then give me to be found amongst Thy sheep,
 Then from the goats Thy trembling servant keep:
 That I may hear the voice
 That bids Thy Saints rejoice!

When righteous inquisition shall be made,
 And the books opened, and the thrones arrayed,
 My soul, what plea to shield thee canst thou know,
 Who hast no fruit of righteousness to show,
 No holy deeds to bring
 To CHRIST the LORD and King?

I hear the rich man's wail and bitter cry,
 Out of the torments of eternity;
 I know, beholding that devouring flame,
 My guilt and condemnation are the same;
 And spare me, LORD, I say,
 In the great Judgment Day!

The WORD and SPIRIT, with the FATHER One,
 One Light and emanation of One Sun,
 The WORD by generation, we adore,
 The SPIRIT by procession, evermore;
 And with creation raise
 The thankful hymn of praise.

ODE IX

Ὁ Κύριος ἔρχεται.

THE LORD draws nigh, the righteous Throne's Assessor,
 The just to save, to punish the transgressor:

S. Theodore
 of the
 Studium.

 Weep we, and mourn, and pray,
 Regardful of that day
 When all the secrets of all hearts shall be
 Lit with the blaze of full eternity.

Clouds and thick darkness o'er the Mount assembling,
 Moses beheld the Eternal's glory, trembling :
 And yet he might but see
 God's feeble Majesty.

And I—I needs must view His fullest Face :
 O spare me, LORD ! O take me to Thy grace !

David of old beheld, in speechless terror,
 The session of the Judge—the doom of error :
 And what have I to plead
 For mercy in my need ?

Nothing save this : O grant me yet to be,
 Ere that day come, renewed and true to Thee !

Here, fires of deep damnation roar and glitter :
 The worm is deathless, and the cup is bitter :
 There, day that hath no morrow,
 And joy that hath no sorrow :
 And who so blest that he shall fly the abyss,
 Rais'd up to God's Right Hand, and speechless bliss !

My soul with many an act of sin is wounded :
 With mortal weakness is my frame surrounded !
 My life is well nigh o'er :
 The Judge is at the door :
 How wilt thou, miserable spirit, fare,
 What time He sends His summons through the air ?

ORTHODOXY SUNDAY

THE first Sunday in Lent is kept in memory, primarily, of the final triumph of the Church over the Iconoclasts in 842; and, incidentally, of her victory over all other heresies.

The reader must constantly bear in mind that the poet feels the cause, not so much of Icons, as of the Incarnation itself, to be at stake.

Χαριστήριον ψδὴν.

S. Theodore
 of the
 Studium.

A SONG—a song of gladness !
 A song of thanks and praise !
 The horn of our salvation
 Hath GOD vouchsafed to raise !

A monarch, true and faithful,
And glorious in her might,
To champion CHRIST's own quarrel,
And Orthodoxy's right !

Now manifest is glory :
Now grace and virtue shine :
Now joys the Church regaining
Her ornaments divine :
And girds them on in gladness,
As fits a festal day,
After long months of struggle,
Long years of disarray.

Now cries the blood for vengeance,
By persecutors poured,
Of them that died defending
The likeness of the LORD :
The likeness, as a mortal
That He vouchsaf'd to take,
Long years ago, in Bethlem,
Incarnate for our sake.

Awake, O Church, and triumph !
Exult, each realm and land !
And open let the houses,
The ascetic houses stand !
And let the holy virgins
With joy and song take in
Their relics and their icons,
Who died this day to win !

Assemble ye together
So joyous and so bold,
The ascetic troops, and pen them
Once more within the fold !
If strength again he gather,
Again the foe shall fall :
If counsel he shall counsel,
Our God shall scatter all.

The LORD, the LORD hath triumphed !
Let all the world rejoice !
Hush'd is the turmoil, silent
His servants' tearful voice :

HYMNS TRANSLATED

And the One Faith, the True Faith,
Goes forth from East to West,
Enfolding, in its beauty,
The earth as with a vest.

They rise, the sleepless watchmen
Upon the Church's wall;
With yearning supplication
On GOD the LORD they call :
And He, though long time silent,
Bow'd down a gracious ear,
His people's earnest crying
And long complaint to hear.

Sing, sing for joy, each desert !
Exult, each realm of earth !
Ye mountains, drop down sweetness !
Ye hillocks, leap for mirth !
For CHRIST the WORD, bestowing
His blessed peace on men,
In Faith's most holy union
Hath knit His Church again.

The GOD of vengeance rises :
And CHRIST attacks the foe,
And makes His servants mighty
The wicked to o'erthrow :
And now Thy condescension
In boldness may we hymn,
And now in peace and safety
Thy sacred Image limn.

O LORD of loving kindness,
How wondrous are Thy ways !
What tongue of man suffices
Thy gentleness to praise ?
Because of Thy dear Image
Men dared Thy Saints to kill,
Yet didst Thou not consume them,
But bar'st their insults still.

Thou Who hast fixed unshaken
Thy Church's mighty frame,
So that hell-gates shall never
Prevail against the same ;—

Bestow upon Thy people
 Thy peace, that we may bring
 One voice, one hymn, one spirit,
 To glorify our King !

el kai tà παρόντα.

ARE thy toils and woes increasing ?
 Are the Foe's attacks unceasing ?
 Look with Faith unclouded,
 Gaze with eyes unshrouded,
 On the Cross !

S. Methodius I,
 died 846.

Dost thou fear that strictest trial ?
 Tremblest thou at CHRIST's denial ?
 Never rest without it,
 Clasp thine hands about it,
 —That dear Cross !

Diabolic legions press thee ?
 Thoughts and works of sin distress thee ?
 It shall chase all terror,
 It shall right all error,
 That sweet Cross !

Draw'st thou nigh to Jordan's river ?
 Should'st thou tremble ? Need'st thou quiver ?
 No ! if by it lying,—
 No ! if on it dying,—
 On the Cross !

Say then,—“ Master, while I cherish
 That sweet hope, I cannot perish !
 After this life's story,
 Give Thou me the glory
 For the Cross ! ”

SUNDAY OF THE PRODIGAL SON

(SEPTUAGESIMA)

βυθὸς ἀμαρτημάτων.

THE abyss of many a former sin
 Encloses me, and bars me in :

S. Joseph of
the Studium,
died 883, "the
most prolific of
hymn-writers."

Like billows my transgressions roll :
Be Thou the Pilot of my soul :
And to Salvation's harbour bring,
Thou Saviour and Thou glorious King !

My Father's heritage abused,
Wasted by lust, by sin misused ;
To shame and want and misery brought,
The slave to many a fruitless thought,
I cry to Thee, Who lovest men,
O pity and receive again !

In hunger now,—no more possessed
Of that my portion bright and blest,
The exile and the alien see
Who yet would fain return to Thee !
And save me, LORD, who seek to raise
To Thy dear love the hymn of praise !

With that blest thief my prayer I make,
Remember for Thy mercy's sake !
With that poor publican I cry,
Be merciful, O GOD most High !
With that lost Prodigal I fain
Back to my home would turn again !

Mourn, mourn, my soul, with earnest care,
And raise to CHRIST the contrite prayer :—
O Thou, Who freely wast made poor,
My sorrows and my sins to cure,
Me, poor of all good works, embrace,
Enriching with Thy boundless grace !

A CENTO FROM THE CANON FOR SS.
TIMOTHY AND MAURA (MAY 3)

τῶν ἱερῶν ἀθλοφόρων.

S. Joseph
of the
Studium.

LET our Choir new anthems raise :
Wake the morn with gladness :
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the Martyrs' sadness :
This the day that won their crown,
Opened Heav'n's bright portal ;

As they laid the mortal down.
And put on th' immortal.

Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture, never ;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour :
For by faith they saw the Land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

Faith they had that knew not shame,
Love that could not languish ;
And eternal Hope o'ercame
Momentary anguish.
He Who trod the self-same road,
Death and Hell defeated ;
Wherefore these their passions show'd
Calvary repeated.

Up and follow, Christian men !
Press through toil and sorrow !
Spurn the night of fear, and then,—
Oh, the glorious morrow !
Who will venture on the strife ?
Who will first begin it ?
Who will seize the Land of Life ?
Warriors, up and win it !

τῶν ἀμαρτιῶν μου τὴν πληθύν.

AND wilt Thou pardon, LORD,
A sinner such as I ?
Although Thy book his crimes record
Of such a crimson dye ?

So deep are they engrav'd,—
So terrible their fear,
The righteous scarcely shall be sav'd,
And where shall I appear ?

My soul, make all things known
To Him Who all things sees :
That so the LAMB may yet atone
For thine iniquities.

S. Joseph
of the
Stadium.

O Thou, Physician blest,
Make clean my guilty soul !
And me, by many a sin oppress'd,
Restore and keep me whole !

I know not how to praise
Thy mercy and Thy love :
But deign Thy servant to upraise,
And I shall learn above !

A CENTO FROM THE CANON OF THE "BODILESS ONES"

φωστῆρες τῆς ἡοῦς.

S. Joseph
of the
Studium.

STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Fill'd with celestial resplendence and light ;
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the Trishagion ever and aye :

These are Thy counsellors : these dost Thou own,
God of Sabaoth ! the nearest Thy throne ;
These are Thy ministers ; these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones ! man to defend.

These keep the guard, amidst Salem's dear bowers :
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues and Powers :
Where with the Living Ones, mystical Four,
Cherubim, Seraphim, bow and adore.

" Who like the LORD ? "—thunders Michael, the Chief :
Raphael, " the Cure of God," comforteth grief :
And, as at Nazareth, prophet of peace,
Gabriel, " the Light of God," bringeth release.

Then, when the earth was first pois'd in mid-space,—
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,—
Then, when were ended the six days' employ,—
Then all the Sons of GOD shouted for joy.

Still let them succour us ; still let them fight,
LORD of angelic hosts, battling for right,
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the Angels may bow and adore.

CANON FOR ASCENSION DAY

ODE I

ἀνέστης τριήμερος.

AFTER three days Thou didst rise
 Visible to mortal eyes :
 First the Eleven worshipped Thee,—
 Then the rest in Galilee :
 Then a cloud in glory bore
 Thee to Thine own native shore.

B oldly David pour'd the strain :
 God ascends to Heav'n again :
 With the trumpet's pealing note
 Alleluias round Him float ;
 As He now, by hard-won right,
 Seeks the Fount of purest Light !

C rime on crime, and grief on grief,
 Left the world without relief :
 Now that aged, languid race,
 God hath quickened by His grace :
 As Thy going up we see,
 Glory to Thy Glory be !

*Catavasia.**θείῳ καλυφθείς.*

D arkness and awe, when Sinai's top he trod,
 Taught him of faltering tongue the Law of God :
 The mist was scattered from his spirit's eye,
 He prais'd and hymn'd the Maker of the sky,
 When He That is and was and shall be, passed by.

ODE III

ἐπάρατε πυλάς.

"E XALT, exalt the Heavenly Gates,
 Ye chiefs of mighty name !
 The Lord and King of all things waits,
 Enrob'd in earthly frame."
 So to the higher seats they cry,
 The humbler legions of the sky.

S. Joseph
 of the
 Studium.
 Acrostic
 arrangement
 preserved.
 See Introduc-
 tion, p. 221.
 All the
 Catavasiae are
 in Iambics.

- F** or Adam's sake, by Serpent-guile
 Distress'd, deceiv'd, o'erthrown.
 Thou left'st Thy native Home awhile,
 Thou left'st the FATHER's Throne :
 Now he is deck'd afresh with grace,
 Thou seek'st once more the Heav'nly place.
- G** lad festal keeps the earth to-day,
 Glad festal Heav'n is keeping :
 The Ascension-pomp, in bright array,
 Goes proudly sky-ward sweeping :
 The LORD the mighty deed hath done,
 And join'd the severed into one.

Catavasia.

ἑρῶντε γαστήρος.

S. Joseph
 of the
 Stadium.

- H** er fetters of the barren womb it rent,
 It crush'd the malice of the insolent,
 The cry of her—the prophetess, who brought
 A contrite spirit, and a humble thought
 To Him, Who bids His Throne by earnest prayer
 be sought.

ODE IV

Ἰησοῦς ὁ ζωοδότης.

- J** ESUS, LORD of Life Eternal,
 Taking those He lov'd the best,
 Stood upon the Mount of Olives,
 And His Own the last time blest :
 Then, though He had never left it,
 Sought again His FATHER's breast.
- K** nit is now our flesh to Godhead,
 Knit in everlasting bands :
 Call the world to highest festal :
 Floods and oceans, clap your hands :
 Angels, raise the song of triumph !
 Make response, ye distant lands !
- L** oosing Death with all its terrors
 Thou ascended'st up on high ;

And to mortals, now Immortal,
 Gavest immortality :
 As Thine own Disciples saw Thee
 Mounting victor to the sky !

Catavasia.

M onarch of monarchs, Sole of Sole, to Thee,
 WORD, Glorious in Thy FATHER's Majesty,
 And sending Thy co-equal SPIRIT bright
 To teach, to comfort, and to guide aright,
 Thine own Apostles sang : All glory to Thy might !

ODE V

νεκρώσας τὸν θάνατον.

N ow that Death by death hath found his ending,
 Thou dost call to Thee Thy loved Eleven ;
 And from holy Olivet ascending
 On a cloud art carried up to Heaven.

O that wondrous Birth ! that wondrous Rising !
 That more wondrous mounting to the sky !
 So Elias, earthly things despising,
 In a fiery chariot went on high.

P arted from Him, still they watch'd His going :
 " Why stand gazing thus ? " the Angel said :
 " This same JESUS, all His glory showing,
 Shall return to judge the quick and dead."

Catavasia.

Q uicken'd and cleans'd, receive remission new
 In the descending SPIRIT's fiery dew,
 Sons of the Church, and light-formed generation !
 For lo ! the law goes forth from Sion's nation,
 The cloven tongues of flame, the PARACLETE's salvation !

ODE VI

θανάτωσαν ἡμῖν ἀνθρώπων.

R AIN down, ye heav'ns, eternal bliss !
 The Cherub-cloud to-day
 Bears JESUS where His Father is,
 Along the starry way !

S. Joseph
 of the
 Studium.

S under'd of old were Heaven and Earth :
 But Thou, Incarnate King !
 Hast made them one by that Thy Birth,
 And this Thy triumphing.

" T hy victor-vestment, wherefore red ?
 What mean the marks of pain
 That print Thy form ?"—the Angels said,
 The ascending Monarch's train.

Catavasia.

V ery Oblation, by the scourges torn !
 Nailed to the bitter Cross, O Virgin-born !
 As once the Prophet from the monster's maw,
 So now Thy love, accomplishing the Law,
 Adam from utter death to perfect Life would draw.

Oikos.

τὰ τῆς γῆς ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς.

S. Joseph
 of the
 Studium.

V anities earthly in earth will we lay,
 Ashes with ashes, the dust with the clay :
 Lift up the heart, and the eye, and the love,
 Lift up thyself, to the regions above :
 Since the Immortal hath entered of late,
 Mortals may pass at the heavenly gate.
 Stand we on Olivet : mark Him ascend,
 Whose is the glory and might without end ;
 There, with His own ones, the Giver of Good,
 Blessing them once more, a little while stood.
 " Nothing can part us,—nor distance, nor foes ;
 Lo ! I am for you, and who can oppose ? "

ODE VII

φωτεινὴ σε, φῶς.

W AFTING Him up on high,
 The glorious cloud receives
 The LORD of Immortality,
 And earth the Victor leaves :
 The Heavenly People raise the strain,
 The Apostles pour the hymn again ;—
 GOD of our Fathers, Thou art blest !

- Y** e faithful, tell your joys !
 All hearts with gladness bound !
 God is gone up with a merry noise,—
 The LORD with the trumpet's sound !
 To Him we cry, by woes once tried,
 Now glorious at the FATHER's side,—
 God of our Fathers, Thou art blest !
- Z** ealous for God of yore,
 With zeal still Moses burns :
 " Come, Heavenly Spirits, and adore
 The Victor Who returns :
 Rise, Angel legions, rise and sing
 The ancient hymn to greet the King,—
 God of our Fathers, Thou art blest ! "
- J** oin'd with the trumpet-peal, the din and shout
 Cornet, flute, sackbut, dulcimer rang out,
 And bade adore the golden deity :
 The SPIRIT's gentler voice gives praise to Thee,
O co-eternal One—O consubstantial Three !

ODE VIII

τὸν ἐν δυοῖ ταῖς οὐσίαις.

- O** f twofold natures, CHRIST, the Giver
 Of immortality and love,
 Ascendeth to the FATHER's glory,
 Ascendeth to the Throne above :
 Wherefore He, this glorious morn,
 Be by all ador'd :
 Thou That liftest up our horn,
 Holy art Thou, LORD !
- S** laves are set free, and captives ransom'd :
 The Nature that He made at first
 He now presenteth to the FATHER,
 The chains of her damnation burst :
 This the cause that He was born,
 Adam's race restor'd :
 Thou That liftest up our horn,
 Holy art Thou, LORD !

S. Joseph
 of the
 Studium.

E mptied awhile of all His brightness,
 He enter'd thus the glorious fight;
 O'erthrew the foe, mankind exalted
 Far above every Pow'r and Might:
 Therefore bare He pains and scorn,
 Calvary's heart-blood pour'd:—
 Thou That liftest up our horn,
 Holy art Thou, LORD!

Catavasia.

P raising the LORD they stood, the Martyr Three,
 Untouch'd amidst the fire, and wholly free:
 With them associate, let the world's wide frame
 To Him Whose healing dew restrain'd the flame,
 Send up the hymn of praise, and magnify His Name!

ODE IX

ὁ τῶν δωδεῶν.

S. Joseph
 of the
 Studium.

H OLY gift, surpassing comprehension!
 Wond'rous mystery of each fiery tongue!
 CHRIST made good His Promise in Ascension:
 O'er the Twelve the cloven flames have hung!
S ake the LORD, or ere He left the Eleven:
 "Here in Salem wait the Gift I send:
 Till the PARACLETE come down from Heaven:
 Everlasting Guide and Guard and Friend."
O that shame, now ended in that glory!
 Pain untold, now lost in joy unknown!
 Tell it out with praise, the whole glad story,
 Human nature at the FATHER'S Throne!

Catavasia.

D eclare, ye Angel Bands that dwell on high,
 How saw ye Him, the Victor, drawing nigh?
 What strange new visions burst upon your sight?
 One in the Form of Man, That claims by right
 The very Throne of GOD, the unapproached Light!

Exapostellarion.

E ternal! After Thine own will
 Thou born in time would'st be:
 After the self-same counsel still
 Was Thine Epiphany:

Thou in our flesh didst yield Thy breath,
 Immortal GOD, for man :
 Thou by Thy death didst conquer Death,
 Through Thine Almighty plan :
 Thou, rising Victor to the sky,
 Fill'st Heav'n and earth above :
 And send'st the Promise from on high,
 The SPIRIT of Thy love !

CENTO FROM THE SUPPLIANT CANON TO JESUS

Ἰησοῦ γλυκύτερε.

JESU, Name all names above,
 JESU, best and dearest,
 JESU, Fount of perfect love,
 Holiest, tenderest, nearest ;
 JESU, source of grace completest,
 JESU purest, JESU sweetest,
 JESU, Well of power Divine,
 Make me, keep me, seal me Thine !

S. Theoctistus
 of the
 Studium, circ.
 890.

JESU, open me the gate
 That of old he enter'd,
 Who, in that most lost estate,
 Wholly on Thee ventur'd ;
 Thou, Whose Wounds are ever pleading,
 And Thy Passion interceding,
 From my misery let me rise
 To a Home in Paradise !

Thou didst call the Prodigal :
 Thou didst pardon Mary :
 Thou Whose words can never fall,
 Love can never vary :
 LORD, to heal my lost condition
 Give—for Thou can'st give—contrition
 Thou can'st pardon all mine ill
 If Thou wilt : O say, " I will ! "

Woe, that I have turned aside
 After fleshly pleasure !
 Woe, that I have never tried
 For the Heavenly Treasure !

Treasure, safe in Home supernal;
Incorruptible, eternal !

Treasure no less price hath won
Than the Passion of The SON !

JESU, crown'd with Thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing, through agony,
That Thy good confession !

JESU, clad in purple raiment,
For my evils making payment;
Let not all Thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary, be in vain !

When I reach Death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me
As the storm draws nigher :

JESU, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish !
Tell me,—“ Verily I say,
Thou shalt be with Me to-day ! ”

FROM THE CANON FOR SUNDAY OF THE SECOND TONE

τριφυγγὴς Μονὰς θεαρχικῇ.

S. Metrophanes
of Smyrna,
circ. 910.

O UNITY of Threefold Light,
Send out Thy loveliest ray,
And scatter our transgressions' night,
And turn it into day;
Make us those temples pure and fair,
Thy glory loveth well,
The spotless tabernacles, where
Thou may'st vouchsafe to dwell !
The glorious hosts of peerless might
That ever see Thy Face,
Thou mak'st the mirrors of Thy Light,
The vessels of Thy grace :
Thou, when their wond'rous strain they weave,
Hast pleasure in the lay :
Deign thus our praises to receive,
Albeit from lips of clay !

And yet Thyself they cannot know,
 Nor pierce the veil of light
 That hides Thee from the Thrones below,
 As in profoundest night :
 How then can mortal accents frame
 Due tribute to the King ?
 Thou, only, while we praise Thy Name,
Forgive us as we sing !

APPENDIX

κόπον τε καὶ κάματον.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distrest ?
 " Come to me "—saith One—" and coming,
 Be at rest ! "

Respecting
 this and the
 two following
 hymns, see
 Preface, p. 219.

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my Guide ?
 " In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,
 And His Side."

After
 S. Stephen
 the Sabaité.

Is there Diadem, as Monarch,
 That His Brow adorns ?
 " Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
 But of Thorns ! "

If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here ?
 " Many a sorrow, many a labour,
 Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last ?
 " Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
 Jordan past ! "

If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay ?
 " Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away ! "

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless ?
 " Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
 Answer, Yes ! "

THE PILGRIMS OF JESUS

After
S. Joseph of
the Studium.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With JESUS as your Fellow
To JESUS as your Head !

O happy, if ye labour
As JESUS did for men :
O happy, if ye hunger
As JESUS hunger'd then !

The Cross that JESUS carried
He carried as your due :
The Crown that JESUS weareth
He weareth it for you.

The Faith by which ye see Him,
The Hope, in which ye yearn,
The Love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—

What are they, but vaunt-couriers
To lead you to His Sight ?
What are they, save the effluence
Of Uncreated Light ?

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That Death alone can cure,—

What are they, but His jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to Heav'n on earth ?

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies ;—
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize !

THE RETURN HOME

SAFE home, safe home in port !
 —Rent cordage, shattered deck,
 Torn sails, provisions short,
 And only not a wreck :
 But oh ! the joy upon the shore
 To tell our voyage-perils o'er !

The prize, the prize secure !
 The athlete nearly fell ;
 Bare all he *could* endure,
 And bare not always well :
 But he may smile at troubles gone
 Who sets the victor-garland on !

No more the foe can harm :
 No more of leaguer'd camp,
 And cry of night-alarm,
 And need of ready lamp :
 And yet how nearly he had failed,—
 How nearly had that foe prevailed !

The lamb is in the fold
 In perfect safety penn'd :
 The lion once had hold,
 And thought to make an end :
 But One came by with Wounded Side,
 And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at Home !
 —O nights and days of tears,
 O longings not to roam,
 O sins, and doubts, and fears,—
 What matter now (when so men say)
 The King has wip'd those tears away ?

O happy, happy Bride !
 Thy widow'd hours are past,
 The Bridegroom at thy side,
 Thou all His own at last !
 The sorrows of thy former cup
 In full fruition swallow'd up.

After
 S. Joseph of
 the Stadium.

FOR THE PURIFICATION

OR, AS THE EASTERN CHURCH CALLS IT, THE
HYPERPANTE, THE MEETING, THAT IS, OF OUR
LORD BY SIMEON AND ANNA

Ἀπὸ βηθλεὲμ παζέλδα.

An Ode of
S. Sophronius
of Jerusalem.

From
"S. Margaret's
Hymnal."

Now from Bethlehem let us fare,
With the Virgin Mother there,
To the Temple undefiled,
Bearing in her arms the Child.

Hither, Luke, the Gospel bring !
Hither, seer, and strike the string !
That the Babe so newly born,
Twofold anthem may adorn.

Equal to the Father He,
God of God, in Deity,
Mary's equal yet again,
Mortal born of mortal strain.

Whence His person unconfounded,
Meetly may we call compounded,
For two perfect natures we
After that great union see.

To His Father's House is CHRIST ascending,
On our Master's let our steps be tending,
To His Father, God on high,
As a Babe He draweth nigh,
Haste and bear Him company !

SECTION IV
CAROLS

CAROLS FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE, BY
REV. THOMAS HELMORE AND
REV. J. M. NEALE, 1853

FROM THE PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

THE want of a good and cheap collection of *Christmas Carols* must have been felt by most parish priests; the present is an attempt to supply the deficiency.

We have felt with regard to these, what is now generally allowed with respect to hymns, that it is impossible at one stretch to produce a quantity of new carols, of which words and music shall alike be original. They must be the gradual accumulation of centuries; the offerings of different epochs, of different countries, of different minds, to the same treasury of the Church. None but an empiric would venture to *make* a set to order.

We are not about to enter into the origin and nature of carols: how far they partake of the character of the sequence—how far of the hymn—how far of the *Lay*. It will be sufficient to observe that, scattered over the whole of mediæval Europe, there were a certain number of these compositions—the ground-work of words and music being the same; but certain national peculiarities, in the course of ages, finding their way into both. They belong, exclusively, to no one portion of the Western Church—though one carol might be more popular here, and another there. They were generally in Latin—often had a vernacular translation—and were sometimes composed in a *patois* of the two.

Of these ancient melodies we have selected twelve, which, set to imitations of the original words, we now offer to the Church of England. The *immediate* source from which we derive them is the very rare *Pis Cantiones*, published for the use of the Lutheran communion in Sweden, in the year 1852.

The words, for the most part, are only free imitations: sometimes of the carol in hand, sometimes of others. Those of two, *Good King Wenceslas* and *Toll! Toll!* are, as it will be seen, original.

CAROLS FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE

Published in
1853. Novello.

I

ECCE NOVUM GAUDIUM.

HERE is joy for ev'ry age,
Ev'ry generation :
Prince and peasant, chief and sage
Ev'ry tongue and nation :
Ev'ry tongue and nation,
Ev'ry rank and station,
Hath to-day salvation :
Alleluia !

18th century.
A translation,
or free imitation,
as are
most of the
following.

When the world drew near its close.
Came our LORD and Leader ;
From the Lily sprang the Rose,
From the Bush the Cedar :
From the Bush the Cedar,
From the judg'd the Pleader,
From the faint the Feeder :
Alleluia !

God, that came on earth this morn,
In a manger lying,
Hallow'd birth by being born,
Vanquish'd death by dying :
Vanquish'd death by dying,
Rallied back the flying,
Ended sin and sighing :
Alleluia !

II

OMNIS MUNDUS JOCUNDETUR.

14th century.

EARTHLY friends will change and falter,
 Earthly hearts will vary :
 He is born that cannot alter,
 Of the Virgin Mary.
 Born to-day, Raise the lay :
 Born to-day, Twine the bay :
 JESUS CHRIST is born to suffer,
 Born for you :
 Born for you : Holly strew :
 JESUS CHRIST was born to conquer,
 Born to save :
 Born to save : Laurel wave :
 JESUS CHRIST was born to govern,
 Born a King :
 Born a King : Bay-wreaths bring :
 JESUS CHRIST was born of Mary,
 Born for all !
 Well befall Hearth and Hall !
 JESUS CHRIST was born at Christmas,
 Born for all.

III

ANGELUS EMITTITUR.

" This seems
 to be of the
 13th century."

GABRIEL's message does away
 Satan's curse and Satan's sway :
 This was wrought by Christmas Day :
 Therefore sing,
 Glory to the Infant King !

He that comes despis'd shall reign :
 He that cannot die, be slain ;
 Death by death its death shall gain :
 Therefore sing,
 Glory to the Infant King !

Like its like shall overthrow :
 By a tree prevailed the Foe ;
 From a tree shall healing grow :

Therefore sing,
 Glory to the Infant King !

Man was lost a garden in ;
 In a garden man shall win ;
 Woman's faith end woman's sin :

Therefore sing,
 Glory to the Infant King !

Weakness shall the strong confound :
 By the hands, in babe-clothes wound
 Adam's chains shall be unbound :

Therefore sing,
 Glory to the Infant King !

By the sword that was his own,
 By that sword, and that alone,
 Shall Goliath be o'erthrown :

Therefore sing,
 Glory to the Infant King !

Art by art shall be assail'd ;
 To the Cross shall life be nail'd ;
 From the grave shall hope be hail'd :

Therefore sing,
 Glory to the Infant King !

Gabriel's message does away
 Satan's curse and Satan's sway ;
 This was wrought on Christmas Day :

Therefore sing,
 Glory to the Infant King !

IV

RESONET IN LAUDIBUS.

CHRIST was born on Christmas Day ;
 Wreath the holly, twine the bay ;
Christus natus hodie :
 The Babe, the SON, the Holy One of Mary.

" Probably of
 the 18th
 century. It
 was popular all
 over Europe."

He is born to set us free,
 He is born our Lord to be,
Ex Mariâ Virgine :
 The GOD, the LORD, by all ador'd for ever.
 Let the bright red berries glow
 Ev'rywhere in goodly show;
Christus natus hodie :
 The Babe, the SON, the Holy One of Mary.
 Christian men, rejoice and sing;
 'Tis the birthday of a King,
Ex Mariâ Virgine :
 The GOD, the LORD, by all ador'd for ever.
 Night of sadness;
 Morn of gladness
 Evermore :
 Ever, Ever :
 After many troubles sore,
 Morn of gladness evermore and evermore.
 Midnight scarcely pass'd and over,
 Drawing to this holy morn,
 Very early, very early
 CHRIST was born.
 Sing out with bliss,
 His name is this ;
 Emmanuel :
 As was foretold
 In days of old
 By Gabriel.
 Midnight scarcely pass'd and over,
 Drawing to this holy morn,
 Very early, very early
 CHRIST was born.

V

AVE, MARIS STELLA, DEITATIS CELLA.

EARTH to-day rejoices,
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Death can hurt no more ;
 And celestial voices,
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Tell that sin is o'er.

14th century
 " This carol,
 like several
 others, borrows
 in the Latin
 original the
 world-famous
 first line."

David's sling destroys the foe :
 Samson lays the temple low :
 War and strife are done ;
 God and Man are one.

Reconciliation,
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Peace that lasts for aye ;
 Gladness and salvation,
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Came on Christmas Day.
 Gideon's Fleece is wet with dew :
 Solomon is crown'd anew :
 War and strife are done ;
 God and Man are one.

Though the cold grows stronger,
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
 Though the world loves night ;
 Yet the days grow longer,
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
 CHRIST is born, our Light.
 Now the Dial's type is learnt :
 Burns the Bush that is not burnt :
 War and strife are done ;
 God and Man are one.

VI

IN DULCI JUBILO.

Good Christian men, rejoice
 With heart, and soul, and voice ;
 Give ye heed to what we say :
 News ! News !
 JESUS CHRIST is born to-day :
 Ox and ass before Him bow,
 And He is in the manger now.
 CHRIST is born to-day ! CHRIST is born to-day !

" A Patois-
 Carol, perhaps
 14th century."

Good Christian men, rejoice
 With heart, and soul, and voice ;
 Now ye hear of endless bliss :
 Joy ! Joy !

JESUS CHRIST was born for this !
 He hath oped the heav'nly door,
 And man is blessed evermore.
 CHRIST was born for this ! CHRIST was born for this !

Good Christian men, rejoice
 With heart, and soul, and voice ;
 Now ye need not fear the grave :
 Peace ! Peace !
 JESUS CHRIST was born to save !
 Calls you one, and calls you all,
 To gain His everlasting hall :
 CHRIST was born to save ! CHRIST was born to save !

VII

CONGAUDEAT TURBA FIDELIUM.

"Of the 11th century. The English words and the refrain 'In Bethlehem' are in close accordance with the original."

FROM church to church the bells' glad tidings run :
 A Virgin hath conceiv'd, and borne a Son
 In Bethlehem.

And Angel-hosts, the midnight of His Birth,
 Sang "Glory be to God, and peace on earth,"
 In Bethlehem.

"Now go we forth, and see this wondrous thing,"
 The Shepherds said, "and seek the new-born King
 In Bethlehem."

Then Herod sought the Royal Son to slay,
 Who rather should have come to kneel and pray
 In Bethlehem.

The Star went leading on from East to West :
 The Wise men follow'd, till they saw it rest
 In Bethlehem.

Their frankincense, and myrrh, and gold they bring,
 To hail the GOD, the Mortal, and the King,
 In Bethlehem.

With threefold gifts the Threefold God three praise,
 Who thus vouchsaf'd the sons of man to raise,
 In Bethlehem.

VIII

IN HOC ANNI CIRCULO.

In the ending of the year
 Life and light to man appear;
 And the Holy Babe is here,
 De Virgine ;
 And the Holy Babe is here,
 De Virgine Mariâ.

What in ancient days was slain
 This day calls to life again;
 God is coming, God shall reign,
 De Virgine ;
 God is coming, God shall reign,
 De Virgine Mariâ.

From the desert grew the corn,
 Sprang the lily from the thorn,
 When the Infant King was born,
 De Virgine ;
 When the Infant King was born,
 De Virgine Mariâ.

On the straw He lays His head,
 Hath a manger for His bed,
 Thirsts and hungers and is fed
 De Virgine ;
 Thirsts and hungers and is fed
 De Virgine Mariâ.

Angel hosts His praises sing,
 Three Wise men their off'rings bring,
 Ox and ass adore the King,
 Cum Virgine ;
 Ox and ass adore the King,
 Cum Virgine Mariâ.

Wherefore let us all to-day
 Banish sorrow far away,
 Singing and exulting aye,
 Cum Virgine ;
 Singing and exulting aye,
 Cum Virgine Mariâ.

"One of the most popular of Christmas Carols, and is found with greater variations than almost any other. There is scarcely a European language which has not had an ancient translation." See another version in "Medieval Hymns," p. 55.

IX

DIES EST LÆTITIA.

Of the 15th
or 16th
century. A
great favourite
all over
Europe.
Germany
and Holland
had ancient
translations.
Luther re-
garded it as
inspired.
See version of
original in
"Medieval
Hymns," p. 65.

ROYAL DAY that chasest gloom,
Day by gladness speeded :
Thou beheld'st from Mary's womb
How the King proceeded :
Very GOD, Who made the sky,
Set the sun and stars on high,
Heav'n and earth sustaining :
Very man, Who freely bare
Toil and sorrow, woe and care,
Man's salvation gaining.

As the sun-beam through the glass
Passeth, but not staineth ;
Thus the Virgin, as she was,
Virgin still remaineth ;
Blessed Mother ! in whose womb
Lay the Light that exiles gloom,
God to earth descending :
Blessed Maid ! whose spotless breast
Gives the King of Glory rest,
Nurture, warmth, and tending.

CHRIST, Who mad'st us out of dust,
Breath and spirit giving :
CHRIST, from Whose dear steps we must
Pattern take of living :
CHRIST, Who camest once to save
From the curse and from the grave,
Healing, light'ning, cheering :
CHRIST, Who now wast made as we,
Grant that we may be like Thee
In Thy next appearing.

X

IN VERNALI TEMPORE.

" A spring
carol, probably
of the be-
ginning of the
15th century."

O'ER the hill and o'er the vale,
Come three Kings together,
Caring nought for snow and hail,
Cold and wind and weather ;

Now on Persia's sandy plains,
Now where Tigris swells with rains,
 They their camels tether :
Now through Syrian lands they go,
Now through Moab, faint and slow,
 Now o'er Edom's heather.

O'er the hill and o'er the vale,
 Each King bears a present ;
Wise men go a Child to hail,
 Monarchs seek a Peasant :
And a star in front proceeds,
Over rocks and rivers leads,
 Shines with beams incessant :
Therefore onward, onward still !
Ford the stream and climb the hill :
 Love makes all things pleasant.

He is God ye go to meet :
 Therefore incense proffer :
He is King ye go to greet ;
 Gold is in your coffer.
Also Man, He comes to share
Ev'ry woe that man can bear ;
 Tempter, railer, scoffer :
Therefore now, against the day
In the grave when Him they lay,
 Myrrh ye also offer.

XI

TEMPUS ADEST FLORIDUM.

Good King Wenceslas look'd out,
 On the Feast of Stephen ;
When the snow lay round about,
 Deep, and crisp, and even :
Brightly shone the moon that night,
 Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
 Gath'ring winter fuel.

" A spring
carol of the
18th century."
Words original

" Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he ?
Where and what his dwelling ? "
" Sire, he lives a good league hence.
Underneath the mountain ;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

" Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither :
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together ;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

" Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger ;
Fails my heart, I know not how ;
I can go no longer."
" Mark my footsteps, good my page ;
Tread thou in them boldly :
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted ;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

[Wherefore, Christian people, know,
Who my lay are hearing,
He who cheers another's woe
Shall himself find cheering.]

Alternative
last four lines
by author.

XII

PSALLAT SCHOLARUM CONCIO.

TOLL ! TOLL ! because there ends to-night,
 An Empire old and vast :
 An Empire of unquestion'd right,
 O'er present and o'er past.

Toll !

Stretching wide from East to West,
 Ruling over every breast,
 Each nation, tongue, and caste.

Toll ! Toll ! because a monarch dies,
 Whose tyrant statutes ran
 From polar snows to tropic skies,
 From Greenland to Japan :

Toll !

Crowded cities, lonely glens,
 Ocean, mountains, shores, and fens,
 All own'd him Lord of man.

Toll ! Toll ! because that monarch fought
 Right fiercely for his own ;
 And utmost craft and valour brought,
 Before he was o'erthrown :

Toll !

He the Lord, and man the slave :
 His the kingdom of the grave,
 And all its dim unknown.

Joy ! Joy ! because a Babe is born,
 Who after many a toil,
 The scorner's pride shall laugh to scorn,
 And work the Foiler's foil :

Joy !

GOD, as Man, the earth hath trod :
 Therefore man shall be as GOD,
 And reap the Spoiler's spoil !

" Probably
 latter half of
 the 15th
 century.
 Words original.

See note at
 end of section,
 p. 314.

CAROLS FOR EASTER-TIDE

FROM THE PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION OF EASTER CAROLS, 1854

ALTHOUGH, at the present day, carols for Christmas are the only compositions of that kind which popular tradition has retained, every one who possesses the slightest acquaintance with hymnology is aware that those for Easter were at least as common in mediæval times.

The following carols are an attempt to revive the ancient practice. They do not profess to be translations of mediæval poems, but it is hoped that they are tolerably close imitations of the general spirit and character of such Paschal hymns.

A wish has been expressed in several quarters, that we had printed the original, as well as the imitation, in our Christmas carols. The likeness between the two was scarcely sufficiently strong to make such a course practicable: inasmuch as in one of our own we might probably have been alluding to three or four different mediæval compositions. And the same reason applies with even more force in the present collection. Nevertheless, as an example of the way in which these carols are founded on earlier ones, we will give an instance, in parallel columns, of the originals and the imitation. The references, which might be almost indefinitely multiplied, may be sufficient to show that we have at least endeavoured to keep close to the spirit of mediæval carols.

T. H.
J. M. N.

April 4, 1854.

See p. 314.
end of Carol
Section.

CAROLS FOR EASTER-TIDE

Published 1854.
Novello.

I

VANITATUM VANITAS.

LET the merry church bells ring,
Hence with tears and sighing;
Frost and cold have fled from Spring,
Life hath conquered dying :
Flowers are smiling, fields are gay,
Sunny is the weather :
With our rising LORD to-day
All things rise together.

Probably of
the 15th
century and
of northern
origin, as also
Carols II and
III.

Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising Him, with Whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple :
Sounds of joy come fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter ;
Resurrexit, non est hic
Is the strain they utter.

Let the past of grief be past ;
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day He liveth :
Mourning heart must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it ;
Since the very grave can say,
Christus resurrexit.

II

O CHRISTE REX PISSIME

15th century.

THE world itself keeps Easter Day,
 And Easter larks are singing;
 And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
 And Easter buds are springing :

Alleluia, Alleluia :

The LORD of all things lives anew,
 And all His works are rising too :
 Alleluia, Alleluia !

There stood three Marys by the tomb,
 On Easter morning early :
 When day had scarcely chas'd the gloom,
 And dew was white and pearly :

Alleluia, Alleluia :

With loving but with erring mind,
 They came the Prince of Life to find :
 Alleluia, Alleluia !

But earlier still the angel sped,
 His news of comfort giving;
 And " Why," he said, " among the dead
 Thus seek ye for the Living ? "

Alleluia, Alleluia ;

" Go, tell them all, and make them blest ;
 Tell Peter first, and then the rest. "

Alleluia, Alleluia !

But one, and one alone, remain'd,
 With love that could not vary ;
 And thus a joy past joy she gain'd,
 That sometime sinner, Mary ;

Alleluia, Alleluia :

The first the dear, dear form to see
 Of Him that hung upon the Tree :
 Alleluia, Alleluia !

The world itself keeps Easter Day,
Saint Joseph's Star is beaming ;
Saint Alice has her primrose gay,
Saint George's Bells are gleaming ;
 Alleluia, Alleluia :

The LORD hath ris'n, as all things tell :
 Good Christians, see ye rise as well !
 Alleluia, Alleluia !

III

AVE MARIS STELLA, DEITATIS CELLA.

LET us tell the story,
 How shame led on to glory ;
 How the Foe defying,
 Joy was born from sighing,
 Strength from weakness, living sprang from dying :
 The LORD is King—the LORD bears sway :
 The LORD hath made this glorious day
 Of Easter.

15th century.

Now upon Mount Sion
 Upriseth Judah's Lion ;
 Now His might He showeth,
 Mighty ones o'erthroweth,
 Conq'ring and to conquer, forth He goeth :
 And Heav'n above and Earth below
 One common Alleluia know
 At Easter.

Ev'ry earthly battle
 Is fought with armour's rattle,
 And with war-steeds prancing,
 And with helmets glancing,
 And with pennons in the breezes dancing :
 Another foe, another fight,
 Was fought before the morning light
 At Easter.

Single warfare waging,
 Embattled hosts engaging,
 He, by none assisted,
 He, by all resisted,
 Met and conquered Hell, for conflict listed ;
 On Friday last His sword He drew ;
 The vanquished foe He overthrew
 At Easter.

IV

HOMO QUIDAM REX NOBILIS.

"Of the 16th century. It is still a popular Lutheran tune."

GIVE ear, give ear, good Christian men
The lay is worth a hearing :
We tell how grief hath ended woe,
And fear hath finished fearing;
And pain that lasted for a day
Hath brought eternal cheering !

Was ever battle won like this,—
Where He that lost was gaining :
And He that fell was triumphing,
And He that died was reigning :
And He that held the Reed of Scorn,
A Sceptre was obtaining ?

The winner then had such a foil
As crush'd him down for ever :
The wise was taken in his craft,
The strong in his endeavour :
And He, the Slain, was Victor still,
And he that slew Him, never.

Give ear, give ear, good Christian men !
The riddle is expounded ;
From north to south, from east to west,
Its meaning shall be sounded :
On Easter Day was fought the fight,
Whereon the Crown is founded !

V

PSALLAT FIDELIS CONCIO.

"This is not properly speaking a carol, but a sequence . . . an imitation of the sequences of Adam of S. Victor."

A SONG, a song, our Chief to greet,
Our King to meet,
Returning in His glory :
A song of those that went before,
In days of yore,
And shadowed out His story.

While Gaza's guards their vigils kept,
In Gaza's homes our Samson slept
The quiet sleep of mortals :
But rising up at midnight, tore
The brazen hinges from the door,
And bore away the portals.

See also note
at end of
section, p. 314.

By many a hostile chief and band
Our Jephtha was assaulted ;
To be the Lord of all the land
Our Joseph is exalted :
Now David's Son and David's Lord
Hath fac'd the giant dreaded,
And with Goliath's own great sword
Goliath hath beheaded.

With pitcher and with burning lamp,
He march'd to storm th' invader's camp—
Our own, our royal Gideon ;
The mortal pitcher shattered sore,
The Godhead's lamp to ruin bore
The vanquish'd host of Midian.

Joshua leading, God preceding,
Israel stems the river :
Down Mount Tabor, Barak's sabre
Glitters to deliver.

Alleluia, Alleluia ;
Desert Edom owns our freedom
Thro' the blood-red waters :
David reigneth, and obtaineth
Joy for Sion's daughters.

Jehoshaphat returns in peace,
By shouting myriads followed :
And Jonah finds his glad release,
Whom late the monster swallowed ;
He glories o'er Assyria's fall,
Our Victor Ezekias :
By night he visits Salem's wall,
Our truer Nehemias.
Alleluia, Alleluia !

Lord of breath,
 Lord of death,
 Lord of things celestial and infernal,
 Guide and speed,
 Guard and feed,
 By the living waters lead,
 And the flowers eternal.

We, as yet, are toiling sore
 On the sea's rough surges :
 Thou art standing on the shore,
 Where no troubles vex Thee more,
 Where no tempest urges.

Thou, Thou be nigh,
 While our vessel seeks the port :
 Thou, Thou on high,
 Crown us in Thy royal Court.

Thou hast conquer'd, let us win :
 Thou hast enter'd, take us in :
 Thou hast vanquish'd Death and Sin,
 Up to Heav'n ascending :
 Let us all with Thee ascend :
 Grant us after Thee to tend,
 Thee the Way to Thee the End :
 End that hast no ending.
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia !

VI

CHRISTUS PRO NOBIS PASSUS EST.

This was a
 Passion Carol.

SING Alleluia, all ye lands !
 Ye floods and oceans clap your hands !
 The King returns from glorious fight,
 Whose arms have shatter'd Satan's might :
 Our gladdest song shall therefore be
 That GOD WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE !

The sling and five smooth stones have slain
 The giant on the battle-plain :
 And Holofernes' falchion dread
 Hath severed Holofernes' head :
 Our Chief is crowned, for slain was He
 When GOD WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE !

Alone, despis'd, and set at nought,
 The press He trod, the fight He fought :
 Alone He crush'd the dragon down,
 And so alone He wears the Crown :
 The sun is bright, the clouds must flee,
 For GOD WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE !

Jerusalem, arise and shine !
 The glory of the Lord is thine :
 The Victor's Crown, the Royal Throne,
 Are all His gift, and all thine own ;
 For all of His thine own shall be,
 Since GOD WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE !

The allusion
 is to the old
 reading of
 Psalm xvi.
 10, so often
 quoted by
 early writers
 in their
 controversies
 with the Jews :
 " Tell it out
 among the
 nations, the
 Lord hath
 reigned from
 the Tree."

VII

O SCHOLARES VOCE PARES.

DAYS grow longer, sunbeams stronger,
 Easter-tide makes all things new ;
 Lent is banish'd, sadness vanish'd :
 CHRIST hath risen, rise we too !
 Christmas meetings, Twelfth-night greetings,
 Whitsun sports are glad and gay ;
 But the lightest and the brightest
 Of our feasts is Easter Day.

Earthly story crowns with glory
 Him who earthly foes o'ercame :
 Victor's laurel ends the quarrel,
 Honour dwells about His name :
 Vanquished legions, conquered regions,
 Kings depos'd and princes bound,—
 Exultation, acclamation,
 Fill His ears and float around.

A school
 carol, German
 in its origin,
 perhaps of the
 15th century.

Then unending and transcending
 Be the glory of the SON :
 For transcendent and resplendent
 Was the vict'ry He hath won :
 Death hath yielded, life is shielded,
 Satan bound, and Hell in chains :
 Chas'd is terror, fled is error,
 Grief is past and joy remains.

VIII

IN STADIO LABORIS.

15th century.

THE morning of Salvation,
 And the Queen of days is here,
 The Feast of every nation,
 And the Feast of every year :
 Pardon comes, failing never,
 Peace is gained, gained for ever :
 Sin no more God and man shall sever.

For Pharaoh and our foemen,
 Horse and chariot, prince and slave,
 His spearmen and his bowmen
 Hurried down to dare the wave.
 Helmets gleam'd, trumpets sounded :
 Grief and joy rose confounded :
 Horses pranc'd, chariots jump'd and bounded.

All night their efforts doubled :
 On they came with scoff and boast ;
 'Till God look'd forth, and troubled
 All the bravest of their host.
 Then the strong met the Stronger ;
 Vengeance then slept no longer ;
 Then the Wrong'd triumphed o'er the wronger.

True Moses of Thy people ;
 Thy renown and hard-won fame
 They ring from every steeple,
 And in every church proclaim :
 Victor o'er bands infernal,
 King amidst Pow'rs supernal,
 Lead us on, up to joys eternal !

IX

PERSONENT HODIE.

LET the song be begun,
For the battle is done,
And the victory won :
And the foe is scatter'd,
And the prison shatter'd :
 Sing of joy, joy, joy ;
 Sing of joy, joy ;
And to-day
Raise the lay,
 Gloria in excelsis.

15th century.

They that follow'd in pain
Shall now follow to reign,
And the crown shall obtain ;
They were sore assaulted ;
They shall be exalted ;
 Sing of rest, rest, rest ;
 Sing of rest, rest ;
And again
Pour the strain,
 Gloria in excelsis.

For the foe nevermore
Can approach to the shore,
Where the conflict is o'er ;
There is joy supernal ;
There is life eternal ;
 Sing of peace, peace, peace ;
 Sing of peace, peace ;
Earth and skies
Bid it rise,
 Gloria in excelsis.

Then be brave, then be true,
 Ye despis'd and ye few,
 For the Crown is for you ;
 CHRIST, that went before you,
 Spreads His buckler o'er you ;
 Sing of hope, hope, hope ;
 Sing of hope, hope ;
 And to-day
 Raise the lay,
 Gloria in excelsis.

X

AUCTOR HUMANI GENERIS.

THE foe behind, the deep before,
 Our hosts have dar'd and past the sea,
 And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,
 And Israel's ransom'd tribes are free.

Lift up, lift up your voices now !
 The whole wide world rejoices now !
 The LORD hath triumph'd gloriously :
 The LORD shall reign victoriously !

Happy morrow,
 Turning sorrow
 Into peace and mirth !
 Bondage ending,
 Love descending
 O'er the earth !
 Seals assuring,
 Guards securing,
 Watch His earthly prison :
 Seals are shatter'd,
 Guards are scatter'd,
 CHRIST hath risen.

No longer must the mourners weep,
 Nor call departed Christians *dead* ;
 For Death is hallow'd into sleep,
 And every grave becomes a bed.

This also is
 a sequence,
 though of a
 less usual
 kind, on
 account of
 the repetition
 of the same
 refrain. It is
 only about
 half of the
 original. The
 music of this
 part begins at
*sic moris mortem
 destruis.*

Now once more
Eden's door
Open'd stands to mortal eyes :
For CHRIST hath ris'n, and man shall rise.
Now at last,
Old things past,
Hope, and joy, and peace begin :
For CHRIST hath won, and man shall win.

It is not exile, rest on high :
It is not sadness, peace from strife ;
To fall asleep is not to die :
To dwell with CHRIST is better life.

Where our banner leads us,
We may safely go :
Where our Chief precedes us,
We may face the foe :
His right arm is o'er us ;
He will guide us through :
CHRIST hath gone before us ;
Christians ! follow *you* !

He shall soon deliver
From ev'ry woe,
Alleluia,
If His paths ye tread :
Pleasures, as a river,
Shall round you flow,
Alleluia,
When ye see your Head.

With loins up-girt, and staff in hand,
And hasty mien, and sandal'd feet,
Around the Paschal Feast we stand,
And of the Paschal Lamb we eat.

So shall He collect us,
Direct us,
Protect us
From Egypt's strand :

So shall He precede us,
 And feed us,
 And lead us
 To Canaan's land.
 Toils and foes assailing,
 Friends quailing,
 Hearts failing,
 Shall threat in vain :
 If He be providing,
 Presiding,
 And guiding
 To Him again.

CHRIST, our Leader,
 Monarch, Pleader,
 Interceder,
 Praise we and adore :
 Exultation,
 Veneration,
 Gratulation,
 Bringing evermore.

Once despised and once rejected
 Was this Stone that, now elected,
 To a Corner-stone perfected,
 As a glorious trophy stands erected.
Amen.

XI

SCRIBERE PROPOSUI.

Perhaps of
 the 14th
 century.

'Twas about the dead of night,
 And Athens lay in slumber ;
 Moonlight on the temples slept,
 And touch'd the rocks with umber ;
 And the court of Mars were met
 In grave and rev'rend number.
 Evermore and evermore,
 Christians, sing Alleluia.

Met were they to hear and judge
The teaching of a stranger;
O'er the ocean he had come,
Through want, and toil, and danger;
And he worshipp'd for his God
One cradled in a manger.
Evermore and evermore,
Christians, sing Alleluia.

While he spake against their gods,
And temples' vain erection,
Patiently they gave him ear,
And granted him protection;
'Till with bolder voice and mien
He preach'd the RESURRECTION.
Evermore and evermore,
Christians, sing Alleluia.

Some they scoff'd, and some they spake
Of blasphemy and treason;
Some replied with laughter loud,
And some replied with reason;
Others put it off until
A more convenient season.
Christians, sing Alleluia.
Evermore and evermore.

Athens heard and scorn'd it then,
Now Europe hath received it,
Wise men mock'd and jeer'd it once,
Now children have believed it;
This, good Christians, was the day
That gloriously achieved it.
Evermore and evermore,
Christians, sing Alleluia.

XII

CUM SIT OMNIS CARO FENUM.

This in the original is one of the many carols composed on the shortness and uncertainty of life. The chorus, "Hear thy doom," is little more than a translation of the Latin.

EASTER DAY comes on but slowly,
 Easter Eve hath faded wholly;
 Dim and faint the tapers burn;
 Vainly tow'ards the earthly prison,
 Whence the LORD hath not arisen,
 Faithful hearts and spirits yearn.
 Hear thy doom, O man, and waken :
 Dust thou art, of dust wast taken,
 And to dust shalt thou return !

Of the hour that comes to sever
 Thee, O man, and earth for ever,
 We will speak, and thou shalt learn,
 Working final separation,
 Changing kindred and relation
 For the ashes and the urn.
 Hear thy doom, O man, and waken :
 Dust thou art, of dust wast taken,
 And to dust shalt thou return !

Grace repelled and life expended,
 Harvest past and summer ended,
 Whither shall the sinner turn ?
 Righteous meed and final sentence,
 Vain resolve and late repentance
 Sadly, sadly, shall discern.
 Hear thy doom, O man, and waken :
 Dust thou art, of dust wast taken,
 And to dust shalt thou return !

Wherefore, man, while yet thou mayest,
 If thou fastest, if thou prayest,
 Earthly care and pleasure spurn :
 Dreams that cannot last despising.
 And with CHRIST to-morrow rising,
 Seek of heavenly joy to learn.
 Hear thy doom, O man, and waken :
 Dust thou art, of dust wast taken,
 And to dust shalt thou return !

OTHER CAROLS

CHRISTMAS

Joy and gladness
Be to king and peasant,
Alleluia !

Monarch's monarch
In the world to-day is present,
Alleluia !

For a King to-day hath birth,
And a warrior comes on earth,
In our quarrel.
Wreathe the holly for the King,
To the warrior haste and bring
Bay and laurel.

By the crown the king is known,
By the sceptre and the throne;
Where is either ?
When their foes they would assail,
Warriors come with sword and mail,
Here is neither.

He that in the manger lies
Is the King that made the skies,
Ever glorious.
He Whose swaddling bands ye see
Is the Warrior that shall be
All-victorious.

Ox and ass that Child adored,
Knowing Him to be the Lord,
In the manger.
And the star, with heavenly ray,
Led the wise men on their way,
To the Stranger.

Melody of
Lætabundus.
Tone 5 mixed
with 6.

Wherefore let the bells ring out,
 Wreathe the holly all about,
 Wake the morn with song and shout;
 Earth rejoices.
 For the Poor King's blessed sake,
 His poor servants blessed make;
 To the Infant King awake,
 Infant voices.

CHRISTMAS

From "S.
 Margaret's
 Hymnal."

'Tis at Christmas time, when frost is out,
 And the year is very old,
 And icicles and snow-drifts make
 This cold world seem more cold;
 At Christmas time that He was born,
 Who came that He might bring
 All them that love Him to the land
 Of everlasting Spring.

'Tis at Christmas time, when holly shines
 With green and prickly leaves,
 And on its boughs a coronet
 Of scarlet berries weaves,—
 At Christmas time we keep his feast,
 Who wore the robe of red,
 Whereby the Martyr's blessed crown
 Alone is purchased.

'Tis at Christmas time, when all things seem
 So very pure and bright,
 And fields are sparkling with the frost,
 And earth is spotless white:
 At Christmas time his day comes round,
 Who purity put on,
 As fields and trees their robes of snow,
 The Apostle, sweet St. John.

And at Christmas time is our own bright day,
 When all those children dear
 Who died for Christ went up on high,
 To begin a happier year;
 Blest Innocents! like the flowers that now
 In the ground so long have lain;
 But surely, soon as April comes,
 Shall wake and bloom again.

CHRISTMAS

Young and old must raise the lay
That their heart engages :
For the Child is born to-day
Who is King of ages :
For the God, by all adored,
Comes to His elected :
For the Babe that is the LORD
Hastes to be rejected.

If the purple proves the King,
Where is goodly raiment ?
If man needeth ransoming,
Who shall make the payment ?
For the purple, here is grass ;
For the throne, the manger ;
For the courtiers, ox and ass
Kneel before the Stranger.

Joshua hastes to meet the foes,
Boastful and defiant ;
David to his brethren goes,
And shall slay the giant :
Help is nigh to change our fate,
Help we may rely on :
Solomon, with royal state,
Shall be crowned in Gihon.

Through the desert as we go,
Sorrowful and fearing,
From the Rock the waters flow,
That shall work our cheering.
Manna, wherewith all are fed,
Comes for our salvation ;
Born in Bethlehem, House of Bread,
By interpretation.

Young and old must raise the lay
That their heart engages :
For the Child is born to-day
Who is King of ages.
Young and old their deeds so frame,
That as He came hither,
They, when He their lives shall claim,
May to Him go thither.

From "S.
Margaret's
Hymnal."

DIVES AND LAZARUS

Written to a
melody of the
15th century.

Now bring us in good cheer, good cheer
And for the blessed Christmas-tide, bring us in good cheer !

Whom shall I bid in then, that ye would rather choose,
Whom for the blessed Christmas-tide that ye would not
refuse ?

Chorus—Now bring, etc.

Shall I bid the nobleman, that banquets in his state
With purple and fine linen, and gold and silver plate ?

Chorus—Now bring, etc.

Bid not in the nobleman, for he hath got enow ;
But bring me in the ploughman, that liveth by the plough.

Chorus—Now bring, etc.

Shall I bid in Dives—for it is very plain
If you give him a banquet, he'll banquet you again ?

Chorus—Now bring, etc.

Bid not hither Dives, for it shall ne'er be thus ;
But go amongst the alleys, and fetch in Lazarus.

Chorus—Now bring, etc.

Shall I bid the merchant, that hath upon the seas
His fleets of caravellos, and right great argosies ?

Chorus—Now bring, etc.

Bid not the merchant, but go and fetch the clerk
That sleepeth with the ban-dog, and riseth with the lark.

Chorus—Now bring, etc.

Wherefore must I turn me from noble and from rich
And wherefore seek the poor man, that dwells in land and
ditch ?

Lay thou to heart the reason ; because the King of all
Hath laid aside His riches, and is born in Bethlehem stall.

(Chorus to last verse only.)

So best we make good cheer, so best we make good cheer
When for CHRIST JESUS' blessed sake, poor and maim'd are
here.

FRENCH NOEL

A DAY, a Day of Glory !
 A Day that ends our woe !
 A Day that tells of triumph
 Against the vanquish'd foe !
 Yield, Summer's brightest sunrise,
 To this December morn ;
 Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
 And let the CHILD be born !

Published in
 E. Sedding's
 " Antient
 Christmas
 Carols," 1860.
 Melody as
 in Chartres
 cathedral.

With *Gloria in Excelsis*
 Archangels tell their mirth :
 With *Kyrie Eleison*
 Men answer upon earth ;
 And Angels swell the triumph,
 And mortals raise the horn,
 Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
 And let the CHILD be born !

He comes, His Throne the manger ;
 He comes, His Shrine the stall ;
 The ox and ass His Courtiers,
 Who made and governs all ;
 The " House of Bread " His Birth-place,
 The Prince of Wine and Corn :
 Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
 And let the CHILD be born !

Then bar the gates, that henceforth
 None thus may passage win,
 Because the Prince of Israel
 Alone hath entered in :—
 The earth, the sky, the ocean
 His glorious way adorn :
 Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
 And let the CHILD be born !

A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS MORNING

Published
Advent 1866,
after his
death. Music
by Rev.
T. Helmore.

Good Christians all, awake !
Awake, and hear our tale !
Your midnight slumbers break !
The coming Monarch hail !
With angel-cohorts bring
Hosannas to your King.

A King—but not of earth—
So rich and yet so poor :
A Babe Whose promised birth
The Heavens shall make secure :
The Chieftain Who shall save
From death and from the grave.

O Royal Infant, first
To break the infernal spell,
Who by Thy death shalt burst
The banded power of hell,
O Lord of all that mourn,
O purest Virgin-born !

To Thee Who mak'st this night
More glorious than the day,
To Thee the Light of Light,
The God of gods, we pray.
O JESU, JESU mine,
Both make and keep us Thine. Amen.

AN EASTER CAROL

From " S.
Margaret's
Hymnal."

Joy in thee, joy to thee,
Day of our victory !
Joy that old things are past away :
For thee the bells are ringing,
Choirs are singing,
Flow'rets springing,
Sunbeams flinging
Over earth their gladdest ray :
When He arose
From calm repose,
To crush our foes
And end our woes.

Burst is the prison,
 Sin is vanquish'd,
 Death hath fled;
 He hath arisen,
 He is living that was dead !
 Joy for sorrow,
 Happy morrow,
 After night of terror :
 Home for strangers, peace from dangers,
 Wisdom after error :
 Strength from weakness,
 Winter's bleakness
 By glad springtide followed.
 Tempests vanish'd,
 Sickness banish'd,
 Death in vict'ry swallow'd.
 No more weeping,
 No more keeping
 Vigil now, nor fasting :
 Tears are drying,
 Grief is flying,
 Joy is everlasting.

Day of light and brilliancy,
 Breaking forth so gloriously !
 Day of grace and majesty,
 Pardon and serenity !
 Messenger of victory,
 Portal of eternity !
 CHRIST hath arisen in thee,

Alleluia !

As He hath ris'n, so we,

Alleluia !

We joy in the joy of our LORD,

Alleluia !

We seek through the Cross the reward.

Alleluia !

CAROL FOR S. CLEMENT'S DAY

It was about November-tide,
 A long, long time ago,
 When good S. Clement testified
 The faith that now we know,

From
 "Sequences and
 Hymns."

Right boldly then he said his say
 Before a furious King :
 And therefore on S. Clement's Day
 We go a-Clementing.

Work in the mines they gave him then,
 To try the brave old Saint ;
 And there two thousand Christian men
 With thirst were like to faint.
 He prayed a prayer, and out of clay
 He made the waters spring ;
 And therefore on S. Clement's Day
 We go a-Clementing.

An anchor round his neck they tied,
 And cast him in the sea ;
 And bravely as he lived, he died,
 And gallantly went free.
 He rests a many miles away,
 Yet here his name we sing,
 As all upon S. Clement's Day
 We go a-Clementing.

Our fathers kept it long ago,
 And their request we make,
 Good Christians, one small mite bestow,
 For sweet S. Clement's sake ;
 And make his feast as glad and gay
 As if it came in spring,
 When all upon S. Clement's Day
 We go a-Clementing.

THE SOLDIERS' CAROL

GOD BLESS THE BRAVE AND TRUE.

GOD bless the brave and true,
 GOD bless the brave and true,
 GOD bless and bring them through, yes, GOD bless and
 bring them through ;
 Whatever be the fight,
 GOD help and save the right

Written for
 National
 Danish Air
*Der Tapfer
 Landsoldat.*
 The music can
 be obtained at
 S. Margaret's,
 East Grinstead,

And send the happy morning that shall end a gloomy
night,

True men have all one hope, boys !

One faith, one strength, one aim,

And though the battles differ, the crown shall be the
same.

And therefore, GOD for us,

And we will be for Him,

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

With GOD to guard and guide,

With GOD to guard and guide,

We laugh at all beside ; yes, we laugh at all beside.

Cheer up, brave hearts, and trust ;

You can, you will, you must ;

And see the GOD of battles, lads, and not the arms of
dust ;

The world and all its legions

May band against the right,

But if we have the truth, boys, we also have the might.

And therefore, GOD for us,

And we will be for Him,

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

So,—close and firm and near,

So,—close and firm and near,

“ Together, front and rear,” * yes, together, front and
rear !

* The watch-
word at
Fontenoy.

Let him, poor wretch, who may

The righteous cause betray,

For us—the sword is drawn ; yes, and the scabbard flung
away.

Strike in, strike in for justice,

Be spent as well as spend,

And then, this life may go, boys, the other cannot end.

And therefore, GOD for us,

And we will be for Him !

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

NOTES

NOTE I.

It is a custom at Dewsbury, in Yorkshire, to toll the passing bell on Christmas Eve at midnight, for one hour. This is called The Devil's Knell, and is intended to signify that when "Christ was born, the Devil died": a striking though exaggerated way of representing the truth that the birth of our Lord gave the death-blow to the Empire of Satan.

NOTE II.

Carol V, p. 294. While Gaza's guards their vigils
See also pre- kept,
face, p. 290. In Gaza's homes our Samson

 slept
 The quiet sleep of mortals :
 But rising up at midnight, tore
 The brazen hinges from the
 door,
 And bore away the portals.

Samson Gaza seras pandit,
Et asportans portas scandit
 Montis supercilium :
Sic de Juda Leo fortis
Fractis portis diras mortis
 Die surgit tertia.

*Adam of S. Victor, Seq.
Pasch. Dan. ii. 69.*

Hanc adamans conjugem,
Clauderis Gaza,
Sed portas effracturus illius.
Seq. 11 Cent. Mone, i. 216.

Quem nisi redemptorem nos-
trum Samson ille significat?
Quid Gaza civitas, nisi infernum
designat? Samson mediâ nocte
non solum exiit sed etiam portas
tulit: redemptor noster ante
lucem resurgens non solum liber
de inferno exiit, sed et ipsa
inferni claustra destruxit.

*S. Greg. Homil. in Evang., 2,
21, 7.*

- Nam fueras prefiguratus
Infernum fracturus,
Cum Samson vir invictus
Leonem suffocavit,
Et portas hostiles dirupit.
Seq. Pasch. Mone, i. 198.
- By many a hostile chief and
band
Our Jephtha was assaulted;
To be the Lord of all the land
Our Joseph is exalted :
- Te, Christe, passurum pro mundo
Joseph prænôtavit
Venditus in Ægypto,
Nunc daturum typicos
Victus populo.
Seq. S. Gall. Mone, i. 198.
- Joseph exit de cisternâ;
Christus redit ad superna
Post mortis supplicium.
Adam of S. Victor, U. S.
- Now David's Son, and David's
Lord,
Hath faced the giant dreaded,
And with Goliath's own great
sword
Goliath hath beheaded.
- Hanc etiam hostibus
Eruiturus
Es congressus tyranno Goliath,
Quem lapillo
Prosternis unico.
Seq. as above.
- Sicut David Goliath in fundâ
et lapide dejecit, sic Christus in
fundâ humanitatis et lapide
passionis, diabolum devicit.
S. Anton. Pad. Op., p. 247.
- With pitcher and with burning
lamp,
He march'd to storm the in-
vader's camp,
Our own, our royal Gideon :
The mortal pitcher shatter'd
sore,
The Godhead's lamp to ruin
bore
The vanquish'd host of Midian.
- Gedeon est Christus; qui in
confractone lagenæ, id est morte
carnis, et in splendore lampadis,
id est in gloriâ divinitatis,
prostravit diabolum.
S. Anton. Pad.
- Joshua leading, God preceding,
Israel stems the river;
- Herr Josue het sinen knecht
Gesant gon jerich, do er speht.
etc.
*Heinrich von Lansenberg,
Seq. von der Geburt Christi
Jesu.*
- Down Mount Tabor, Barak's
sabre
Glitters to deliver :
- Chananeos qui prostravit
Barak, Christum figuravit
Harosheth in finibus.
Seq. Germ., circ. 1400.

Desert Edom owns our freedom
Thro' the blood-red waters :
David reigneth, and obtaineth
Joy for Sion's daughters.

Post occursum diræ mortis,
Vincit, regnat, Manufortis,
Ut consortes sus sortis
Reddat Syon filias.
Seq. Belg., circ. 1400.

Jehoshaphat returns in peace,
By shouting myriads follow'd ;
And Jonah finds his glad release,
Whom late the monster swallow'd.

Cetus Jonam fugitivum,
Veri Jonæ signativum
Post tres dies reddit vivum
De ventris angustia.
*Adam of S. Victor, Seq.
Pasch. Dan. ii. 70.*

He glories o'er Assyria's fall,
Our victor Ezekias ;
By night he visits Salem's wall,
Our truer Nehemias.

Hic est Nehemias qui muros
Hierusalem reparaturus nocte
portas ejus visitat.
*Pet. Biesens. De Resurrect.
Serm. xx.*

The following Scripture references, prepared by one of
the Editors, may also be of interest.

- | | |
|--|--|
| Ps. xviii., 1. | A song, a song, our Chief to greet,
Our King to meet,
Returning in His glory ; |
| S. Luke xxiv., 44, 45. | A song of those that went before
In days of yore,
And shadow'd out His story. |
| Judges xvi., 1-3. | While Gaza's guards their vigils kept,
In Gaza's homes our Samson slept
The quiet sleep of mortals :
But rising up at midnight, tore
The brazen hinges from the door,
And bore away the portals. |
| Judges xi. | By many a hostile chief and band
Our Jephtha was assaulted : |
| Gen. xli. | To be the Lord of all the land
Our Joseph is exalted : |
| S. Matt. xxii., 41-45.
1 Sam. xvii. | Now David's Son and David's Lord
Hath faced the giant dreaded,
And with Goliath's own great sword
Goliath hath beheaded. |
| Judges vii. | With pitcher and with burning lamp,
He marched to storm th' invader's camp,
Our own, our royal Gideon :
The mortal pitcher shattered sore,
The Godhead's lamp to ruin bore
The vanquished host of Midian. |

- Judges iv. Joshua leading, God preceding,
Israel stems the river;
Down Mount Tabor Barak's sabre
Glitters to deliver,
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
- 2 Kings iii., 21-24. Desert Edom owns our freedom
Through the blood-red waters :
2 Sam. xxii. David reigneth, and obtaineth
Joy for Zion's daughters.
- 2 Chron. xx. Jehoshaphat returns in peace
By shouting myriads followed :
Jonah ii. And Jonah finds his glad release,
Whom late the monster swallowed.
- 2 Chron. xxxii. He glories o'er Assyria's fall,
Our victor Ezekias :
Neh. ii., 12-16. By night He visits Salem's wall,
Our truer Nehemias :
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
- Ps. xxiii. Lord of breath, Lord of death,
Rev. vii., 13-17. Lord of things celestial and infernal :
Guide and speed, guard and feed,
By the living waters lead
And the flowers eternal.
- S. Mark iv., 37-39. We, as yet, are toiling sore
On the sea's rough surges :
S. John xxi., 4. Thou art standing on the shore,
Rom. vi., 9. Where no troubles vex Thee more,
Rev. xxi., 1. Where no tempest urges.
- S. Matt. xiv., 23-33. Thou, Thou be nigh
S. John, vi., 19-21. While our vessel seeks the port :
Rev. iii., 21. Thou, Thou on high.
S. Jas. i., 12. Crown us in Thy royal Court.
- Rev. vi., 2, xix., 11-16. Thou hast conquered, let us win :
S. Mark xvi., 19. Thou has entered, let us in :
Heb. ii., 14-15, and
1 Cor. xv., 55-58. Thou hast vanquished Death and Sin,
Heb. x., 12-14. Up to Heaven ascending :
Col. iii., 1-3. Let us all with Thee ascend,
Heb. x., 20. Grant us after Thee to tend,
S. John xiv., 6, and
Rev. xxii., 13. Thee the Way, to Thee the End :
End that hast no ending.
- Rev. xix., 6. Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

PART II
ORIGINAL

SECTION I

**HYMNS FOR CHILDREN, HYMNS FOR THE SICK,
AND OTHER HYMNS FROM MSS.**

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN

Published
1842.

INTENDED CHIEFLY FOR VILLAGE SCHOOLS

HYMNS FOR EVERY WEEK

SUNDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK

MORNING.

TO-day the LORD's first work we praise ;
To-day is first and best of days ;
When darkness o'er the earth was spread,
God made the light, and darkness fled.

Genesis i. 3.

He made the colours that we see
In every plant, in every tree ;
The fields so green, the sky so blue,
The beauty of the rainbow too.

That work was great beyond our thought ;
But greater things to-day He wrought,
When CHRIST, the Very Light of men,
Who died for sinners, rose again.

To-day He rose, that He might save
His faithful people from the grave ;
To-day the HOLY GHOST He sent
From that bright place to which He went.

S. Matthew
xxviii. 1 ;
Acts ii. 1.

So with His Church we seek His face,
And worship in His Holy Place ;
And hear his Priest, and join in prayer
With those that meet together there.

Y

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN

He bids us all His face to seek ;
 He calls His lambs, though young and weak ;
 And when He came on earth, He blest
 The little children on His breast.

So every morn and evening, well
 We love to hear the sweet church-bell ;
 For He hath said, where two or three
 Meet in His name, that there is He.

[And now we haste, with cheerful feet,
 Together in the church to meet ;
 And praise our GOD, the King of kings,
 Who only doeth wondrous things.]

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host ;
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

EVENING.

If there be
 daily service
 in the church,
 the bracketed
 verse may be
 used before
 the Doxology
 in Hymns.

S. John xx.
 19.

THE Apostles were assembled,
 Fearing all their hopes were vain ;
 For their LORD they wept, and trembled
 Lest He should not rise again ;
 And the doors were shut around them,
 And they hardly dared to speak :
 So it was their SAVIOUR found them
 On the first day of the week.

He is sometimes just as nigh us
 When our hearts are far away ;
 And ALMIGHTY GOD was by us
 When we knelt in church to-day :
 There to mark whose thoughts might wander,
 There who pray'd indeed to see ;
 Watching us with love much fonder
 Than our mother's love can be.

SAVIOUR, if Thou had'st despised us,
 Thou wouldst not have made us Thine,
 When Thy faithful Priest baptised us,
 When he sign'd us with Thy sign :

And when all was finish'd duly,
We received another birth,
And became the members truly
Of Thy holy Church on earth.

Yet the devil will deceive us,
If he have us at his will;
We shall perish if Thou leave us;
Having loved us, love us still :
FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, take us
To Thy mercy and Thy love;
Lead us onward, till Thou make us
Members of Thy Church above.

MONDAY, THE SECOND DAY

MORNING.

I LOVE to look at yon blue sky,
And think Who spread it out on high :
The God Whom heaven and earth obey
Created it the second day.

Genesis i. 6,
7, 8.

But far beyond the sky I see,
A Dwelling is prepared for me;
For me and all that watch and pray,
And walk in GOD ALMIGHTY'S way.

I have not seen that world so fair;
I know not what bright things are there;
But this I know, that better far
Than I can think, its pleasures are.

Though many troubles I must meet,
And many snares are round my feet,
And trusting in myself at all
To keep Thy laws, I soon must fall,

Yet, LORD, I am not left alone;
I am baptised, and made Thine own;
And Thou, Who wilt not have me die,
Wilt help me, if I only try.

Oh, give me grace, that so I may
Try every hour, and every day;
And having strength Thy law to do,
May have the will to keep it too.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

EVENING.

Romans vi. 3.

How can *I*, who have once been baptised, ever say,
"I will do my own will, or will go my own way?"
My heart, when it thinks so, gives evil advice;
For I am not my own—I am bought with a price.

I have promised already (or, what is the same,
My godfathers promised it once in my name),
I have promised already that I will obey
The SAVIOUR'S commandments, and walk in His way.

I have promised already, that I will receive
The faith which His Holy Church bids me believe,
And fight under CHRIST, to the end of my days,
With the world and the devil, their works and their ways.

My godfathers promis'd, till I should be grown;
Their vow was accepted instead of my own:
I shall say for myself all the words that they said,
When the hands of the Bishop are laid on my head.

Since none can be holy except by God's grace,
And since the unholy shall ne'er see His face;
I must go to my SAVIOUR, and earnestly pray
For the grace of His SPIRIT to guide me away.

TUESDAY, THE THIRD DAY

MORNING.

Genesis i. 11,
13.

THE grass so green, the trees so tall,
And every little flower,
Were made the third day, one and all,
By God's Almighty power.

And when their tender leaves begin
To wither and decay,
He makes the little seed within
As beautiful as they.

In spring the sower gladly goes
To cast abroad his grain ;
For though it seems to die, he knows
That it shall live again.

1 Cor. xv. 35-44.

And so our bodies, when we die,
Are buried in the ground ;
And in the churchyard they must lie
Until the trumpet sound.

But He Who rose and left the tomb
Shall raise us also then,
When in His glory He shall come
To judge the sons of men.

O SAVIOUR, teach me so to spend
The time while I am here,
That I may meet Thee at the end
With joy, and not with fear !

[And now we haste, with thankful feet,
To seek our SAVIOUR'S Face ;
And in the holy church to meet,
His chosen dwelling-place.]

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
By men on earth be honour done,
And by the Heavenly Host.

EVENING.

ALL Thy works, O heavenly FATHER,
What Thou biddest them, fulfil :
Shall not I, Thy child, much rather
Sing Thy praise, and do Thy will ?
Hitherto Thy Hand hath led me,
And hath brought me on my way ;
Thou hast clothed me, Thou hast fed me,
Thou hast blest me every day.

Ps. cxlv. 10.

LORD, it is Thy loving-kindness
 That Thy Gospel I have known ;
 Else I might have sat in blindness,
 Bowing down to wood and stone.
 To Thy Font my parents brought me
 Ere Thy tender love I knew ;
 And Thy Priest has warn'd and taught me
 What to flee, and what to do.

S. Matt. vii. 13,
 14.

Since my time is like an arrow,
 Hast'ning on without delay,
 And Thy gate is strait, and narrow,
 Very narrow is Thy way,
 Thou, Who gav'st Thy SON to save me,
 Send Thy HOLY SPIRIT down ;
 Make me do as Thou wouldst have me,
 Make me more and more Thine own.

WEDNESDAY, THE FOURTH DAY

MORNING.

Gen. i. 16.

ALMIGHTY GOD, Thy wisdom made
 The earth, and its foundations laid ;
 And on the fourth day form'd great lights,
 The sun for days, the moon for nights.

Ps. xix. 3.

No voice Thou gav'st them ; yet they sing
 The power and glory of their KING ;
 For night by night, and day by day,
 Who tells Thy praise so well as they ?

The sun comes out, rejoicing still
 To run his course, and do Thy will ;
 The moon and stars their seasons keep,
 And shine above us while we sleep.

Like theirs, my FATHER, day and night
 Thy will shall be my chief delight ;
 And I will always keep in thought
 Not what I *like*, but what I *ought*.

[My blessed SAVIOUR left His throne
To work our good, and not His own;
By wicked men to death betray'd,
The men whom He Himself had made.

8 Matt. xxvi.
47.

We therefore haste, with thankful feet,
Together in the church to meet;
And thank Him for the love which gave
His precious blood our souls to save.]

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Or, if there be no service, instead of verses 5 and 6, the following—

That when my time draws near to go,
And I must leave this world below,
My home may be the land afar,
That hath no need of moon or star :

For daylight there is never o'er;
For there the sun goes down no more;
And every heart and face is bright,
And shines with everlasting light.

EVENING.

WHENE'ER I read of that sad night
The SAVIOUR was betray'd for me,
I think, in GOD ALMIGHTY's sight
How grievous every sin must be !

I will not say, nor hear, nor touch
Whate'er may hurt my soul within;
Nor think it cannot matter much,
Because it is a little sin.

A hasty thought, a little deed,
A word we would not speak again,
To greatest sin and grief may lead,
And make repentance all in vain.

Acts v. 9, 10.

Sapphira thought the sin but small
 To say the words her husband said :
 They told the truth, but told not all ;
 And yet for that God struck them dead.

As little strokes will fell a tree,
 So little sins destroy a soul ;
 O blessed LORD, I come to Thee
 From little sins to make me whole.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the SPIRIT, One in THREE,
 By men below be honour done,
 And Saints from sin and pain set free.

THURSDAY, THE FIFTH DAY.

MORNING.

Gen. i. 20.
 S. Luke xxii.
 19, 20.

O GOD, Who mad'st the earth and sea,
 The fifth day's work is full of Thee ;
 To fish that swim and fowl that fly
 Thou saidst, Increase and multiply :

The living creatures, great and small,
 In wisdom hast Thou made them all :
 Thy hands at first their being give ;
 In Thee they move, by Thee they live.

Ps. civ. 27-29.

They look to Thee, and they are fed ;
 Thou sendest them their daily bread ;
 Thine ear is open when they cry ;
 And when Thou tak'st their breath, they die.

Thou makest stormy winds to blow ;
 Thou sendest in the winter snow ;
 Thine is the sun, and Thine the showers,
 That clothe our fields with summer flowers.

S. Matt. vi.
 26, 28.

If, SAVIOUR, thus Thy hands array
 The flow'rs which only live a day,
 And feed all creatures from Thy store,
 Wilt Thou not care for us much more ?

Thy people Thou wilt clothe and feed,
And send them all things that they need;
And give their souls that heavenly food,
Thy precious FLESH, Thy precious BLOOD.

S. Luke xxii.
19-20.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST!

EVENING.

THOU art gone up, O LORD, on high,
And reignest on Thy throne;
And yet Thy help is just as nigh
To those that are Thine own.

Acts i. 9.

For though we cannot see Thy power,
As when Thou wert on earth,
Thy love hath kept us every hour,
Up from our very birth.

And still Thy righteous eyes behold
Each action, good or ill;
And us, the weak ones of Thy Fold,
Thou gently leadest still.

And still Thy gracious word is true,
Which we will bear in mind,—
“Ask, and it shall be given you;”
And “seek, and ye shall find.”

S. Matt. vii. 7.

Surely Thy mercy and Thy love
Will lead us all our days;
And in Thy glorious House above
We hope to sing Thy praise.

Ps. xxiii. 6.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
By men on earth be honour done,
And by the Heavenly Host.

FRIDAY, THE SIXTH DAY

MORNING.

Gen. i. 27.
Is. xlii. 9.

THE earth and all its works stood fast,
And God had made each soul;
His sixth day's work was man, the last
And greatest of the whole.

He knew not sin, he knew not death,
When first on earth he stood :
GOD'S SPIRIT gave him living breath,
And he was "very good."

To-day the wonders we will show,
O SAVIOUR, of the love
Which brought Thee down to die below,
That we might live above !

Phil. ii. 5-9.
Isaiah llii. 3.

The love, for which the sons of men
At JESUS' Name shall bow;
"Despised and rejected " then,
But crown'd with glory now.

This verse
must be
omitted, if
there is no
Friday service.

[The love, for which to-day we go
To bow before Thy throne;
And all Thy Holy Church below
Proclaims Thee GOD alone.]

Oh, when my heart would think it sweet
To seek the evil way;
Or ill advice would lead my feet
From Thy commands to stray ;

Teach me to take in peace whate'er
Ungodly men may do ;
And all their angry words to bear,
By keeping Thee in view.

These words
were spoken
by a Blessed
Servant of
JESUS CHRIST
just before his
Martyrdom.

LORD, Thou didst once despise Thy lot
Of shame and scorn for me ;
*And GOD forbid that I should not
Despise the shame for Thee !*

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
By men on earth be honour done,
And by the Heavenly Host.

EVENING.

THOU didst not, SAVIOUR, rise again
 Till Thou hadst meekly borne
 The cruelty of wicked men,
 And bitter pain and scorn.

S. Luke xxiv.
 46.

Thy Saints were called in former days
 To suffer for Thy Name;
 And we, in thousand thousand ways,
 Must learn to do the same.

To put our angry feelings down,
 When they are rising high;
 The truth, and all the truth, to own,
 Though we are hurt thereby;

To yield our will to others' will,
 Our way to others' way;—
 'Tis hard, but we must do it still,
 Both now and every day.

Thy servants, blessed SAVIOUR, teach
 Their wishes to deny;
 Or we can never hope to reach
 Thy throne beyond the sky.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
 By men on earth be honour done,
 And by the Heavenly Host.

SATURDAY, THE SEVENTH DAY

MORNING. /

ALMIGHTY GOD, Thy glorious name
 For ever shall be blest,
 Who in six days the world didst frame,
 And on the seventh rest :

Gen. ii. 2.
 S. Luke xxiii. 56.

But yet, O LORD, we praise Thee more
 Because, when Adam fell,
 Thou didst not give his children o'er,
 As they deserved, to hell;

Rom. vi. 3, 4.

But foundest out a Way whereby
Our sins may be forgiven ;
And though our bodies still must die,
Our souls may live in heaven.

The infants whom Thy Priests baptise
Lose Adam's guilty stain :
Their hearts Thy SPIRIT purifies,
And they are born again.

But though Thou giv'st Thy servants might
Thy holy will to do,
Yet with the devil we must fight,
If we would conquer too.

If now we watch, and now we pray,
And mourn for what is past,
And walk in Thy most holy way,
'Twill lead to heaven at last ;

But if in these our early years
In wickedness we fall,
There will be need of bitter tears,
If we are saved at all.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
By men on earth be honour done,
And by the Heavenly Host.

EVENING.

1 Thess. iv. 13.

GOD hath two families of love,
In earth below, and heaven above :
One is in battle, sharp and sore ;
And one is happy evermore.

The holy Church on earth must fight
Against the devil and his might ;
The Church in heaven with war hath done ;
And yet the two are only one.

For they who loved their SAVIOUR here,
And died in GOD's true faith and fear,
Have join'd the glorious Church on high,
And reign with it beyond the sky.

We thank Thee, SAVIOUR, for the grace
By which they reach'd that blessed place;
By which they dwell in endless day,
And sin and sorrow flee away :

Rev. xxi. 4.

In Thee, with all Thy Saints, they rest,
And never more can be distress;
Oh, teach us so to live, that we
May follow them, as they did Thee;

To think on all their faith and love,
Until Thou callest us above,
To see Thee as Thou art, and bow
Before Thy throne, as they do now.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

NINE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

CALLED IN SCRIPTURE THE THIRD HOUR.

O GOD of Love and Power,
Behold us drawing near,
And choosing Thine appointed hour
To worship in Thy fear.

Acts ii. 1-15.

The very hour of old
Wherein Thy SPIRIT came
Upon the Apostles of Thy Fold,
Like cloven tongues of flame.

O gracious LORD, do Thou
That HOLY SPIRIT send,
To dwell with us and guide us now,
And teach us to the end.

From men below the skies,
And all the Heavenly Host,
To GOD the FATHER praise arise,
The SON and HOLY GHOST.

The time that
our SAVIOUR
was crucified.

S. Matt. xxvii.
45.

TWELVE O'CLOCK

CALLED IN SCRIPTURE THE SIXTH HOUR.

WE seek Thee, SAVIOUR, now,
By many foes assail'd,
The very hour that Thou
Upon the Cross wast nail'd.

Thy Holy Death was made
A sacrifice for all;
And so the debt was paid,
We owed through Adam's Fall.

Such Love, O LORD, and Grace
Are far beyond our thought;
And we must see Thy face,
To praise Thee as we ought.

From men below the skies,
And all the Heavenly Host,
Praise to the FATHER rise,
The SON and HOLY GHOST.

The time at
which our
SAVIOUR died.

S. Matt. xxvii.
46.

THREE O'CLOCK

CALLED IN SCRIPTURE THE NINTH HOUR.

THE SAVIOUR, when a debt we owed
That we could never pay,
Shed freely forth His precious Blood,
To put it quite away.

Our LORD forgave us all our debt
Because His love was great;
Shall sinners all that love forget,
And fellow-sinners hate?

S. Matt. xviii.
32.

"Forgive us," in our SAVIOUR's prayer,
"As we forgive," we pray:
If we forgive not, can we dare
To say so every day?

Our souls His loving-kindness bought
 When death was all our due :
 If GOD so loved us, then we ought
 To love each other too.

1 S. John iv.
 11.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
 By men on earth be honour done,
 And by the Heavenly Host.

SIX O'CLOCK

THE day, O LORD, is spent ;
 Abide with us, and rest ;
 Our hearts' desires are fully bent
 On making Thee our guest.

The hour at
 which our
 SAVIOUR was
 taken down
 from the Cross.

S. Luke xxiv.
 29.

We have not reach'd that land,
 That happy land, as yet,
 Where holy Angels round Thee stand,
 Whose sun can never set.

Our sun is sinking now,
 Our day is almost o'er ;
 O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
 Shine on us evermore !

Isa. lx. 19, 20.

From men below the skies,
 And all the Heavenly Host,
 To GOD the FATHER praise arise,
 The SON and HOLY GHOST.

BEDTIME

ALMIGHTY GOD, to-night
 To Thee for help we pray ;
 To Whom the darkness is as light,
 And midnight like the day.
 Thy tender love and care
 Prepares our peaceful bed ;
 But Thou, O SAVIOUR, hadst not where
 To lay Thy blessed head.

Ps. iv. 8.

S. Luke ix. 58.

Oh, keep us now from harm,
 As Thou hast done before;
 And let Thine everlasting arm
 Be round us evermore.

Let holy Angels stand
 About us every night,
 Until they bear us to the Land
 Of everlasting light.

From men below the skies,
 And all the Heavenly Host,
 To GOD the FATHER praise arise,
 The SON and HOLY GHOST.

ADVENT

8. John i. 14.

AND now, O LORD, we call to mind
 The Love that came to save mankind,
 And put Thy Majesty away,
 And took a form, like ours, of clay :

Born in a manger, born to know
 Hunger and thirst, and pain and woe;
 To dwell with sinners, suffer strife,
 And yield at last for man its life.

Thou dwellest now in worlds of light,
 Above the sky, beyond our sight;
 Remaining yet awhile away,
 But coming at the judgment-day.

Acts i. 11.

We know that Thou shalt come once more,
 But not in weakness, as before;
 The earth shall quake, the trumpet sound,
 And Saints and Angels stand around.

We promised at the Font to be
 True servants, blessed LORD, to Thee;
 The judgment-day alone can show
 If we have kept our word or no.

If we have kept it, we shall dwell
 With Thee in heav'n; if not, in hell :
 For when we stand before Thy face,
 'Twill be too late to ask for grace.

We therefore pray Thee, help us now
To watch and pray, and keep our vow ;
That then Thy words may be, " Well done ;
Come to My joy, thou faithful one ! "

8. Matt. xxv.
21.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host ;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

8. Jude 14.

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT

THOU, Who in every time and place
Hast made Thy Comings known,
The first, to save us by Thy grace,
The last, upon Thy throne :

When Adam's sons seem'd lost indeed,
Thy tender mercy said,
That in due time the Woman's Seed
Should bruise the serpent's head ;

And holy Enoch, taught to see
The things that were not yet,
Beheld around Thy Majesty,
Thy Saints in judgment set :

And Noah, moved with godly fear,
A saving ark prepar'd ;
And then to those that would not hear
Thy drawing nigh declared ;

They ate, they drank, they bought, they sold,
They laugh'd to scorn the day ;
Till on the flood of waters roll'd,
And swept them all away.

In *them*, our danger, LORD, we view :
In *him*, how good art Thou ;
And the like figure thereunto
Doth also save us now.

The four
Sundays in
Advent
represent the
four ages of
the world
before the
coming of
CHRIST :—
that of the
Patriarchs,
that of the
Law, that of
the Prophets,
and that after
the return
of the Jews
from captivity,
when Prophets
were gradually
withdrawn.

1 8. Peter iii.
21.

O teach us so to read and mark,
And inwardly digest,
That in the Church, Thy holy Ark,
We may find timely rest !

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
By men on earth be honour done,
And by the Heavenly Host.

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT

Genesis xli. 3.

THE SAVIOUR's coming draws more near ;
The word of prophecy grows clear :
'Tis meet that light should streak the skies
Before our glorious Sun shall rise.

Now know we that it stands decreed
The CHRIST must come of Abraham's seed ;
We know, by prophecy divine,
That He shall come in Judah's line.

Gen. xlix. 10.

Before the Church can see that day,
Must Judah's sceptre pass away ;
Till then the types, in shadows dim,
Must lead her on to look to Him.

Gen. xxi.

O Thou true ISAAC, patient still
To suffer all Thy FATHER's will ;
To bear Thy cross with bitter pain,
On Mount Moriah to be slain ;

Gen. xxxvii.

O Thou true JOSEPH, sent to aid
Thine own, and by Thine own betrayed ;
For thirty silver pieces sold,
And made to suffer pains untold ;

Those that had lov'd Thee from Thee fled :
They saw Thy griefs, they saw Thee dead ;
" An evil beast hath rent him sore,
Our JOSEPH cannot save us more."

Why doubt, O ye of little faith ?
 This is the thing that Scripture saith :
 The grief is past, the joy remains ;
 " JOSEPH is yet alive, and reigns ! "

The hour shall soon draw nigh that we
 Must leave the world and go to Thee ;
 Then send to cheer us, from Thy hand,
 Of the good things of that far Land ;

That when we see them in our pain,
 Our spirits may revive again ;
 In holy hope, as death draws nigh,
 To go and see Thee when we die !

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host ;
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

" And to his
 father Joseph
 sent . . . ten
 asses laden
 with the good
 things of
 Egypt. And
 when he saw
 the wagons
 which Joseph
 had sent, the
 spirit of Jacob
 . . . revived."
 Gen. xiv. 23,
 27, 28.

EMBER-WEEK IN ADVENT

LORD JESUS, Who shalt come with power
 To judge the quick and dead,
 In such a day, at such a hour,
 When sinners feel no dread :

Lest men should sleep in this world's night,
 Until that morn appear,
 Thou mak'st Thy Church a shining light
 To those that sojourn here.

Behold her fasting and her prayer
 This day through every land ;
 And let all those Thy blessing share
 On whom she lays her hand :

Give them Thy Grace, that so they may
 Divine Thy Word aright ;
 Endue them with Thy strength, that they
 The fight of faith may fight :

Give them Thy Wisdom, to control
 The wayward and the proud;
 Give them Thy Comfort, to console
 The heart with sorrow bow'd;

Grant them each danger to descry,
 With soberness to teach;
 Grant them to beat down heresy,
 And live the truths they preach.

They bless the Cup; the power is Thine
 To make it Heavenly Food;
 Make Thou their hallow'd bread and wine
 CHRIST's very Flesh and Blood.

That so their flocks, receiving strength
 According as their day,
 May with their shepherds, LORD, at length
 Abide with Thee alway.†

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
 By men below be honour done,
 And by the Heavenly Host.

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT

By types and figures, many a year,
 GOD taught His Church that CHRIST drew near;
 And darkly showed her how to see
 A shadow of good things to be.

The scape-goat, bearing on his head
 The load of sin, in Israel's stead;
 Each sacrifice whose blood was pour'd
 To make atonement to the LORD;

Leviticus xvi.
 20.

The Paschal Lamb at evening slain,
 With bone unbroke, without a stain;
 The blood on door and lintel shed,
 The hyssop, and unleaven'd bread;

Exodus xii.

The brazen serpent set on high,
That they who saw it might not die;
The manna, that at break of day
About the tents of Israel lay;—

S. John iii. 14.

All told of Him that should arise
To be our Perfect Sacrifice;
Of Him, the True and Living Bread
Wherewith the Holy Church is fed.

S. John vi. 52.

The cloven rock whence streams were sent,
That followed Israel as they went,
And day by day their thirst sufficed,
And never failed;—"That Rock was CHRIST."

1 Cor. x. 4.

Darkly we see and dimly here;
In heaven all types must disappear:
There we shall know Thee, round Thy throne,
Blest THREE in ONE, as we are known!

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT

THE SAVIOUR comes; prepare His way:
Emblems and figures must decay:
At last GOD sends us from on high
"A more sure word of prophecy."

How He shall come at first it shows,
Despised of men, a Man of woes;
A mark for shame, and scorn, and scoff;
To be by evil hands cut off:

Is. liii.

Midst wicked men to yield His breath,
To lie amongst the rich in death;
To seem awhile of GOD bereft,
But not within the grave be left.

Thus, then, MESSIAH comes,—but where?
And that the holy seers declare:
Of Judah's cities it must be,
Bethlehem Ephratah, in thee.

Micah v. 2.

In thee He first must draw His breath;
But He shall dwell at Nazareth :
His birth is poor, His parents mean,
" He shall be called a Nazarene."

Born of a Virgin full of grace,
We know His lot, we know His place;
And after threescore weeks and two,
MESSIAH'S Passion shall we view.

Daniel ix. 26.

Come, then, O SAVIOUR, come to save !
Redeem Thy people from the Grave;
And lead them, by Thy SPIRIT'S Grace,
Home to their FATHER'S resting-place.

See note, p. 420.

O WISDOM.

I. DECEMBER 16, called *O Sapientia*.

I Cor. i. 24.

O HEAVENLY Wisdom, hear our cry,
Thou everlasting SON :
Who with the FATHER GOD most high,
Art now and ever One !

Ere Thou hadst formed the lower part
Of all the world we see,
Before the Heavens were made,—Thou art;
And when they fail, shalt be.

Ere Thou hadst called mankind Thine Own,
And made them Thy delight,
Thou satest by the FATHER'S Throne,
Rejoicing in His sight.

Thou mad'st the waters like a robe
To gird the solid land;
The wandering stars, the firm fix'd globe,
Were formed by Thy Right Hand.

Come, Heav'nly Wisdom, from on high,
And give us that we need :
Unloose our ear, unseal our eye,
And make us Thine indeed.

We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Until the happy morn
When Thou shalt come our flesh to share,
And for our sakes be born.

To GOD on high be honour done :
And equal glory be
To the True Wisdom, GOD the SON,
And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee.

O LORD.

II. DECEMBER 18, called *O Adonai*.

O THOU, Who camest down of old
To bring salvation nigh,
What time the people of Thy Fold
Sent up a bitter cry :

Exodus iii. 14.

Thy servant turn'd aside with awe,
And that great wonder learnt ;
A bush that flam'd with fire he saw,
That yet was never burnt.

When Israel thought that hope was o'er,
And fear seized every mind,
And the Red Sea was stretched before,
And Pharaoh's host behind :

Thou didst not leave them in their need,
Nor let their prayer be vain :
But sent'st a strong east wind with speed
To cleave the waves in twain :

And Judah, like a flock of sheep,
Passed on, though weak and few ;
But Pharaoh's chariots in the deep,
Thy Right Hand overthrew.

Come, SAVIOUR, now ! and from their foes
Set free the sons of men ;
For they are mightier far than those
That threaten'd Israel then.

We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
 Until the happy morn
 When Thou shalt come our flesh to share,
 And for our sakes be born.

To GOD, for ever to be fear'd,
 All praise and glory be ;
 To Him That in the bush appear'd ;
 And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee.

O ROOT OF JESSE.

III. DECEMBER 19, called *O Radix Jesse*.

Isaiah xi. 1.

O Root of Jesse, Thou on Whom
 The HOLY GHOST shall rest ;
 Whose boughs through all the world shall bloom,
 To bless and to be blest :

True Vine, in Whom we must abide
 To bring forth plenteous fruit ;
 Whose branches when by tempests tried,
 Are firm in Thee their Root :

Thou art a shadow from the heat
 That burns the thirsty ground :
 A hiding-place when tempests beat
 Upon the plain around ;

O Root of Jesse, day by day
 To Thee our prayers we send :
 Come now, and through the world, we pray,
 Thy healing leaves extend.

We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
 Until the happy time
 Wherein Thy branches fruit shall bear
 Through every distant clime.

To GOD, by all to be adored,
 All praise and glory be ;
 To Jesse's Root, and David's Lorn,
 And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee

O KEY OF DAVID.

IV. DECEMBER 20, called *O Clavis David*.

O KEY of David, hailed by those
In fetters long confin'd;
For where Thou openest none may close,
Nor where Thou loosest, bind;

Rev. iii. 7.

Without one ray of light around
To comfort and to cheer,
Poor prisoners we in fetters bound,
Await Thy drawing near.

Thou, only Thou, canst loose the chain,
Thou only end our woe :
Thou only give us light again,
And let the captives go.

We wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy day
When Thou shalt loose our prison-gate,
And call Thine Own away.

From every creature that hath breath
Praise to the FATHER be :
To Him That hath the Keys of death,
And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee.

O ORIENT.

V. DECEMBER 21, called *O Oriens*.

O VERY GOD of very God,
And very Light of Light,
Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod,
That so it might be bright;

S. John i. 9.

Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night, and oh, we long
That Thou, our Sun, wouldst rise !

And even now, though dull and grey,
 The east is brightening fast,
 And kindling to the perfect day,
 That never shall be past.

Oh, guide us till our path is done,
 And we have reach'd the shore
 Where Thou, our Everlasting Sun,
 Art shining evermore !

We wait in faith, and turn our face
 To where the daylight springs,
 Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
 With healing on Thy wings.

To GOD the FATHER power and might,
 Both now and ever be :
 To Him that is the Light of Light,
 And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee.

O KING OF THE NATIONS.

VI. DECEMBER 22, called *O Rex Gentium*

Romans ii. 10.

O THOU, on Whom the Nations wait,
 And kingdoms far away,
 Who midst the Gentiles shalt be great,
 Whom all men must obey :

Behold the lands where Satan reigns,
 Upon his cruel throne ;
 That sit in darkness and in chains,
 And worship wood and stone.

Thine ancient heritage behold,
 Thy faithful Abraham's seed ;
 And join them to the holy Fold
 Wherein Thy ransom'd feed.

Far from the west bid hatred flee,
 And unbelief and pride ;
 How long shall those that love not Thee
 Thy seamless coat divide ?

How long wilt Thou forget the East,
Where first Thy Truth was spread ;
Where Bishops once Thy Name confessed,
And holy Martyrs bled ?

Lead sinners from the paths of sin,
Let scorners hear Thy voice ;
And let all heretics come in,
And make Thy Church rejoice.

We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Until the happy morn
When Thou shalt come our flesh to share,
And for our sakes be born.

To God, the Mighty and the Just,
All praise and glory be :
To Him in Whom the Isles shall trust,
And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee.

VII. DECEMBER 23, called *O Emmanuel*.

O THOU, Whose Name is GOD with us,
For Thou with man art One,
And, putting on his nature, thus
Wouldst succour the undone :

S. Matt. i. 22,
23.

Not as a King Thou comest now ;
No gold Thy Throne adorns :
No royal crown is on Thy Brow,
Except a crown of thorns.

Thou com'st to suffer scorn and pain,
And die upon the tree ;
And all because Thou didst ordain
To make us one with Thee.

Thou com'st a holy law to teach
A perfect rule to set,
Give blind their sight, and dumb their speech,
And be rejected yet.

Oh, make us one with Thee below,
 In heart, and will, and love ;
 And when our time draws nigh to go,
 Still keep us one above.

We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
 Until the happy morn
 When Thou shalt come our flesh to share,
 And for our sakes be born.

To GOD, from Whom our blessings spring,
 All praise and glory be :
 Like glory to the coming King,
 And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee.

CHRISTMAS-DAY

8. Luke ii. 8-20.

No more sadness now, nor fasting :
 Now we put our grief away :
 GOD came down, the Everlasting,
 Taking human flesh, to-day.
 GOD came down on earth a Stranger,
 Working out His mighty plan ;
 GOD was cradled in a manger,
 Very GOD, and very Man.

There were shepherds once abiding
 In the field to watch by night,
 And they saw the clouds dividing,
 And the sky above was bright ;
 And a glory shone around them
 On the grass as they were laid ;
 And a holy Angel found them,
 And their hearts were sore afraid.

" Fear ye not," he said, " for cheerful
 Are the tidings that I bring.
 Unto you, so weak and fearful,
 CHRIST is born, the LORD and KING."
 As the Angel told the story
 Of the SAVIOUR'S lowly birth,
 Multitudes were singing " Glory
 Be to GOD, and peace on earth ! "

Since Thy love for our salvation,
SAVIOUR, cover'd Thee with shame,
Let Thy Church, in every nation,
Sing the glory of Thy Name ;
Let Thy HOLY SPIRIT make us
Full of humbleness and love,
Like Thyself, until Thou take us
To our FATHER's house above.

THE CIRCUMCISION, OR NEW-YEAR'S DAY

WITH Thee, O Lord, begins the year,
With Thee, and with Thy sufferings here ;
Thine own Example makes it plain,
We too must suffer, ere we reign.

2 Tim. ii. 12.
S. Luke ii. 21.

By giving up our will and way,
By self-denial every day,
Oh, help us thus to spend this year,
And all the time Thou giv'st us here.

Thy way at first seems hard and rough,
Its end is joy and peace enough :
The Land where days and years are o'er,
And change and grief come nevermore.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host ;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

THE EPIPHANY, OR TWELFTH-NIGHT

O THOU, Who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where JESUS lay :

S. Matt. ii. 9, 10.

Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below ;
Thy HOLY SPIRIT, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

As yet we know Thee but in part,
 But still we trust Thy word,
 That blessed are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see the LORD.

S. Matt. v. 8.

O SAVIOUR, give us then Thy grace
 To make us pure in heart;
 That we may see Thee face to face,
 Hereafter, as Thou art.

To God the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
 By men on earth be honour done,
 And by the Heavenly Host.

LENT

S. Matt. iv. 1, 2.

THE SAVIOUR'S Love to men we bless,
 His Holy Name we praise,
 For dwelling in the wilderness
 Through forty nights and days.

He all that time for us, His sheep,
 In prayer and fasting spent;
 Therefore His Church would have us keep
 The holy fast of Lent.

Now we must put some things away
 In which we take delight,
 Although at other times they may
 Be innocent and right.

CHRIST did not please Himself when He
 Became for our sake Man:
 He gave us all we have, and we
 Will give Him what we can.

He loves the offering of the poor,
 Who give with cheerful heart;
 And freely of our little store
 The poorer shall have part.

We'll give it in our SAVIOUR'S name;
 And then His words shall be,
 "Because ye did it unto them,
 Ye did it unto Me."

S. Matt.
 xxv 40.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
By men on earth be honour done,
And by the Heavenly Host.

EMBER-WEEK IN LENT

O GOD, we raise our hearts to Thee,
Who sendest from on high
Thy showers, to make both herb and tree
Bring forth abundantly.

Thy blessing on the earth bestow,
Send timely sun and rain ;
That they who plough, and they who sow,
May not have wrought in vain !

The earth, O LORD, is one great field
Of all Thy chosen seed :
The crop prepar'd its fruit to yield ;
The labourers few indeed !

We therefore come before Thee now,
By fasting and by prayer,
Beseeching of Thy love that Thou
Wouldst send more labourers there.

S. Matt. ix. 38.
S. Matt. xiii. 38.

Nor for our land alone we pray,
Though that above the rest ;
The realms and islands far away,
Oh, let them all be blest !

Endue the Bishops of Thy flock
With wisdom and with grace,
Against false doctrine like a rock
To set the heart and face ;

To all Thy Priests Thy truth reveal,
And make Thy judgments clear ;
Make Thou Thy Deacons full of zeal,
And humble and sincere :

And give their flocks a lowly mind,
 To hear and not in vain;
 That each and all may mercy find
 When Thou shalt come again!

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
 By men on earth be honour done,
 And by the Heavenly Host!

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND THURSDAY IN PASSION-WEEK

O THOU, Who through this Holy Week
 Didst suffer for us all:
 The sick to cure, the lost to seek,
 To raise up them that fall:

We cannot understand the woe
 Thy love was pleas'd to bear:
 O LAMB of GOD! we only know
 That all our hopes are there!

Thy feet the path of suffering trod;
 Thy hand the victory won:
 What shall we render to our GOD
 For all that He hath done?

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
 By men on earth be honour done,
 And by the Heavenly Host.

S. John i. 29.

GOOD FRIDAY

A TIME to watch, a time to pray,
 A day of wonders is to-day:
 The saddest, yet the sweetest too,
 That ever man or Angel knew.

The saddest; for our SAVIOUR bore
 His Death, that man might die no more:
 The Agony, the Scourge, the Fear,
 The Crown of Thorns, the Cross, the Spear.

And yet the sweetest ; for to-day
Our load of sin was borne away :
And hopes of joy that never dies
Hang on our SAVIOUR'S sacrifice.

Like straying sheep we wander'd wide,
Thy Laws we broke, Thy Name defied ;
On Thee the guilt of all was laid ;
By Thee the debt of all was paid.

Is. liii. 3-7.

O SAVIOUR, blessed be Thy Name !
Thine is the glory, ours the shame ;
By all the pains Thy love endured,
Let all our many sins be cured !

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow :
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host ;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST !

EASTER-DAY

OUR SAVIOUR CHRIST is risen indeed ;
And nevermore can die :
And Satan's captives have been freed
From sin and misery :

Rom. vi. 9.

Our chains are burst, and we released,
And we have cause to keep the feast.

The rulers tried to guard His grave
They roll'd a mighty stone,
And put a watch beside the cave,
And set a seal thereon :
They fear'd that He, Whom they had slain,
Would on the third day rise again.

8. Matt. xxvii.
64.

An Angel came, in garments bright,
Their wicked care to mock :
And early, while it yet was night,
He roll'd away the rock :
How could the PRINCE of LIFE remain
Bound with a feeble creature's chain ?

8. Matt. xxviii.
2.

Now help Thy servants here below
 O LORD, to put away
 The sins which Thou dost hate, and so
 To keep their Easter-day;
 That rising in our thoughts with Thee,
 Thy faithful followers we may be.

To God the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
 By men on earth be honour done,
 And by the Heavenly Host;
 As now it is, hath been before,
 And shall be so for evermore.

ROGATION-MONDAY

This and the
 two following
 hymns are a
 paraphrase
 of the LORD'S
 Prayer.

O OUR FATHER, hear us now :
 We on earth, IN HEAVEN art Thou ;
 Yet Thou knowest all our cares :
 Thou receivest all our prayers ;
 Readier far to hear than we
 Are to tell our wants to Thee.

See Thy Church, through every clime,
 Fasting at this solemn time :
 And with her we seek the gates
 Where Thy special Presence waits ;
 Give us of Thy people's rest ;
 Make us, with Thy faithful, blest.

Since in this world we must be
 Cast with men that know not Thee,
 Whatsoe'er they do or say,
 Give us grace to keep Thy way :
 Both in honour and in shame
 Praying,—“ HALLOWED BE THY NAME.”

Let Thy praise through earth be known ;
 Let each land the SAVIOUR own ;
 Spread, and strengthen, and increase
 O'er the world the bond of peace :
 Heal the deaf, restore the dumb,
 As we pray, “ THY KINGDOM COME.”

That all lands their voice may raise
Unto God the FATHER's praise;
That like honour may be done
To our SAVIOUR, God the SON;
And that equal glory be,
God the HOLY GHOST, to Thee.

ROGATION-TUESDAY

STILL, O Lord of Hosts, we share
In Thy Holy Church's prayer;
Setting Thee before our face,
Always and in every place:
Waiting in Thy courts to-day,
When she bids us watch and pray.

LORD, we will not seek to know
What shall be our lot below:
This we feel, and here we rest,
What Thou sendest, that is best:
Take our thoughts, and wills, and powers,
And dispose of us and ours.

If our path be glad and gay,
SAVIOUR, keep high thoughts away;
Let us not in grief repine,
For that lot is more like Thine:
And with every faithful one,
We would pray, THY WILL BE DONE.

Since Thou knowest what we need,
Guard and guide us, clothe and feed;
Flowers, that neither toil nor spin,
From Thy hand their beauty win;
And Thine ear is ever nigh
To the ravens when they cry.

We, whom Thou hast taught Thy way,
Are of much more worth than they;
Thine, with needful things to bless,—
Ours, to seek Thy righteousness:
GIVE US, as our hands we spread,
DAY BY DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN

Chiefly, LORD, our souls supply
With the BREAD that cannot die;
Holy FATHER, let us be
One with CHRIST, and one with Thee,
Till we reach Thine own blest place,
Through Thy HOLY SPIRIT'S grace.

ROGATION-WEDNESDAY

TILL its holy hours are past,
Watch we in our three days' fast;
He Who came for man to die,
Is not yet gone up on high :
While He still vouchsafes to stay,
Let us watch and let us pray.

None but Thou, O LORD, canst know
What a debt to Thee we owe;
All Thy precepts we have broke,
We have cast aside Thy yoke :
For Thy tender mercy yet,
Oh, FORGIVE US ALL THAT DEBT.

Many foes are round about,
Foes within, and foes without;
Our temptations Thou didst share,
Thou didst once our weakness bear :
By those trials we would plead,
INTO NO TEMPTATION LEAD.

Pain and sorrow we would flee,
If Thy holy Will it be;
But whate'er our lot below,
Save us from eternal woe :
All Thy promises fulfil,
And DELIVER US FROM ILL.

Lord, Thou canst, if so Thou wilt,
Heal our griefs, and cleanse our guilt;
For the power is Thine to save,
And to ransom from the grave :
And our trust is all in Thee,
Undivided TRINITY.

ASCENSION-DAY

NOW to our SAVIOUR let us raise
The noblest hymn we may;
For with the voice of joy and praise
God is gone up to-day.

Ps. xiv. 5.

CHRIST is gone up : yet ere He pass'd
From earth in heav'n to reign,
He form'd one holy Church to last
Till He should come again.

His Twelve Apostles first He made
His Ministers of grace;
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

S. Matt. xxviii.
19.

So age by age, and year by year,
His grace was handed on;
And still the Holy Church is here,
Although Her LORD is gone.

Whate'er we do, whate'er we say,
By it we must be led;
For though our LORD is far away,
His Church is in His stead.

Let those find pardon, LORD, from Thee,
Whose love to it is cold;
And bring them in, and let there be
One SHEPHERD and one fold.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
By men on earth be honour done,
And by the Heavenly Host.

WHITSUNDAY

THOU, Who camest from above,
Bringing light, and shedding love,
Teaching of Thy perfect way,
Giving gifts to men to-day;

Ps. lxviii. 18.
Acts ii. 2.

Thou, Who once didst change our state,
 Making us regenerate,
 Help us evermore to be
 Faithful subjects unto Thee.

Where Thou art not, none can do
 What is holy, just, and true;
 Those whose hearts Thy wisdom leads,
 Think good thoughts, and do good deeds.

We have often grieved Thee sore;
 Never let us grieve Thee more:
 Thou the feeble canst protect,
 Thou the wand'ring canst direct.

We are dark—be Thou our light;
 We are blind—be Thou our sight:
 Be our comfort in distress;
 Guide us through the wilderness.

To the blessed THREE in ONE,
 To the FATHER, and the SON,
 And the HOLY GHOST, arise
 Praise from all below the skies!

EMBER-WEEK AT WHITSUNTIDE

Is. xl. 7, 8.

THE grass is green, the flowers are gay;
 The grass and flowers must fall to-day;
 The morn so fair, the spring so bright,
 Must yield to winter and to night.

It was not meant, this world of ours,
 For endless springs and fadeless flowers;
 We have not reached the Land of Light.
 That fears no storm and knows no night.

Let but a feeble breeze pass o'er,
 Our place shall know us never more;
 Yet somewhat have we from on high,
 Immortal in mortality.

Ps. xix. 7.

For ever shall Thy word endure;
 Thy Statutes, LORD, are very sure:
 The heaven and earth shall pass away,
 But these shall never know decay.

On them their charge and keeping lies,
The stewards of Thy mysteries :
They teach us of Thy faith and fear ;
And woe to those that will not hear !

Thy servants, LORD, with love behold,
Who soon shall labour in Thy fold ;
Cheer them in toil, support in pain,
Make crooked straight, and rough ways plain.

Look down, O Thou, Whose name is Love !
Look down, O SAVIOUR, from above !
And fill them with Thy HOLY GHOST,
At this high Feast of Pentecost.

TRINITY-SUNDAY

O GOD the FATHER, Whose command
Form'd earth and heav'n, the sea and land,
Thou mad'st us,—guide us by Thy hand.

1 S. John v. 7.

O GOD the SON, for sinners slain,
To save us from eternal pain,
Thou bought'st us—Thine would we remain.

O GOD the HOLY GHOST, by Thee
Our souls were once from sin set free,
Thine are we—Thine would ever be.

All power, and praise, and might to Thee.
The Three in One, and One in Three,
The Everlasting TRINITY.

EMBER-WEEK IN SEPTEMBER

O THOU, Who once didst bless the ground,
The year with goodness Thou hast crown'd ;
Thy paths drop fatness on the plain,
And now the earth returns her grain.

Ps. lxx. 11-13

From blast and mildew, frost and blight,
Thou hast preserved it day and night ;
Thine was the rain, and Thine the sun,
And lo ! the reaper's work is done.

O grant that we may never be
Rich to ourselves and poor to Thee;
Forgetting, in their sore distress,
The widow and the fatherless !

When in the ground we threw that grain,
We knew that it should rise again;
The seed that lay and moulder'd there,
Except it died, no fruit could bear.

1 Cor. xv. 36,
37.

So, at the latter day, we trust
That Thou wilt raise us from the dust;
We know not when, we ask not how,
For GOD omnipotent art Thou !

Let not Thy servants then deplore
The harvest gone, the summer o'er,
The day of grace and mercy past,
And their poor souls not sav'd at last.

But teach us rather to obey
Thy Word, while it is called to-day.
And Thine Ambassadors to hear
With reverence and godly fear.

O HOLY GHOST ! on those descend
That now before Thy Bishops bend;
Who, with the FATHER and the SON,
Livest and reignest ever ONE.

S. Matt. x. 38,
39.

S. Andrew
suffered
martyrdom
by being
tied to a cross.

S. ANDREW'S DAY

SINCE the time that first we came.
To receive the SAVIOUR'S name,
We, His sons and servants now,
Have the Cross upon our brow.

Never let its mark grow dim :
By it we are signed for Him :
Should it ever fade away,
Who can face the Judgment-day ?

Trees, when storms their branches toss,
Make the figure of the Cross :
And when tempests on us beat,
We are safest at its feet.

Every bird that upward springs,
Makes the Cross with both his wings :
We without it cannot rise
From the earth and reach the skies.

Every ship that meets the waves,
By the Cross their fury braves :
We, on this world's ocean tossed,
If we have it not are lost.

It consoles us when distressed ;
When we faint it gives us rest :
Satan's craft and Satan's might
By the Cross are put to flight.

All who now their SAVIOUR see
Bore it bravely ;—so must we :
Never, never lay it down :
First the Cross, and then the Crown !

Now to GOD the FATHER be
Wisdom, power, and majesty :
Equal glory to the SON,
And the SPIRIT, Three in One.

S. THOMAS' DAY

We have not seen, we cannot see,
The Happy Land above,
Where sin, and death, and suffering flee,
And all is peace and love :

S. John xx. 28,
29.

Its sun that never goeth down,
Its streets of pearl and gold ;
Its blessed Saints who wear the crown
That never groweth old.

We only see the path is long
By which we have to go ;
We only feel the foes are strong
That seek to work us woe.

We have not seen, we cannot see,
The Cross our MASTER bore,
With all its pains, that we might be
The Devil's slaves no more.

We only think it hard to part
 With very pleasant sin,
 And give to GOD a perfect heart,
 And make Him LORD within.

The SPIRIT's grace we cannot see,
 That makes an infant whole;
 And gives the water power to free
 From sin a guilty soul.

We only know that we have power
 To do our FATHER's will;
 Though every day and every hour,
 We meet temptation still.

We walk by faith, and not by sight;
 And, blessed Saint, like thee
 We sometimes doubt if faith tells right,
 Because we cannot see.

Upon the promise we would lean
 Thy doubting heart received;—
 "Blessed are they that have not seen,
 And that have yet believed!"

Wide as the Church's voice can spread,
 To GOD all glory be;
 To Him That is the Apostles' Head,
 And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee.

S. STEPHEN'S DAY

Acts vii 55-60.

By pain, and weariness, and doubt,
 By fears within, and foes without,
 By Satan's power and Satan's guile,
 CHRIST's servants must be tried awhile.

This is their joy in time of need,—
 'Tis theirs to follow, His to lead;
 'Tis His, and His alone, to call,
 And theirs for Him to leave their all.

Oh, happiest, how much happiest, they,
 The first to listen and obey,
 Who go at once, who dare not wait,
 But hear His voice and follow straight!

The first to magnify His name
In spite of danger and of shame;
The first to leave the paths of sin,
Though all the world should walk therein.

By this the Saints their journey trod;
By this the Martyrs went to GOD:
Like him who first CHRIST'S Name confess'd,
And was the first to gain His rest.

Praise GOD from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

S. JOHN EVANGELIST'S DAY

In the blackness of the cloud,
When the thunder waxeth loud;
In the swelling of the sea,
When the wave roars horribly;—

In the seed that first must die
Ere the plant shall rise on high;
In the opening of the flower,—
We are taught that GOD is Power.

In the wandering stars, that go
By a path we little know,
And their Maker's voice obey,
Travelling on their heavenly way;

In the sun that knows his time
To his highest point to climb,
In the moon and starry skies,—
We are taught of GOD All Wise.

When we mark how GOD's right arm
Keeps His people free from harm,
And, when all things else have fail'd
How His promise hath prevail'd;

How when every hope seems gone,
Still He leads His chosen on,
Up to hoary hairs from youth,—
We are taught that God is Truth.

When we turn our thoughts aside
To this holy Christmas-tide,
How He came for man below,
God of God, to suffer woe;

1 S. John iv.
8-19.

Oh, how thankfully we say,
With the blessed Saint to-day,
He that dwells in Heaven above,
Dwelt on earth, for "God is love."

Him, by Whom mankind was made,
Him, That was for man betray'd,
Him, by Whom we live anew,
Praise we ever, as is due.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS

S. Matt. ii. 16.

THEY praise the holy Infants showed
This day, O blessed Lord,
Not by their mouths, but by their blood;
In deed, and not in word.

Rev. xiv. 3, 4.

A few short days they knew at most
A mother's tender love;
But they are now a glorious host
Around Thy throne above.

Help us to keep Thy law, if e'er
'Tis painful to obey;
And all Thy holy will to bear
As cheerfully as they.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
By men below be honour done,
And by the Heavenly Host.

THE CONVERSION OF S. PAUL

How shall we show ourselves indeed
Our SAVIOUR'S Own to be ?
How shall we prove that we *are* freed
By Him Who set us free ?

Acts ix. 18.

Is it by doing, every day,
Great deeds to bring us fame ?
Or trying, by our own display,
To magnify His name ?

Ah, no ! We have not powers like these ;
Such paths we must not take :
But every moment those that please
Can suffer for His sake.

Temptations come on every side ;
Yet, though our path seems rough,
We still shall find, when sorest tried,
That we have strength enough.

But we must strive to keep away
The first approach of sin :
And then, unless we yield the day,
Our foes can never win.

Wide as the Church's voice can spread,
To GOD all glory be :
To Him That is the Apostles' Head,
And HOLY GHOST, to Thee.

THE PURIFICATION

OR CANDLEMAS DAY

BLESSED are the pure in heart ;
They have loved the better part :
When life's journey they have trod,
They shall go to see their GOD.

S. Matt. v 8

Till in glory they appear,
They shall often see Him here :
And His Grace shall learn to know
In His glorious works below.

2 Cor. iv. 6.

When the Sun begins to rise,
Spreading brightness through the skies,
They will love to praise and bless
CHRIST, the Sun of Righteousness.

In the watches of the night,
When the stars are clear and bright,
"Thus the just shall shine," they say,
"In the Resurrection-day."

When the leaves in autumn die,
Falling fast and silently,
"These," they think, "that now seem dead,
Shall in Spring lift up their head."

GOD in every thing they see;
First in all their thoughts is He :
They have loved the better part ;—
Blessed are the pure in heart.

Now to GOD the FATHER be
Wisdom, power, and majesty :
Equal glory to the SON,
And the SPIRIT, Three in One.

S. MATTHIAS' DAY

Acts i. 23—26.

Not a single sight we view,
Not a single deed we do,
Not a single word we say,
Every hour of every day ;

Not one action or intent
Comes by chance or comes unsent !—
God, That hears His people's call,
Sees and overrules them all.

When we know not where we go,
'Tis enough for Him to know ;
Are there fears on every side ?
Let us trust,—and He will guide.

Does He make our wishes vain ?
'Tis because the loss is gain :
Does He stop us in our way ?
'Tis because 'tis best to stay.

When we suffer want or grief,
He at once could send relief ;
He could send it ;—and He would,
Were not suffering for our good.

He can make a little deed
On to mighty wonders lead :
Bidding things that men despise
Bring to nought the great and wise.

Thus His wisdom slumber'd not
When to-day they cast the lot :
But He chose when it was thrown,
Saint Matthias for His Own.

Him, by Whom mankind was made,
Him, That was for man betray'd,
Him, by Whom we live anew,
Praise we ever, as is due.

THE ANNUNCIATION

It is the Church's holy call
To keep our solemn Festival :
The God Whom Heaven and Earth obey,
Took on Himself our flesh to-day.

S. Luke i.
26-38.

He left His everlasting Throne
To visit and to save His Own ;
And, when the appointed time was come,
Did not abhor the Virgin's womb.

To-day the angel named Her Blest
On whom the HOLY GHOST should rest ;
In whom, to save mankind from hell,
The Everlasting God should dwell.

So full of grace, so full of faith,
 She wavereth not at that he saith;
 —“ Behold the handmaid of the LORD.
 Be it according to thy word.”

Therefore the Church, from shore to shore,
 Proclaims Her Blessed evermore :
 The stem of Jesse's promis'd Rod,
 The Mother of her LORD and GOD.

Glory to GOD on high be done ;
 Like glory to the Virgin's SON ;
 And equal praise and honour be,
 Eternal SPIRIT, paid to Thee.

S. MARK'S DAY

Genesis ii. 10.

FOUR streams through happy Eden flow'd
 When Eden yet was man's abode :
 The country where their waters roll'd
 Was rich in jewels and in gold.

And so amidst this world of ill,
 GOD hath a happy garden still ;
 With many a plant of precious root,
 And many a fruit-tree yielding fruit.

He guards it well by day and night,
 He keeps it free from drought and blight :
 'Tis safe from danger and from foe ;—
 It is the Holy Church below.

Its need He evermore supplies
 With four bright streams that in it rise ;
 The Doctrine of the Holy Four
 That East and West His Gospel bore.

Theirs is the word that cannot lie :
 Theirs is the truth that cannot die :
 That, when the wrath of man is past,
 Shall conquer and shall reign at last.

For this God's Saints the world defied;
 For this His Holy Martyrs died;
 And we like them must gladly take
 Affliction for the Gospel's sake.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host;
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

SS. PHILIP AND JAMES' DAY

ALL is bright and cheerful round us :
 All above is soft and blue;
 Spring at last hath come and found us,—
 Spring and all its pleasures too;—
 Every flower is full of gladness :
 Dew is bright, and buds are gay :
 Earth, with all its sin and sadness,
 Seems a happy place to-day.

Rev. vii. 18-1

If the flowers that fade so quickly,
 If a day that ends in night,
 If the skies that clouds so thickly
 Often cover from our sight,—
 If they all have so much beauty.
 What must be God's land of rest,
 Where His sons that do their duty,
 After many toils are blest.

There are leaves that never wither,
 There are flowers that ne'er decay :
 Nothing evil goeth thither;
 Nothing good is kept away.
 They that come from tribulation,
 Washed their robes and made them white,
 Out of every tongue and nation,
 Now have rest, and peace, and light.

They through grief, and pain, and scorning,
 Gave Thee, LORD, their willing names,
 Like the Saints we praise this morning,
 Like Saint Philip and Saint James.

B B

Oh, that we might, ceasing never,
 Follow them as they did Thee,
 Till we magnify for ever
 God the Blessed TRINITY.

S. BARNABAS' DAY

Acts xi. 22-26;
 and
 S. John xv. 13.

THAT love is mighty love indeed,
 Nor truer proof can make,
 That saves a friend in time of need,
 By dying for his sake.

But GOD commends His love to those
 That had provoked Him sore,
 By dying on the Cross for foes,
 To make them foes no more.

" For every drop upon the Tree
 Thus shed to make us live,
 Oh, wherefore, wherefore have not we
 A thousand lives to give ? "

Wide as the Church's voice can spread,
 To GOD all glory be :
 To Him That is the Apostles' Head,
 And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee !

S. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY

S. Mark i. 1-8.

BEFORE Thy face, O GOD, of old
 The great Forerunner went,
 Preparing for Thy heavenly Fold,
 And bidding men repent.

Before Thy face Thou sendest still
 Thy messengers of grace,
 To make obedient to Thy will
 A disobedient race.

So year by year, and day by day,
 Through good report and shame,
 They labour to prepare Thy way,
 And spread abroad Thy name.

They warn to flee from wrath to come :—
How few their warning fear !
They speak of Thine eternal Home :—
How many will not hear !

But we, believing their report
As Thine, and not their own,
And knowing that the time is short,
Would keep us near Thy throne !

And taking heed from others' fall,
While yet 'tis called to-day,
Would hear Thy holy Baptist's call,
Lest we too fall away.

To GOD, in Whom our boast we make,
All power and glory be ;
To Him of Whom the Baptist spake,
And HOLY GHOST, to Thee.

S. PETER'S DAY

WOULD we go, when life is o'er,
Where no pain can hurt us more ?
Would we dwell with GOD on high,
In that Blessed Company ?

1 S. Peter i.
3-9.

Then, in infancy and youth,
We must here confess His Truth ;
Boldly fight with every sin,
Both without us and within ;

Never shrink when sinners jeer ;
If they threaten, never fear ;
Never turn aside because
Others break the SAVIOUR'S laws ;

Setting Him before our face ;
Running patiently our race ;
Thinking of the scorn He bore
Ere His mighty work was o'er.

All His saints their foes o'ercame
By confessing of His Name :
If with them we would appear,
We must first be like them here.

Him, by Whom mankind was made,
Him, That was for man betray'd,
Him, by Whom we live anew,
Praise we ever, as is due.

S. JAMES' DAY

Acts xii. 1, 2.

FIRST of the twelvefold band that trod
The blood-stained path that leads to GOD,
Elect among the chosen Three,
We praise thy Master, praising thee.

S. Matt. xvii.
1, 2.

His servant thou, through good and ill ;
His follower up the holy hill :
And, when His hour was drawing nigh,
His witness in the Agony.

S. Mark xiv.
32, 33.

Thou knew'st His love, how strong to save ;
Thou saw'st His victory o'er the grave :
—" Why make ye this ado, and weep ?
She is not dead, she doth but sleep."

S. Mark v.
37-39.

Thou stov'st, when He was gone above,
To call down fire—the fire of love ;
And seeking toil, and scorning rest,
To set His standard in the West.

S. Matt. xx. 28.

Filled with the love that never shrank
From drinking of the cup He drank,
Thou couldst not fear the tyrant's sword
That sent thee home to see thy LORD.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host ;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

S. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY

Is there one who sets his face
To obtain the foremost place ?
Is there one who longs to see
Others not so high as he ?

S. Matt. xx.
25-28.

He, for man Who suffered woe,
Was the lowest of the low ;
He, for man Who left His Throne,
Was rejected by His own.

If we seek His paths to tread,
If we would be like our Head,
Wheresoever we are cast,
We must count ourselves the last.

GOD Himself resisteth pride,
GOD is on the humble's side ;
He will make the haughty weak,
And with joy lift up the meek.

We must love our SAVIOUR's state ;
Not be waited on, but wait ;—
Gladly answer every call,
Gladly be of use to all.

Others then may call us still
Poor of spirit, if they will ;
Why should sinners be ashamed,
When their SAVIOUR thus was named ?

If ourselves we humble here,
Till our MASTER shall appear ;
He, when this short life is past,
Will exalt us at the last.

Him, by Whom mankind was made,
Him That was for man betray'd,
Him, by Whom we live anew,
Praise we ever, as is due.

S. MATTHEW'S DAY

S. Luke xii. 47,
48.

WE cannot plead, as others may,
When CHRIST shall speak our doom,
That we have never known the way
To flee the wrath to come.

Our SAVIOUR's will at least we knew ;
And double is our woe,
If we have never tried to do
The will He made us know.

So many words of love He speaks,
Such blessings He bestows,
So many ways our souls He seeks,
To save them from their foes ;

So much He does, so much He bears,
That if we still rebel,
Our case is ten times worse than theirs
Who never knew Him well.

And every blessed Saint that taught
The knowledge of their LORD,
Condemns each deed that we have wrought
Against His holy Word.

They all, in that most dreadful Day,
Shall plead against our cause,
That we who knew would ne'er obey
Our LORD and MASTER's laws.

Then all in vain our prayers and cries ;
One state alone remains ;
The worm whose torture never dies,
And everlasting chains.

To GOD, in Whom all glories dwell,
Both might and wisdom be :
To Him of Whom the Gospels tell,
And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee.

MICHAELMAS-DAY

AROUND the throne of GOD, a band
Of glorious Angels always stand;
Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold,
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

Heb. i. 14.

Some wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His will;
And some, when He commands them, go
To guard His servants here below.

When God rain'd fire and brimstone down
On Sodom, that ungodly town,
His servant was not there forgot,
For Angels came to bring out Lot.

Gen. xix. 1-16.

When in the grave the SAVIOUR lay,
Two Angels roll'd the stone away:
Their garments were exceeding white,
Their faces shining as the light.

S. John xx. 12.

The women came with doubt and fear;
"The LORD is ris'n,—He is not here:
Why seek ye then," they gently said,
"The Living thus among the dead?"

Herod the king had fix'd a day
To take Saint Peter's life away:
The very night before, he slept
Bound with two chains, and safely kept:

Acts xii. 7-11.

An Angel came from heaven by night,
And all at once the prison was light:
He burst the gates, he broke the chain,
And wicked Herod's care was vain.

LORD, give Thy Angels every day,
Command to guide us on our way;
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep;

So shall no wicked thing draw near
 To do us harm, or cause us fear ;
 And we shall dwell, when life is past,
 With Angels round Thy Throne at last.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host ;
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

S. LUKE'S DAY

S. Luke v. 31.

Col. iv. 14.

O GREAT Physician of the soul
 To Whom the helpless pray,
 We come to Thee to make us whole ;
 Oh, cast us not away.

We know that once Thou mad'st us clean,
 And call'dst us each Thy child :
 But, looking not to things unseen,
 Ourselves we have defiled.

Oh, give us grace to pray and weep,
 And set ourselves with care
 Henceforth Thy holy law to keep,
 Thy holy yoke to bear ;

Henceforth to strive, each day and hour,
 Thy faithful sons to be ;
 And ne'er again to own his power
 From whom Thou mad'st us free.

And evermore, O LAMB of GOD,
 That Heavenly Medicine give,—
 Thy precious Body and Thy Blood,
 That we may taste and live.

To God, in Whom all glories dwell,
 Both might and wisdom be :
 To Him of Whom the Gospels tell,
 And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee.

SS. SIMON AND JUDE'S DAY

SAINTS of God, whom faith united
In the twelve Apostles' band;
Who for CHRIST in pain delighted,
Who are now at CHRIST's Right Hand :
Ye had many a bitter trial,
Ye were scorned and set at nought;
Fearing nothing but denial
Of the LORD for Whom ye fought.

S. Luke xxii.
28-30.

Call'd on earth to different stations
In the battle of the LORD,
Ye went on through tribulations,
Faith your shield, and truth your sword :
Far apart, through toil and peril,
Passed ye onward to your rest :
In the streets of gold and beryl,
Now together ye are blest.

Leaves of autumn tell the story
How our lives must also pass,
And that this world's pomp and glory
Fadeth like the summer grass :
Earthly joys are vain and hollow,
Earthly hopes but poor at best :
CHRIST's true Martyrs ! we would follow
In your steps and gain our rest.

Him, Whose love mankind created,
Him, That came for man to bleed,
Him, That hath regenerated
Us and all His chosen seed ;
We, as we are onward pressing
To His glorious Home on high,
With His saints and angels blessing,
Now and ever magnify.

ALL SAINTS

(WHICH MAY ALSO BE SAID ON THE FESTIVAL OF ANY SAINT)

Rev. vii.
13-17.

A BRIGHT and glorious host are they
Whom we must keep in mind to-day,—
The noble army of the sky,
The Martyrs' goodly company.

In thirst and hunger, fire and sword,
They bare true witness to their LORD;
By cruel beasts and torments tried,
In CHRIST they lived, for CHRIST they died.

At every time, in every place,
GOD's Holy Martyrs ran their race;
And some were children, young as I,
Who for their SAVIOUR dared to die.

Others, with crowns almost as bright,
Dwell with them now in Heavenly light;
Who pain and cruel mockings bore,
Rather than give their SAVIOUR o'er.

Therefore they stand before the Throne,
And GOD hath comforted His own :
His was the Hand that brought them through,
And His the Hand that crowns them too.

O GOD of Saints ! we humbly pray,
We may be holy, just as they;
And in temptations we will flee,
O GOD of Martyrs, unto Thee !

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF A CHURCH

Ex. xxxi. 1-6.

O LORD of Hosts, Whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands :

Grant that all we, who here to-day,
Rejoicing, this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine Own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

Endue the creatures with Thy grace
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

Is. lx. 13.

To Thee they all belong; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne,
We but present Thee with Thine own.

Endue the hearts that guide with skill;
Preserve the hands that work from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

Both now and ever, LORD, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessed TRINITY.

THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

O GOD, Who lovest to abide
In Sion's chosen gate,
More than the thousand tents beside,
Where Israel's faithful wait;

1 Kings viii.
30-54.

Accept our works, and hear our vows,
Unworthy though we be;
And look in mercy on the House
We dedicate to Thee.

Here answer Thou, as Thou art wont,
Thy people when they pray;
Here in the waters of Thy font
Let sin be wash'd away;

Here set Thy Confirmation's seal
For ghostly strength and good;
Here give Thy people, as they kneel,
Their SAVIOUR'S Flesh and Blood;

Let never evil thing divide
The hearts Thou here mak'st one ;
By danger or affliction tried,
Here let Thy servants run ;

Here find they refuge from their foes,
And grace and peace alway ;
Here let their dust in hope repose
Until the Judgment-day.

If after sin they seek Thy Face,
And by Thy precepts live,
Hear Thou in Heaven Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hear'st, forgive !

If there be famine in the land,
Or pestilence, or foe,
Stretch out from heaven Thy strong right Hand,
When here Thy flock fall low.

Bless those, O LORD, and hear their cry,
That raised Thy temple here ;
That in Thy House beyond the sky,
With joy they may appear ;

And whoso seeks, by guile or might,
To wrong Thy holy place ;
Thou shalt avenge, O GOD, Thy right
On him and all his race.

Wisdom and power to GOD alone ;
Praise to the FATHER be,
And to the precious Corner-stone,
And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee.

HYMNS FOR ESPECIAL OCCASIONS

THE NEW COTTAGE

STRANGERS and pilgrims here below,
To Thee our prayers we send ;
O GOD, from danger and from woe
This dwelling-place defend !

As faithful Abraham loved to raise
 An altar where he came,
 So now our sacrifice of praise
 We offer to Thy Name.

Gen. xii. 7.

Here let Thy Peace, O SAVIOUR, rest,
 Here let Thy Love abide,
 Make us a blessing, make us blest,
 In all that may betide :
 Keep storm, and fire, and sickness hence,
 And danger and alarm ;
 Nor let the son of violence
 Approach to do us harm :

Let our petitions when we meet,
 And every secret prayer,
 Come up before Thy Mercy-seat,
 And find acceptance there :

Teach us, in life, with faith and love
 To do our LORD's commands ;
 And give us, in Thy time, above,
 A House not made with hands ;

2 Cor. v. 1.

The House Thy precious Passion bought,
 O SAVIOUR, for Thine own ;
 Who, through the SPIRIT, shall be brought
 Before the FATHER's Throne.

GOING TO WORK

O THOU, Who, when Thou hadst begun,
 To form the earth and sky,—
 Until Thy six days' work was done,
 Laid'st not Thy labour by :—

Ps. cxxvii. 1, 2.

O Thou, Whose Love such suffering bore,
 The sons of men to save ;
 And never knew one pause before
 It rested in the grave :

Thou call'st me forth to work to-day ;
 O give me good success !
 And in his sight whom I obey,
 Thy servant's labours bless.

My arm shall know no idle rest,
 My heart no labour flee;
 Yet, when my hand has done its best,
 The blessing is of Thee.

O send me wisdom from on high,
 My father's God, and mine;
 For hearing ear, and seeing eye,
 And able hand, are Thine.

And since Thou hast me still in view,
 When out of human sight,
 Teach me, whate'er I find to do,
 To do with all my might.

They who in Heaven before Thee bow
 Have entered into rest;
 And gladly would I labour now,
 To be as they are, blest;

Where Thou, Who reign'st with God the Son,
 And God the HOLY GHOST,
 Hast praise from Saints, whose work is done,
 And from the Heavenly Host.

LEAVING HOME

Heb. x. 8, 16.

O GRACIOUS GOD, Who bidd'st me now
 To leave the home I love,
 And call'st my thoughts to that which Thou
 Prepar'st in Heaven above :

Although my heart is much distress,
 Thy holy Will be done !
 And now I seek a better rest,—
 " That is, an Heavenly " one.

O let Thine Angels round me stand,
 As once round Abraham's tent;
 When he went out at Thy command,
 Not knowing where he went.

O give me holy Jacob's grace,
 When, resting in his flight,
 He "lighted on a certain place,
 And tarried there all night."

Gen. xxviii. 11.

Luz, which is SIN, was then its name :
 His feet the city trod,—
 And straightway BETH-EL it became,
 Which is THE HOUSE OF GOD.

If Thou wilt guide and guard my feet,
 And bid my fears be gone ;
 If Thou wilt give me bread to eat,
 And raiment to put on ;

If with Thy holy Church below
 I still may seek Thy Throne ;—
 Then all I have, and all I know,
 Shall surely be Thine own.

O bring me home in peace, when this
 My wandering shall be o'er ;
 Or give me, LORD, a Home of bliss,
 That I shall leave no more.

Where THOU, Whose guiding cannot err,
 And JESUS CHRIST our LORD,
 And That Eternal COMFORTER,
 For ever art adored.

RETURNING HOME

O LORD of Hosts, Thy love we praise,
 For guarding us through all our ways,
 And keeping both from fear and sin
 Our going out and coming in.

Ps. cxxi.

From perils that we could not see,
 Thy strong Right Arm hath set us free ;
 In perils that we saw with fear,
 We call'd to Thee, and help was near.

From fevers that arise by noon,—
 From burning sun, and hurtful moon,—
 From evil accidents by night,—
 And from the dangers of the light ;

From all these ills, departing hence.
 We pray'd Thee to be our defence :
 Thou heard'st our prayer, Thou heard'st our vow ;
 What shall we render to Thee now ?

We will go up to seek Thy Face,
 And worship in Thy holy place ;
 Kneel with Thy Priests, and humbly take
 The Cup they bless, the Bread they break :

Praying Thee still, from stage to stage,
 To guard our earthly pilgrimage ;
 Till Thou shalt call us Home to Thee,
 O undivided TRINITY.

IN TIME OF TROUBLE

Ps. xliv. 3.

O GOD, in danger and distress
 A very present aid ;
 Though troubles now around us press,
 We will not be afraid ;
 We know the wonders Thou hast wrought,
 And all Thy Saints have told,
 How for Thy servants Thou hast fought,
 And made the fearful bold ;

They once were very sore distressed,
 And tempted more than we ;
 They now have entered on the rest
 We also hope to see.

Not by themselves that pleasant Land
 Could they have hoped to win ;
 It was Thy promise and Thy hand
 That brought them safely in.

O GOD—their GOD and ours—behold !
 A faithful GOD art Thou ;
 Thou didst not fail Thy Saints of old,—
 Thou wilt not fail us now.

Through Thee the victory shall be won
 O'er Satan and his host ;
 O GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the HOLY GHOST.

IN SICKNESS

O THOU, Who lov'st to send relief
 In time of our distress ;
 Because Thyself didst bear our grief,
 And feel our sicknesses ;

Phil. i. 23.

Thy Will be done, I still would say,
 Whate'er that Will may be ;
 And let this trial, day by day,
 Fulfil its end in me.

Thy Saints, who all their journey clave
 To Thee with all their heart,
 Might say, when looking on the grave,
 " 'Tis better to depart : "

But I can only hide my face,
 And pray Thee, as I weep,—
 Take the poor wanderer to Thy grace ;
 Pity Thy feeblest sheep !

And since Thou never didst forbid
 To pray for earthly good,—
 As in old time Thy people did,
 So now Thy servant would :

As when on earth Thou still art nigh,
 To bid diseases flee ;
 O raise me also up, that I
 May minister to Thee.

How shall the wonders of Thine hand
 Be show'd where life is not ?
 Thy loving-kindness in the land
 Where all things are forgot ?

Ps. lxxxviii.
11, 12.

O LORD, look down ! O LORD, forgive,
 O help me from on high !
 Since no man to himself must live,
 Nor to himself can die.

Yet be it, SAVIOUR, as Thou wilt,
 No further would I pray ;
 Only forgive Thy servant's guilt,
 Put all his [*her*] sins away.

And when, through feebleness or pain,
My thoughts are far from Thee,
Though I forget Thee, SAVIOUR, then,
O yet forget not me !

In HIM that bore our griefs and pains
Shall they that suffer boast,
Who with the FATHER ever reigns,
And with the HOLY GHOST.

THE DEATH OF THE PARISH PRIEST

2 Kings ii. 3.

O SAVIOUR, Who hast call'd away
Our master from our head to-day;
Giving Thy weary servant rest,
And taking him to Abraham's breast :

We thank Thee for the love and grace
That follow'd him through all his race;
We thank Thee for the shepherd's care,
Wherein so long we had our share.

His watchful tenderness is o'er;
The care we found, we find no more;
No more he watches, night and day.
To keep each hurtful thing away;

His voice no longer may we know,
To cheer the weak, to chide the slow;
While all his heart's desires were bent
For us to spend and to be spent.

Yet still Thy Providence is nigh,
Thou SHEPHERD That canst never die;
And for Thine own wilt Thou provide
Another head, another guide.

We often turned aside to fall,
And would not hear Thy servant's call;
His voice we often disobeyed,
And his rough journey rougher made.

O teach us so our race to run,
That it may end as his hath done ;
That, at Thy great appearing, we
His hope and crown of joy may be.

O Thou true SHEPHERD of the sheep,
We look to Thee,—we will not weep :
Endue us with Thy SPIRIT's Grace,
That we may see Thy FATHER's Face.

EASTER OR HOLY BAPTISM

With CHRIST we share a mystic grave,
With CHRIST we buried lie ;
But 'tis not in the darksome cave
By mournful Calvary.

See note ii.
p. 420.

The pure and bright baptismal flood
Entombs our nature's stain :
New creatures from the cleansing wave
With CHRIST we rise again.

Thrice blest if through this world of sin,
And lust, and selfish care,
Our resurrection mantle white
And undefiled we wear.

Thrice blest if through the gate of death,
Glorious at last and free,
We to our joyful rising pass,
O risen LORD, with Thee.

CONFIRMATION

BLESSED SAVIOUR, Who hast taught me
I should live to Thee alone ;
All these years Thy Hand hath brought me,
Since I first was made Thine own ;
When I wandered, Thou hast found me,
When I doubted, set me right ;
And by every thing around me
Made me meeter for Thy sight.

Acts viii. 14-17.

Strength I need before I enter
On the slippery paths of youth ;
Grace I need before I venture
On a world that hates the truth.
Wherefore, LORD, I come believing
I shall find the things I need ;
From Thy Bishop's hands receiving
Grace—the SPIRIT's grace indeed.

[At the Font my vows were spoken
By my parents in the LORD ;
That my vow shall be unbroken
At the Altar I record.
There my conscience newly binding,
My profession will I make ;
There new strength and wisdom finding
To preserve the vows I take.]

Many foes will now assail me,
Craftier, stronger far than I ;
And the strife will never fail me,
Well I know, before I die ;
Keep me from mine own undoing ;
Let me turn to Thee when tried ;
Thee my Pattern ever viewing,
Never venturing from Thy Side.

I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine Arm ;
Follow wholly Thy directing.
O my only Guard from harm.
Meet me now with Thy Salvation,
In Thy Church's ordered way ;
Let me feel Thy Confirmation
In Thy Truth and Fear to-day :

So that might and firmness gaining,
Hope in danger, joy in grief,
Now and evermore remaining
In the Catholic Belief ;
Resting in my SAVIOUR's Merit,
Strengthened with the SPIRIT's strength,
With Thy Church I may inherit
All my FATHER's joy at length.

THE FIRST HOLY COMMUNION

I HAVE renewed, O LORD, my vow,
And set thereto my hand;
Professed a good profession now,
And here Thy soldier stand :

S. John vi.
53, 54.

And yet I could not struggle long
Against my evil will,
Unless, when Satan seems most strong,
Thou mad'st me stronger still ;

Unless Thy precious Blood once shed,
Thy precious Flesh once broke,
Were resurrection from the dead,
And freedom from the yoke.

Behold me, therefore, drawing near
Thine Altar, LORD, to-day ;
And though I come with doubt and fear,
O send me not away.

I could not dare to seek Thy Throne
With such a guilty soul,
Unless Thy Flesh and Blood alone
Could make a sinner whole.

[If I can only worthily
Receive Them and retain,
I know my soul can no more die
Than Thou canst die again :

And when through grief, or sin, or shame,
My spirit in me faints,
Though weak and wretched, I may claim
The fellowship of Saints.]

In faith, in love, would I receive,
With mingled joy and grief :
When others question,—I believe ;
Help Thou mine unbelief !

But, by Thine unknown Sufferings here,
Thy Passion and Thy Cross,
REDEEMER, let me ne'er draw near
To my eternal loss ;

By each Communion teach my feet
To go from strength to strength;
Till I with all Thy faithful meet
Around the Throne at length!

Praise to the FATHER, and the SON,
And to the HOLY GHOST;
From men, from Saints whose work is done,
And all the Heavenly Host.

EVENING OF A COMMUNION-SUNDAY

We sing His praises night by night,
Who left His glorious Throne of light,
Upon Himself our form to take,
Becoming all things for our sake:

Our Pattern, while on earth He stood;
In that last solemn night, our Food;
Dying, our Ransom from our foes;
Our Hope of glory, when He rose.

O Thou Good Shepherd, Who could'st be
Betray'd and crucified for me,
Who with Thyself Thy flock dost feed,
Who for Thy flock Thyself dost plead;

Let all Thy members, O our Head,
Press towards the Home where Thou hast led;
O spotless Sacrifice for sin,
Give them Thy grace to enter in.

By Thee, O FATHER, we were made;
For us, O SON, wert Thou betrayed;
By Thee made holy, SPIRIT blest;
O give us power to reach Thy rest.

ANOTHER.

O THOU, Whose dwelling is on high,
Behold us with a pitying eye;
And since we have received Thy Name,
O make us worthy of the same.

Make us what Thou would'st have us be;
Work in us that which pleaseth Thee;
And hear us when we seek Thy aid
To keep the law Thyself hast made.

Dangers and snares beset our way,—
Direct our feet, and be our stay;
When perils fright, or toils offend,
O fix our eyes upon the end.

An end of peace from fears and foes;
A rest from such as now oppose;
Amidst the Pleasures evermore;
Amongst the Saints called Home before;

In glory now, though once distrest;
In battle once, but now at rest;
Praising the FATHER, and the SON,
And the blest SPIRIT, THREE in ONE.

ANOTHER.

O JESU, once for sinners slain,
And rising, as to-day, again;
Commanding every care to cease,
And giving joy and bringing peace;
Abide with us, we pray, to-night;
And make this evening's darkness light;
Remove all danger, calm all fear,
Renew our faith, our sorrows cheer.

No enemy can harm the breast
Where Thou, O LORD, inhabitest;
Thine Arm, when perils rise around,
A very present help is found.

True Light to lighten all Thy Saints!
True Comfort when the spirit faints!
Sunk in the west the sun may be,
But we have light if we have Thee.

Thy love so freely o'er us shed,
Has given this day our DAILY BREAD;
Praise to the FATHER, and to Thee,
And the blest SPIRIT, ONE in THREE.

THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH

2 Tim. III. 16.

How shall we praise Thee, LORD, aright,
 Who graciously hast given
 Thy Holy Scriptures for a light
 To show the path to Heaven ?

With thankfulness on these we look
 As far beyond all price ;
 And profitable for rebuke,
 Instruction, and advice.

We bless Thee that we are not left
 To our unguided sense,
 Of every other help bereft,
 To draw Thy will from thence ;

1 Tim. III. 15.

But since false teachers will abound
 To lead astray our youth,
 Thou mak'st Thy Holy Church the ground,
 And pillar of the truth.

Thou promisest she shall not fall ;
 And where her voice was known
 Always—in every age—by all—
 Her words must be Thine own.

O grant that we may ne'er prefer,
 Through ignorance or pride,
 Our vain imaginings to her,
 Thine own appointed Guide :

Lest, leaving her, we fall from Thee,
 And at Thy statutes scoff ;
 And in the end our portion be
 With those that are cut off.

Wide as the Church's voice shall spread,
 To GOD all glory be ;
 And to her blessed LORD and HEAD,
 And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee.

UNITY

O THOU, Who camest down to call
The wretched and undone;
And ere Thy Passion wouldst that all
Thy people should be one;

S. John xvii.
21.

Thou giv'st command,—all powers obey;
Thy statutes must prevail;
For heaven and earth shall pass away
Before Thy Word shall fail.

And shall Thy last and earnest prayer
Be unaccomplished still?
And men and evil spirits dare
To strive against Thy Will?

Behold Thy holy Church, and see
How she is left forlorn;
By those that hate both her and Thee
Revil'd, and rent, and torn.

Fightings within, and foes without,
Have made her faint and bleed;
Until the faithless almost doubt
If she be One indeed.

The Head is One, the Head is Love,
The members disagree;
O send them Oneness from above,
As all are One with Thee.

One Hope before them all is set,—
One holy Faith they hold;
Though widely wandering, they are yet
All sheep of one great Fold:

One is the heart, and one the tongue
Of those that see Thy Face;
O give us here the love and song
That fill that blessed Place.

Make us, O HOLY SPIRIT, one.
That all Thy Saints may be
As is the FATHER with the SON
And as are Both with Thee.

VARIOUS HYMNS

FOR A SCHOOL

From
" S. Margaret's
Hymnal "

THOU Who, come to save Thy people,
Journeying on through this world's wild,
In the fulness of the ages,
Born of Mary undefiled,
Hallowedst infancy and childhood,
Infant Thou Thyself and Child :

Look on these Thy living temples,
Not adorned with gems and gold,
But by Thy most Holy Spirit,
Dwelling there to bend and mould :
These, the sheep of Thine own pasture ;
These, the lambs of Thine own fold.

Here, within this house, for ever
Let Thy loving wisdom be :
This and other generations
Here Thy tender mercy see.
Since for these Thine own we rear it,
We have raised it unto Thee.

Grant them strength, before they enter
On the slippery paths of youth :
Grant them courage, ere assaulted
By a world that hates the truth :
Guard them from the raging lion,
And the serpent's poisonous tooth.

Grant them vigour, while they labour
In the ceaseless battle pressed :
Grant them, when the fight is over,
To obtain eternal rest.
Here to seek Thee, there to find Thee,
As their portion ever blest !

Laud to Him, to Whom supernal
Thrones and virtues bend the knee :
Laud to Him, from Whom infernal
Powers and dominations flee :
Laud to Him, the co-eternal
PARACLETE, for ever be. Amen.

FOR A SICK CHILD

LORD JESU, Who for us didst bear
Such anguish and distress,
And all our many trials share,
And all our sicknesses.

Written for
the "Priests'
Prayer-book."

For this dear end Thou bearest woe,
That by such pain and shame
Thy people's sufferings Thou might'st know,
As having felt the same.

Thou well canst make our easier bed,
To such a hard one bound ;
Thou pitiest every aching head,
For Thine with thorns was crowned.

Thou feltest anguish long and keen,
And weakness at its worst ;
Thou know'st what burning fevers mean,
For Thou hast said, " I thirst."

Thine hands made whole the child from harm,
Whom demons sore oppress'd ;
And children taken in Thine Arms,
By Thy dear words were blest.

No pulse that moved, no breath that stirred,
Her life had reached its close ;
Talitha cumi was Thy word,
And straight the maid arose.

Thou chosest innocents to be
First martyrs here below ;
They gave their little lives for Thee,
Whose Name they could not know.

Thousands since then have learned to bear
 The worst that pain could do ;
 In Thine affliction having share,
 But in Thy glory too.

Thou knowest all my future lot,
 Sweet Mary's sweetest Son ;
 O raise me up again—yet not
 My will, but Thine be done.

O raise me up to be Thine own,
 Or, if Thou take me hence,
 Give me a place beneath Thy throne,
 Among the Innocents.

HYMN FOR S. JAMES

Written for
 use at the
 Dedication of
 S. James' Church,
 Enfield, 1843.

O THOU, the Martyr's hope and crown,
 On this Thy Martyr's day look down ;
 That day whereon, through heavenly grace,
 He fought the fight, he ran the race.

Look on the Church that bears his name,
 Who Satan's armies overcame,
 And, first of Thine Apostles' band,
 Had portion in the promised land.

Look on the priests, O LORD, who bow
 Before Thy holy altar now ;
 Look on Thy deacons, that they may
 Be full of love and grace away.

Look on Thy flock, that they may be
 Knit with the Church above in Thee ;
 That, thinking on Thy blessed Saint,
 Their faith and zeal may never faint.

O GOD of Martyrs ! send Thy grace
 On priest and people, day and place ;
 And take us home at length to Thee,
 O undivided TRINITY !

ALL SAINTS

Joy for them whose glory,
Writ in ancient story,
Never, never can decay.

From
"S. Margaret's
Hymnal."

Joy for them whose laurel,
Won in righteous quarrel,
Is our theme and pride to-day.

These have joy for sighing,
These, true life for dying
Where the living waters rise.

Lilies, twine with roses
Where this band reposes,
In the vales of Paradise.

Roses crown the Martyr
That rejoiced to barter
Earthly woe for heavenly rest :

Lilies, the Confessor,
That o'er faith's oppressor
Victory won with gallant breast.

Strength from patient meekness,
Valour out of weakness,
Brought them to the Land of Light.

Love that could not alter,
Faith that would not falter,
Hope that now is lost in sight.

Virgin bands surrounding
Him of grace abounding,
There possess the Promised Land.

Foes of truth pursuing,
Realms to CHRIST subduing,
There the Faith's great Teachers stand.

Warrior Saints undaunted,
That the standards vaunted
Of blaspheming foes o'ercast :

Kings that tribute paying,
Love and true obeying,
See the KING of kings at last.

Happy, happy reapers,
Joyous now, once weepers,
To the truer Boaz known.

Happy courtiers, dwelling
In the light excelling
Of th' eternal Solomon.

If we may but gain them,
As ye now attain them,
Those six steps of Sion's throne :

Then the loud defiance
Of the twice six lions,
We may boldly face alone.

CHRIST, That brought you thither,
Send His guidance hither
Till the snares of earth are past ;

That those streets of beryl,
After many a peril,
We with you may tread at last.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILDREN AT S. MATTHEW'S, IPSWICH

See letter on
opposite page.

I AM a little Catholic,
And Christian is my name,
And I believe in Holy Church
In every age the same.

And I believe the English Church
To be a part of her,
The Holy Church throughout the world,
That cannot fail or err.

And ever since Augustine came
The Gospel here to bring,
And spake beneath an ancient oak
To Ethelbert the king ;

And taught him of one GOD on high,
By all to be adored,
And of our Saviour JESUS CHRIST,
His only SON, our LORD;

There have been churches on the hill,
And churches in the vale,
And churches on the high white cliff,
By which the good ships sail.

And here as well, in this our town,
Full many a church have we :
S. Matthew and S. Margaret,
And S. Mary by the Quay.

GOD bless them all, and bless their Priests,
And grant us of His Love
That all who help the Church on earth
May join the Church above.

Letter in reference to "I am a little Catholic."

From C. H. G.
To CANON HASKOLL.

*S. Matthew's Rectory,
Ipswich.*

"REVND. SIR,

"In compliance with your general request in the *Guardian*, I send you accompanying lines from the pen of the lamented Dr. Neale. They were written some seven or eight years ago, within the walls of a sisterhood then lately established experimentally in my parish, and emanating from East Grinstead. The Sisters had gathered as many as one hundred children round them in daily attendance within their walls, and Mr. Neale, in the course of one day's visit, had contrived to exercise so remarkable a fascination over them, that they were found in the afternoon familiarly questioning him as to how hymns and songs were made. Answering them 'that it was all very easy,' he penned offhand what now I send you as those many little eyes were looking on with wonder and delight. Illustrating as it does, at once his wondrous facility (in more senses of that word than one) and his genial, loving nature, it may perhaps be thought not unworthy of a place in the miscellany which you appear to be contemplating.

"I am, Revnd. Sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"C. H. G."

HYMNS FOR THE SICK

FROM THE PREFACE

THE following hymns have been written with the wish of setting before the suffering and the sick some of those sources of "strong consolation" which it has pleased our Heavenly FATHER to lay up for the afflicted in His Holy Church.

It is not thoughtlessly that the writer has made choice of (for the most part) uncommon and difficult metres. He knows, both from his own experience and from the testimony of others, how often in illness, particularly in fever, verses written in a very easy and natural metre will run in the mind for hours together, and thus worry, instead of soothing. It was to prevent this effect that he has chosen measures not so likely to recur to, until they weary, the mind.

October, 1843.

HYMNS FOR THE SICK

I WILL SHOW HIM HOW GREAT THINGS HE MUST SUFFER
FOR MY NAME'S SAKE.

THY servants militant below
Have each, O Lord, their post ;
As Thou appoint'st, Who best dost know
The soldiers of Thine Host :
Some in the van Thou call'st to *do*,
And the day's heat to share ;
And in the rearward not a few
Thou only bidd'st to *bear*.

A brighter crown, perchance, is theirs,
To the mid-battle sent ;
But he Thy glory also shares
Who waits beside the tent ;
More bravely done, in human eyes,
The foremost post to take ;
My SAVIOUR will not those despise
That suffer for His sake.

More honoured others, LORD, may be,
But keep me near Thy throne ;
Light in Thy Light content to see,
And never in mine own ;
To keep their goal and mine in view,
Delighted to sit still,
And ever more, if not to do,
At least to bear, Thy Will.

See also
" Festival of
Hermita," p.
444, a revision
of this.

IN A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

O THOU, Who rising long before the day,
Went'st forth to pray
On the cold mount, by weariness opprest,
That we might rest
With Thee hereafter ; though my lot denies
Sleep to mine eyes,—
Blessed REDEEMER, how can I repine,
Remembering Thine ?

O Thou, Who at the fourth watch of the night
Didst come in sight
Of Thine Apostles, toiling on the wave ;
And, swift to save
From peril and from fear, said'st, drawing nigh,
“ Peace ! it is I ! ”
O still my thoughts, tempestuous as that sea,
Speak peace to me !

O Thou, Who didst not roughly chide Thy Saint
With faith too faint
To walk the waters, but with outstretch'd Hand
Didst bid him stand ;
My faith is weak : according to Thy Word,
Help me, O LORD !
Afraid of every danger ; not afraid
To seek Thine aid.

Oh, give Thy servant patience, to be still,
And bear Thy Will ;
Courage to venture wholly on the arm
That will not harm ;
The wisdom that will never let me stray
Out of my way ;
The Love, that, now afflicting, knoweth best
When I should rest.

Thy time is not yet come. Enough for me !
Thy time will be
The safest and the best ; and how can I
Wish it more nigh ?

If e'er Thou settest me among Thy Blest,
 Enough of rest !
 Meanwhile, altho' Thou bidd'st my pains not cease,
 Grant me Thy Peace.

The peace, O GOD the FATHER, that alone
 Surrounds Thy throne,
 The peace, O GOD the SON, Thy last bequest
 To hearts distress'd,
 O GOD the HOLY GHOST, from age to age
 Thine heritage.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT'S ASSURANCES OF, AND CON-
 SOLATIONS IN, AFFLICTION.

"COUNT not," the Lord's Apostle saith,
 Who knew affliction's sting,
 "The fiery trial of your faith
 As an unwonted thing : "
 Yea, rather, CHRIST Himself would teach
 His people, ere He went,
 That they were marked for grief, by each
 Thrice-blessed Sacrament.

Republished
 in "Sequences
 and Hymns,"
 1866.

When we, endued with power on high,
 Began to live afresh,
 We vowed our wills to mortify,
 And crucify the flesh ;
 To count all earthly gain as loss,
 All earthly honour shame ;
 And we were strengthened with the Cross,
 That we might bear the same.

Doth not the Altar call our thought
 To His expiring breath ?
 The woes that our Salvation bought,
 The Love as strong as death ?
 His precious Body makes not whole
 Till broken on the Wood :
 The Chalice could not cleanse our soul,
 Except it were His Blood.

A MASTER suffering on the Tree,
 A servant at his ease,
 Oh, my REDEEMER, far from me
 Be thoughts and hopes like these !
 In me, and by me, every day,
 Thy holy Will be done,
 Till Thou shalt call my soul away,
 Eternal THREE in ONE !

IN FEVER.

THERE is a stream, whose waters rise
 Amidst the hills of Paradise,
 Where foot of man hath never trod,
 Proceeding from the throne of GOD :
 Oh, give me sickness here, or strife,
 So I may reach that spring of life.

There is a Rock that, nigh at hand
 Gives shadow in a weary land ;
 Who in that Stricken Rock hath rest,
 Finds waters gushing from its breast :
 Oh, grant me, when this scene is o'er,
 Their lot who thirst not any more.

There is a people, who have cast
 The strife and toil away at last :
 On whom,—so calm their rest and sweet,—
 The sun lights not, nor any heat ;
 Give me with them at length to be,
 And send me here what pleaseth Thee.

O Thou, Who camest Death to spoil,
 And barest weariness and toil ;
 And just before his chains were burst,
 Fulfilling Scripture, saidst, " I thirst ! "
 Who call'st Thy weary servants o'er
 The same rough road Thou trodd'st before ;

Thou only Good ! Thou only Wise !
 Who dost so lovingly chastise,
 To give more strength, and add more grace,—
 Grant me Thy SPIRIT to embrace,
 The more,—the more that nature faints,—
 The glorious portion of All Saints !

Thou wouldst not, LORD, ascend to reign,
But first on earth Thou suffered'st pain ;
And now, O FATHER, at Thy side
For us He pleads, for us Who died ;
Shading from storm, and blast, and heat,
With that Eternal PARACLETE.

FOR EVEN CHRIST PLEASED NOT HIMSELF.

WHY marvelling though the clouds be black,
The path be rough to tread ?
Why thus impatient for a track
Of pleasure in its stead ?

His Path, on Whom we fix our eye,
Was never strewn with flowers :
How can we think on Calvary,
And give one thought to ours ?

And was the Cross so soft a bed,
The Reed so fair a gem,
The Crown of Thorns that wreathed His Head,
So bright a diadem ?

Oh, who could bear to dwell at ease,
Rememb'ring what He bore ?
Oh, who would sigh for what might please,
When He was tried so sore ?

The Cross was borne by all the rest
Of His Elected Seed :
They clasped it bravely to their breast,—
And why should we be freed ?

Yea, in Thy Mercy, not Thy Wrath,
Our trials Thou dost send ;
Lest if we should not tread their path,
We might not share its end.

Praise, in the Church's highest strain,
To GOD the FATHER be ;
And to the LAMB That once was slain,
And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee !

IN GREAT BODILY PAIN.

THOU only Refuge from the heat,
 Thou only Rock wherein to hide,
 Thou only Shade when tempests beat,
 The Suffering, the Crucified :
 Captain of our Salvation, That couldst be
 Made perfect only through Thine Agony :

My sin is great,—my pain is sore,—
 My strength is gone,—my spirit fails ;—
 For me the Cross Thy great Love bore ;
 For me the Scourge, for me the Nails ;
 For me the Crown around Thy Temples set,
 For me the Agony and Bloody Sweat ;

Oh, while I tread these hard rough ways,
 Ways smooth to *Thy* way,—lead mine eye
 With holy, yet with steadfast gaze
 Into Thy Passion's Sanctuary ;
 Thy Wounds my cure,—my more than trust art Thou ;
 Hadst Thou not borne them, where had I been now ?

Hear me, and save me when I call,
 By all those woes, now past away,
 Thy Precious Death and Burial,
 Thy Resurrection the third day ;
 The Triumph over death and all his host ;
 And by the coming of the Holy GHOST.

LORD, if Thou wilt, Thou canst forgive :
 Speak the word only ; set me free
 From sin, that so my soul may live,
 From suffering,—if it pleaseth Thee ;
 Or make Thou here whate'er Thou wilt my part,
 If there I may but see Thee as Thou art !

IN CONSUMPTION.

O GOD, from Whom Thine Own receive,
 To Whom they yield, their breath ;
 Who mark'st their dwellings while they live,
 And chooseth out their death ;

Diseases, in their countless train,
 Thy Holy Will effect;
 And now for me dost Thou ordain
 The "death of Thine Elect."

Blest be Thy Love, that deigns to care
 For sufferings that it bore;
 And never calls Thy sheep,—save where
 Itself hath gone before :

That gives me space, by slow decay,
 To call my thoughts apart,
 And hour by hour, and day by day,
 Sets free from earth my heart.

If Thou, O LORD, wouldst freely drink
 Thy portion for my sake,
 Shall I, who suffer justly, shrink
 My proffered cup to take ?

Oft wert Thou weary—shall I now
 Of weariness complain ?
 The Crown of Thorns was on Thy Brow,
 And shall I tell of pain ?

Grant that the inner man may grow
 In faith and grace each day.
 Rooted in Thee our Hope, although
 The outer must decay :

Grant that when earthly sense grows weak,
 My faith may still be strong;
 That when the tongue no more may speak,
 Thy Grace may be my song :

Thy Love, omnipotent to save,
 Preserve me from despair;
 Thy Church go with me to the grave,
 And Thou receive me there !

Give me when those last trials urge,
 Thy very Flesh and Blood;
 And when I tread the utmost verge,
 Do Thou divide the flood.

Consumption
 is called by
 French Divines,
La mort des
âmes, on account
 of the long
 warning which
 it gives, the
 mental vigour
 which it leaves,
 and its freedom,
 for the most
 part, from
 intense bodily
 pain; thus
 allowing the
 mind to be its
 own master.

That I may praise Thy Power and Love
 Amidst the Heavenly Host,
 Who with the FATHER reign'st above,
 And with the HOLY GHOST.

SUNDAY IN ILLNESS.

AND will GOD dwell with men in very deed ?
 He Whom the Heav'n of heav'ns cannot contain ?
 And will he feed
 With Angel's Bread His supplicating train
 In His Own House, and hear them when they plead ?

He dwelleth in the high and holy place ;
 He dwelleth in the temples made with hands ;
 To seek His Grace,
 As at this hour, 'twixt Porch and Altar stands
 His Priest, and communes with Him face to face.

And when I think upon the times gone by,
 And on the crowd that keep the Holy day,
 I needs must sigh
 That where they kneel, no longer may I pray,
 Unless, O LORD, I turned to Thee mine eye ;

Thy prayers and tears have hallowed every spot ;
 Mountains and deserts were Thy chosen shrine ;
 Thou lingerest not
 To hear the cry, to bless the soul, of Thine,
 When sickness or when sorrow is their lot.

Thou wert amidst the band that sorrowed sore
 Around Thy blessed Saint, that they should see
 His face no more ;
 When him commending and themselves to Thee,
 They kneeled down, and prayed upon the shore.

Thou wert with him of Patmos, carrying him
 On this Thy day, towards his future Home,
 In visions dim
 Of things that were, and that were yet to come ;
 Of Thrones, and Cherubim, and Seraphim.

And now Thy Church, in this her hour of prayer,
Commends her troubled children and her weak

To Thy good care;
Readier art Thou to hear than she to seek :
In her petitions let me find a share.

To Thee, O GOD, my spirit I commend ;
Thou didst create, redeem, regenerate ;

Do Thou defend
From every ill that threatens this weak state,
And be my Only Way, and Only End.

THE MINISTRATIONS OF EARTHLY FRIENDS.

THOU sendest thousand blessings from on high,
Who dost Thy servant through deep waters lead ;
The tender heart, the careful hand, the eye
That watches all my need.

But Thou, O Blessed LORD, wast left alone ;
By foes insulted, and by friends denied ;
One only stood beside Thee of Thine Own ;
And he, Thy murderers' guide.

Alone in Agony, because they slept :
Alone at Gabbatha, because they fled :
Alone on Calvary, because they kept
Themselves concealed through dread.

Taken from prison, and to Judgment brought,
Of men rejected, press'd by woes untold,
Thy Chief Apostle left Thee then, and sought
A refuge from the cold.

The thief alone was found confessing Thee ;
On me, a greater sinner, cast Thine eyes,
As justly suffering : saying, " Thou shalt be
With Me in Paradise."

" Now Annas
had sent Him
bound unto
Caiaphas, the
high priest.
And Simon
Peter stood
and warmed
himself."
S. John xviii.
24, 25.

THE DAILY LESSON.

SINCE day by day,
O Heavenly MASTER, Thou wouldst have me learn
Some lesson flesh and blood will scarce discern,
And shrink away ;

To Thee on high
Morning by morning shall my soul draw near ;
Oh give me, while I learn, the hearing ear,
The seeing eye.

I knew of old
Thy Beauty in green flowers and summer skies,
And in the clouds where suns go down and rise
With hues of gold ;

Thy Wisdom, too,
That fixed the planets' course, and hung them round
To light the earth, and gave the sea his bound,
Right well I knew ;

In tempests dread,
That at Thy bidding rise and hold them still,
And lightnings coming forth to do Thy will,
Thy Power I read ;

But oh ! Thy Love,—
Trial must teach me that, which ease could not ;
In earthly joys entwined, I had forgot
The things above :

And who but Thou
So lovingly a straying lamb would seek,
Bind up the broken, and console the weak,
As here, as now ?

What Arm but Thine
Could lead so gently, that I should not fear,
Midst paths so thorny, and midst scenes so drear
As these of mine ?

Yea, only He
Who felt far bitterer woes than He doth send,
Could guard me by the way, and in the end
Deliver me.

Could bring me nigh
That glorious throne, with Angels and with Saints,
To hymn, in love and praise that never faints,
The TRINITY !

THE VISITATION OF THE SICK.

Whom so ye bind on earth, is bound in Heav'n :
Whom so ye loose on earth, is loos'd above ;
Behold, O LORD, I trust Thy promise giv'n ;
Thy FATHER'S Love.

Bless'd be Thy Goodness, that mine eyes shall see
Thy Messengers, O Prince of Peace, to-day :
Whoso receiveth them, receiveth Thee,
With them alway.

My sins are deep and many as the seas ;
Yet hear, as Thou art wont, Thy suppliant's call ;
And by the Power of Thy Most Holy Keys
Loose me from all !

With trembling heart I venture to Thy Gate,
For sins committed, and for broken laws,
O LAMB of GOD, the sinner's Advocate,
Plead Thou my cause !

Set not my sins before Thy Face, nor lay
My vileness to my charge, for I am Thine :
O LAMB of GOD, That takest sin away,
Take away mine !

The Holy Creed delivered to the Saints
I steadfastly believe : my faith increase ;
Make strong my love,—confirm my hope that faints ;
And give me peace !

So grant me Absolution in my need,
That I, who only to Thy Mercy flee,
May henceforth live with wariness and heed,
Or die to Thee.

Glory to Thee, Who didst at first create,
Glory to Thee, Whose Passion maketh whole,
Glory to Thee, who didst regenerate
Thy servant's soul.

THE MINISTRATION OF ANGELS.

THEY slumber not, nor sleep,
Whom Thou dost send, O God of light,
Around Thine Own the livelong night
Their watch and ward to keep :

They leave their seats on high,
They leave the Everlasting Hymn,
Where Cherubim and Seraphim
Continually do cry :

They come to guard the bed
Whereon, while others wake and weep,
Thou givest Thy beloved sleep,
And hover round their head.

Nor less they haste to soothe
Their Vigils, who, like me, distrest,
Nor wake to strength, nor sleep to rest,
And make the rough ways smooth.

So peradventure now,
My eyes, if loos'd from flesh, might see
Such an immortal Company,
As ne'er to Monarch bow ;

And this familiar room.
Might seem the Gate of Paradise ;
And in its sorrow joy might rise,
And glory in its gloom.

Thy Holy Name be blest,
God in Three Persons, both by those
That after toil in Thee repose,
And those by grief oppress.

THEREFORE.

THEREFORE He loves thee not, because He smites ?
Ah, little know'st thou of thy FATHER's ways !
His children share not in the world's delights :
Long nights of grief He sends, and weary days,
When love grows weak, and faith decays.

Therefore He loves thee not ? Nay, rather this
 His most sure sign, His most kind voice of call ;
 He will not have thee sleep in earthly bliss,
 But bids thee gird thy loins, lest after all,
 Where some have fall'n, thou too shouldst fall.

Let not thy fancied *therefore* dream of aid,
 Just when thou wilt, whose time is always near ;
 Nor deem *that* love, nor call *that* help, delay'd,
 Which came too soon, if sooner it were here :
 He will not cause one needless tear !

Lazarus He loved, He loved the sisters twain ;
 Therefore He left him, all alone to die :
 He loved the Saints that battled with the main ;
 Therefore, till morn was almost in the sky,
 He would not listen to their cry.

If it be Thou, O Blessed LORD, indeed,
 Then bid me cross, if needs, this angry sea :
 I know Thou canst not into evil lead,
 I know no waves too chill and dark can be
 O'er which I may but come to Thee !

BLINDNESS.

THEY heard Thee drawing nigh ;
 They heard the multitude that went along :
 Their darkened earthly eye
 But made the vision of their faith more strong :
 Nor vain, O SON of David, was their cry !

O Very Light of Light,
 Thy love is still the same, the same Thy Grace ;
 And all Thy Servant's night
 One little word, one look of Thine would chase ;
 And yet I will not say, restore my sight !

I cannot praise the power
 That hung great lights for signs in Heav'n above,
 And wrought each curious flower,
 And clothed the hills and valleys ; but Thy Love—
 Oh, give me grace to bless it every hour !

Thou at the Font of yore
 Didst ope my sightless eyes, that I should see ;
 Daily and daily more,
 Thy Love and Providence, enlight'ning me,
 Have hedg'd me in behind, and gone before :

Around me, lest I stray,
 Thy oracles have shed a track of light ;
 Thy Holy Church alway
 Pours brightness on my left hand and my right,
 Evermore shining to the perfect day.

So lead and strengthen me
 By things below, to things above, unseen,
 That when I go to Thee,
 All these my years of darkness may have been
 " The Vigil of a Blest Epiphany."

To Thee, Whose Right Hand made
 Light out of darkness,—Thee, Who tookest flesh
 To scatter this world's shade ;
 And Thee, Who light'nest man's dark heart afresh,
 All honour, glory, praise and thanks be paid !

IN OLD AGE.

" AND even to your old age I am He ;
 And even to hoar hairs Mine Arm shall be
 Your refuge to defend ;"
 Thou art not wont to fail us at our need ;
 And whom Thou lovest of Thy chosen Seed,
 Thou lovest to the end.

And hitherto Thine Arm, O GOD of Truth,
 Hath led, Thy Wisdom guided me from youth,
 Through peril and through snare ;
 Shall weakness, O my FATHER, cast away,
 One not as yet giv'n o'er for Satan's prey,
 How weak, how blind see'er ?

Weakness may dim, or clouds may hide my view,
 But hath the LORD's Right Arm wax'd feeble too ?
 His eye, like mine, grown dark ?

Friends may fall off, and unseen foes assail ;
That everlasting Church can never fail
Which He hath made mine Ark.

And though to them that *have* run well through grace,
One little step at last may lose the race,
And take away the crown ;
Toward the Heavenly Hills I lift mine eyes :
While He, Who reigneth there, my strength supplies,
I cannot be cast down.

Oh, feed me still with that Thy Heavenly Bread
Wherewith Thy servant all his life-long fed
Hath gone from strength to strength :
Let not Thy Manna fail me at the last,
Until I need it not,—this desert past,—
And I with Thee at length.

Joshua v. 12.

No weakness then, no trembling, no more age,
No few and evil days of pilgrimage,
In all the Heavenly Coast :
But to the FATHER praise ascendeth high,
And to the SON, That came on earth to die,
And to the HOLY GHOST.

WATCHING.

“ LORD, if he sleepeth, he shall sure do well ; ”
So said they, knowing nought of that they spake ;
Nor dreaming of the narrow cell,
Nor of the slumber Thou alone couldst wake.

“ LORD, if he sleepeth, he shall sure do well ; ”
So say we, SAVIOUR, of Thy servant now :
Not that our wills 'gainst Thine rebel,
But that the GOD Who heareth prayer art Thou.

REDEEMER, to Thy Saints, in times of old,
The watches of the night Thy Love revealed ;
Since still Thou carest for Thy fold,
Speak but the word,—Thy servant shall be healed.

Thou that with Jacob strovest all night long,
 That once through closed portals drewest nigh,
 That givest in the night Thy song,—
 Say now to us, REDEEMER,—It is I!

Say but that word, or say,—Be not afraid!
 Then at the morning cometh joy; and we
 Through these long watches, undismayed,
 Will wait in hope Thy saving Arm to see.

Thee still, O healing Sun of Righteousness,
 Thee with the FATHER and the HOLY GHOST,
 Amidst this scene of pain we bless,
 As from their painless homes the Heavenly Host.

ONE IS THE END.

Compare
 1 Sam. xxx. 24.

By no new path, untried before,
 Thy servants dost Thou lead;
 The self-same promise as of yore
 Supports the self-same need:
 The Faith for which Thy Saints endured
 The dungeon or the stake,
 That very Faith, with hearts assured,
 Upon our lips we take.

Though scattered widely left and right,
 And sent to various posts,
 One is the battle that we fight
 Beneath One LORD of Hosts.
 We know not, we shall never know,
 Our fellow-labourers here:
 But they that strive one strife below
 Shall in one joy appear.

They need, O LORD, Thy special Grace,
 That fight in this world's view;
 But in the sick-room, face to face
 Is Satan vanquished too:
 One is the end of them that shed
 Their life-blood for Thy Name;
 And them that, on the dying bed,
 Have glorified the same.

THE VIATICUM, OR THE COMMUNION OF THE DEPARTING.

DEPART, O Christian soul !
Thy SAVIOUR calm thy fear ;
Thou pressest to the goal,
His Holy Church is near ;
His very Flesh She comes for thee to break,
The latest gift He gave, or thou canst take.

Yea, thou must pass this sea,
Though trembling at its surge ;
His Church goes down with thee
Unto the very verge :
And when the cold dark waters touch thy feet,
Her prayers attend thee to the Judgment-seat.

Think yet, while thou canst think,
Of all for thee He bore :
The Cup that He would drink,
The Crown of Thorns He wore ;
The Garden, the Betrayal, and the Gloom,
The Pavement, and the Mountain, and the Tomb.

Be this His Flesh thy cure,
His Bloody Sweat thy balm,
His Blood thy soul assure,
His Agony thy calm ;
To-day thy fears and anguish pass away :
Thy habitation be in peace to-day !

CHRIST, That endured the Fear
And Agony for thee,
Have mercy on thee here
In this thine agony !
CHRIST, That arose the third day from the dead
To everlasting joy lift up thine head !

Go, Christian soul to Him
That did at first create,
That did thy soul redeem,
And did regenerate ;
Go, as the Saints and Martyrs went before ;
Go to that strife, which, ended, strife is o'er.

E E

Let GOD the LORD arise !
 And let Him judge the right !
 And let His enemies
 And thine be put to flight !
 SAVIOUR of souls, O hear our cry, that he,
 Now dying to the world, may live to Thee :

With tender love behold,
 In this his latest shock,
 A sheep of Thine own Fold,
 A lamb of Thine own Flock :
 A sinner of Thine own Redeeming save ;
 A trembling servant ransom from the grave !

THE DEATH OF THE FAITHFUL.

THE LORD hath given, the LORD hath tak'n away,
 And the LORD's Name is blest !
 We know not where our brother dwells this day,
 But this we surely trust,—he sleeps in Abraham's breast.

We know not what sweet tones are round his ears,
 Bright things before his eyes,
 But yet we trust, yea, trust amidst our tears.
 Whate'er that region be, he rests in Paradise !

The weary days, the weary nights are o'er,
 The strife, the thirst, the pain ;
 And he can now know anguish never more,
 Nor ever hunger there, nor ever thirst again.

We would not seek to know what GOD hath seal'd,
 Content to rest on this ;
 That when the future Glory is revealed,
 We shall be like our LORD, and see Him as He is !

Our brother—think we of him as one now
 From sin and pain releas'd,
 When in the presence of our LORD we bow
 Upon His Altar steps, or keep our All Saints' Feast.
 Thou, Who didst die and rise, that Thou might'st be
 LORD both of quick and dead ;
 Who to Jerusalem so lovingly
 From Sion, step by step, Thy servant's feet hast led ;

SION, *expecta-*
tion, commonly
 understood of
 the Church
 Militant :
 JERUSALEM,
 the City of
 Peace, of the
 Church
 Triumphant.

Thy Grace in us, poor exiles yet, implant
To tread his steps aright;
And while we wander through the desert, grant
To us Thy Health and Peace, to him Thy Rest and Light !

Both now, and with His servant's latest breath,
Praise to the FATHER be :
To Him that by His Death hath vanquished death
Consoler of our hearts, Blest PARACLETE, to Thee !

NOTES

NOTE I.

O sapientia, p. 342.

In old times, the eight days before Christmas had each a separate verse (or Antiphon, as it was called), which was said in the Church service, and which had reference to the coming of the SAVIOUR. A trace of this is found in our Prayer Book: the words *O Sapientia*, the beginning of the first of these Antiphons, are set down in the Calendar, opposite December 16. In this hymn and the six following it these Antiphons are explained.

[Note the peculiar fitness of each Doxology.—EDITOR.]

NOTE II.

“WITH CHRIST WE SHARE,” p. 387.

Some doubt has been thrown upon the authorship of this hymn, but the *Dictionary of Hymnology* gives it as Dr. Neale's, and there is also a strong family tradition to the same effect. Where and when it was first published the editors have not been able to discover. It appears to be a revision of a hymn in *Fallow's Collection*, 1847, beginning “Where is thy victory, O Grave,” which is in some respects like Dr. Neale's earlier work. Possibly he altered and revised it for the editors of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, who (with some slight alterations of their own) give it as his.

SECTION II
SEQUENCES AND HYMNS

SEQUENCES AND HYMNS

FROM THE PREFACE

It had been long my wish, especially when I have had occasion to notice the great favour which God has bestowed on my translations from mediæval hymnology, to collect some of my own hymns and sequences as a poor little offering to the Great Treasury.

Laid aside, in spring last, from all active work by a severe and dangerous illness, the wish was more strongly impressed on my mind, and I felt that no kind of composition could be more suitable for one who might soon be called to have done with earthly composition for ever.

Many of the following verses were written before my illness, some more than twenty years ago, and several have been printed elsewhere. The rest are the work of a sick bed.

Such as they are, I commit them to God's blessing; and shall be heartily thankful if in any way they set forward the great cause of hymnology.

SACKVILLE COLLEGE.

In the Octave of S. James, 1866.

The presentiment expressed in the Preface was fulfilled within a few days, and the wreath of song in this small volume is the last gift laid by its writer at the feet of that Mother in whose service and for whose honour his life was freely rendered. On the feast of the Transfiguration the veil was withdrawn from before his eyes, and the song hushed on earth is now swelling the chorus of Paradise.

R. F. L.

Feast of the Most Holy Name, 1866.

SEQUENCES

SEQUENCE FOR PASSIONTIDE.

NIGHT is on the unransomed nations :
 night without a single ray :
Night of anguish, night of terror :
 night, and not a hope of day.

And the captives weep in fetters :
 and their spirits in them melt,
At the fulness of the darkness :
 darkness such as may be felt.

But in other sort, that midnight,
 round their watch-fires' blaze they feast,
Geba, Ammon, Moab, Edom,
 all the children of the East.

Ps. lxxxviii. 7.

There in fiercest wise they revel :
 there they pitch, secure from dread :
Ah ! they little know the Puissance
 of the Cake of Barley Bread !

Judges vii. 13.

Ah ! they little guess the wonder,
 far beyond an angel's ken,
Wine that blossoms into virgins,—
 Corn that feeds the mighty men !

Lo, He comes, the promised Gideon,—
 comes to turn the world's new page,
Angel of the Mighty Counsel,
 Father of the Future Age :

Comes to gather round His standard
those three hundred, faint and few :
“ Set the lamps within the pitchers :
what I do, shall ye do too.”

Comes to storm the foeman's trenches,
in our weakness, not His might ;
Shattered is that Mortal Pitcher :
freed is that Eternal Light.

Till His warfare be accomplished,
till He drain the bitter cup,
Let my LORD, the King of Israel,
stay Him in His chariot up ;

1 Kings xxii.
35.

Stay Him till He deal the death-blow—
stay Him till He bow the Head—
Stay Him till He smite the smiter
with the “ IT IS FINISHED.”

Then, as Satan and his legions
on their headlong ruin shoot,
Let their way be dark and slippery,—
let the Angel persecute ;

Let the Light that from the Victor
now streams forth on ransomed eyes,
(Like the Beatific Vision
on the hills of Paradise,)

Be for them, the abiding terror :
be for them, the anguish sore ;
Be the fulness of the blackness
of the darkness evermore !

We have heard, O Son of David,
Thou from Whom all comfort springs,
That the kings of Israel's sceptre
still are mercifullest kings :

1 Kings xx. 31.

Though Thine own Arm wrought salvation
when hell's squadrons were o'erthrown ;
Though alone Thy followers left Thee,
Master, leave not *us* alone ;

For in vain we gird our armour,
 those Thy foes and ours to check,
 For in vain descend the valley,
 There to fight with Amalek,

Exodus xvii.
 11, 12.

Unless Thou, upon the mountain,
 Fellow-feeler with distress,
 Lift for us Thy hands in pleading,
 lift them also us to bless.

Grant us patience, grant us courage,
 grant us this one true intent,
 If we take hard blows, to deal them :
 both to spend and to be spent.

Joyful if the mortal pitcher
 in Thy cause be dashed away,
 So the light may do Thee service,
 Which Thy glory shall repay :

Victors if, with victor brethren,
 by the Sea of Glass we stand,
 See the King in all His beauty,
 and the very Far-off Land.

Rev. xv. 2.

SEQUENCE FOR LOW SUNDAY.

THOUGH the Octave-rainbow sometimes
 of our Easter has been dimmed,
 While earth's thoughts, like passing vapours,
 o'er the heavenly Vision skimmed :

Now its pure and perfect circle
 in full beauty we behold ;
 And unstained by earthly contact
 we have touched the Shrine of Gold. \

Thou, whose doubt was our conviction,
 thou, whose, " I will not believe,"
 Turned to faith, has made ten thousand
 wavering mourners cease to grieve :

Though, poor trembling doves, we cannot
 yet in that dear Cavern hide ;
 Though our hands as yet may wash not
 in the Well-spring of that Side :

Allusion is
 made to
 the Sussex
 proverb : " Go
 to the other
 end of the
 rainbow, and
 you will find
 a crock of
 gold."

Still the word remains unshaken,
 still shall be as it hath been ;
 " Thou hast seen, and thence believed ;
 blessed they that have not seen."
 Sunday, towering o'er all others,
 save when gauged by Easter's height,
 Bright as are thy brightest compeers,
 but for that surpassing light ;
 Teach to worship that we see not ;
 teach to see, but not by eye ;
 Handling, touching, holding, tasting,
 Certainty in Mystery.
 Teach us, O Thou Day of Wonders,
 how to cleave to that He said,
 To His Primal Benediction,
 First-born Victor o'er the dead.
 So let Pharaoh's hosts and princes
 join His Blessing to deny,
 So let all the fiends of falsehood
 band in giving GOD the lie :
 We more clearly, we more dearly,
 we with more assured intent,
 Onward press to see Him, only
 then without a Sacrament.

FOLLOW THOU ME

A SEQUENCE FOR THE FESTIVAL OF S. PETER OR S. JOHN.

[It need hardly be said that the main thought of the following sequence is taken from the sublime conclusion of S. Augustine's Commentary on S. John's Gospel. The English reader may need to be informed that the Vulgate translation of our LORD's saying, omits the *If* ; and simply runs thus : " I will that he tarry till I come . . . follow thou Me."]

ART thou fainting in the tempest,
 While thy bark the huge waves toss ?
 ART thou faintly, feebly dreaming
 Of the gain without the loss ;
 Longing, O degenerate Christian,
 For the Crown before the Cross ?

It had come, that glorious Morning :

JESUS stood upon the shore :

Scourging, Mocking, Coronation,

Crucifixion—all were o'er :

With His own the Prince of princes

Tarried yet a while once more.

Stood His chief Apostle by Him ;

All in love, but half in doubt :

Answering, till the thrice Confession

Blot the thrice Denial out ;

Listening, how his own departure

CHRIST'S dear Cross shall bring about.

“ Follow Me,” saith He. And straightway

Went that mighty following on :

But the loved one came behind him

In the way which He had gone :

Cephas turned ; and there unbidden,

But still loving, seeth John.

“ LORD, and how shall this man serve Thee ? ”

Peter, let the question be :

Hear :—“ I will that *he* shall tarry

Till I come :—*thou* follow Me : ”

—O sweet words of golden comfort

That shall last eternally !

—These the Two Lives ; one, the fleeting ;

One, that cannot pass away :

One in exile ; one in Mansions

That can never more decay :

This in faith, and that in vision

Of the Beatific Ray.

This gives battle to the foeman ;

That, no foeman hath to fight :

This is bathed in tears for failings ;

That, in torrents of delight :

This is misery, this is weakness ;

That, perpetual joy and might.

This forgives and is forgiven ;

Pardon that nor gives nor needs ;

This rolls on in ceaseless action ;

That in contemplation speeds :

That with joy shall reap the harvests ;
This in tears had sown the seeds.

Hear it then, your Captain's watchword,
Christians militant on earth :
Ye who sometimes think the glory
Of the labour scanty worth ;
How He tells you, that hereafter
Is the banquet, here the dearth.

"Ye," saith He, "at once would quit you
Of the struggle and the pain :
Ye at once change pain and sorrow
For the Life that shall remain :
But—My Will is, *that* shall tarry,
Tarry till I come again.

"Follow Me meanwhile."—And answer :
(Spite of battle and distress)
"Whatsoever snares beset us,
Whatsoever toils oppress,
When Thou puttest forth Thine own sheep,
If Thou go before them—Yes."

SEQUENCE

FOR THE TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY AND THE
FOLLOWING SUNDAYS TILL ADVENT.

If Death's ministration be so glorious,
If so much of beauty rest on earth—
Autumn's loveliness be so victorious
O'er the sin which gave to Autumn birth,

What must that be, Life's true ministration
Fancy cannot paint, nor eye can see,
Theirs,—each kindred, people, tongue, and nation,—
Living Waters and the Living Tree ?

Shall the crimson glory of the Forest
Teach us of the Victor-Martyr's gore.
Nor, if telling of his need when sorest,
Also tell his joy for evermore ?

25;

ford

When these leaves the autumn winds shall wildly
Hunt through dark wood avenues and glades,
Till the snow, so lovingly and mildly,
In its purity their relics shades;

So, we think, the body of the Martyr,
From the arena dragged in foul disgrace,
Did but go the shame and scars to barter
For the gladness of a better place.

27

Who may not believe the old, old story,
How this saplessness shall flush to green?
Can we not then trust Life's touch of glory,
How it ministers the things unseen?

SEQUENCE FOR ALL SAINTS.

REAR the column, high and stately,—
set it up to crown the steep;
That from Europe's southern headland
it may tell the Atlantic deep;

"Crushed is now the Arch-deceiver;
CHRIST is but a word of shame;
And the 'execrable madness'
is a history and a name.

For the Cæsars, on whose footsteps
Rome's eternal guardians wait,
Pious, Victors, Ay-Augusti,
stamped its doom and sealed its fate."

Ranks of Martyrs, nobly falling
in your several fields of fight.
Ranks of Martyrs, brightly glittering
in your various rings of light;

As from earth's tumultuous voices
swelled the fierce impulsive strain,
"Let us break their bonds asunder,
let us cast away their chain."

Joined ye not that voice of triumph
to the throne of glory sent:
"He shall reign, shall reign for ever,
King and LORD Omnipotent?"

Bishops, whose illustrious Mitre
 was a heavy Crown of Thorns,
 Priests, with whose brave words and actions
 Holy Church her page adorns ;

Virgins who, in spotless pureness,
 held your lilies to the close,
 Joined with such as, highlier favoured,
 blent those lilies with the rose ;

Teach us all to learn the lesson
 that ye learnt so long ago ;
 Teach us of the self-same battle,
 teach us of the self-same foe ;

Yea, and teach us, teach us rather,
 how to see Him, eye to eye,
 Who shed forth your Martyr-graces
 from the Hill of Calvary.

ALL SAINTS

CHILDREN'S SEQUENCE.

CHRISTIAN children, hear me,
 Children, gather near me :
 Of the children's LORD I sing ;
 Of the Child so glorious,
 Of the Child victorious,
 Of the Child, the children's King.

He, on earth a Stranger,
 Lying in a manger,
 Pillowed on His Mother's breast ;
 While that Virgin-Mother,
 Blest above all other,
 Gave Him food and gave Him rest ;

He had many a fervent
 Happy baby servant,
 Full of courage, full of love ;
 Many a baby martyr
 Who rejoiced to barter
 Life on earth for Life above.

This is written
 to the very
 lovely melody
 of *Laus devota*
ments, in the
 "Sarum
 Gradual."

Agnes leads the story,
Agnes in her glory,
 Whom they cast amidst the flame;
But the flame, defeated,
From her steps retreated
 At the Infant Monarch's Name.

From the heavenly regions,
Girt with heavenly legions,
 Eight days past, her home she sought;
And a lamb, the whitest,
Loveliest, purest, brightest,
 In her loving arms she brought.

“ These thou seest, my mother,
These, and many another,
 Are my blest companions now;
Once so far above me,
Dwell with me and love me,
 Palm in hand and Crown on brow.”

Lauded day by day be
Cyriac, victor-baby,
 Cyriac and his mother blest;
How Julitta, tending
Till, his torments ending,
 Saw him enter into rest.

Happy lambs and glorious,
Lambs o'er wolves victorious,
 Doves that put the hawks to flight;
Strength made firm in weakness,
Victory won by meekness;
 Faith that now is lost in sight.

Some day, some day, we too
Your bright Home will flee to,
 In your song will bear our part;
Meanwhile, you above us
Very dearly love us,
 As we you with all our heart.

SEQUENCE FOR ALL SOULS.

Acts xxvii.

O THE vastness ! O the terror !
 O the launching on the sea !
 Sailing dangerous, tempest threatening—
 is there *no* help ? *must* it be ?

“ Even so : the Admiral’s flag-ship
 this same way hath sailed before,
 Leading to that waveless harbour,
 leading to that stormless shore.”

When the south-west wind blew softly,
 we supposed our purpose gained ;
 Full of hope, without a drawback,
 shrouds were set and sails were strained ;

For we deemed the pleasant breeze that
 from our native regions bore,
 Very, very soon would land us
 on the ever peaceful shore.

And we spake of that dear Country,
 And its fourfold streams that part,
 Carrying healing to the nations,
 joy to the distress’d in heart :

In the valleys where they delve it,
 how the gold is good indeed :
 In the pastures by Life’s water,
 how the flocks lie down and feed :

How the LORD of that same Kingdom,
 once the Admiral of this sea,
 Brought His vessel to the harbour
 where He wills that we should be ;

Brought her through the sorest tempest,
 anchored her in quiet tides ;
 Where in everlasting triumph
 with her victor flag she rides.

While we thought and spake on this wise,
 clouds drew in and night drew on ;
 Dashed upon our labouring bulwarks
 that fierce wind Euroclydon ;

And our LORD's own dear assistance
scarcely kept our grace alive,
When we saw the vessel caught up
in the wind and let her drive.

Yet He did not leave us wholly,
strengthening us for what remained,
As, well getting under Claudia,
by hard work our boat we gained :

And though tempests of temptations
made our vessel lurch and dip,
By far mightier Words of Promise
now we undergird the ship.

But far out the fearful Whirlpool
stretched ahead before us lay ;
Hour by hour our keel was driving
for its ravenous jaws a prey.

And no blessed sun gave comfort,
and no moon her gentler light,
And the stars in all their courses
sang no songs to cheer our night.

Now when prayer and toil had failed, and
no small tempest on us lay,
All the hope of our salvation—
once so bright—was ta'en away.

Then stood forth GOD's Priest amidst us,
he whose faith could never swerve :
"Hear," he said, "His holy message,
Whose I am, and Whom I serve."

And he gave us Absolution,
and he taught us that the strife,
Though it cost the vessel's being,
Should not cost a single life.

Midnight passed,—the shipmen, deeming
that we drifted to some shore,
Cast four anchors from the sternward
longing that the night were o'er.

Acts xxvii. 17.
"Fearing lest
they should
fall into the
quicksands."
Rather,
"into The
Whirlpool" :
that is, the
great Libyan
whirlpool, then
lying south-
west of them,
and directly in
their course.

Four great anchors—tried sheet-anchors—
each one in itself an host,
Those infrangible Evangels,
welded by the HOLY GHOST.

Bound by these, we there swung safely
till the pitch-black passed away,
And an Unknown Land they made out
through the mirkiness and spray.

Ah ! unknown, unknown to mortals !
Is it thus, with longing eyes,
First we see thee, first we hail thee,
First we have thee, Paradise ?

Is it thus, in form so differing
from our fancied flowers and vales,
In these rock-crests swept and shattered
by the equinoctial gales ?

As the lingering day was breaking,
stood our Captain forth and said,—
(All Eternity before us,—)
“ I beseech you, take some Bread.”

O that Bread ! that Bread of Angels !
O that Corn of Mighty men !
Never, never, had we tasted
of its mightiness as then !

And at length the Master called us ;
(for the time was come at last
When the perils of the voyage
should for evermore be past ;)

Called us to the latest effort ;
bade us all, without delay,
Plunge into that self-same sea-surge,
Where our Admiral led the way.

Planks or spars or boards or splinters,
each and all shall save from loss ;
Anything Life's Tree hath hallowed ;
any fragment of the Cross.

—Blest the Wood whereby salvation
cometh to the shipwrecked race !

—Paradise ! made sure by angels,
be henceforth our resting-place !

* * * * *

There beside the Living Waters
now they see Him Eye to eye,
Where shall go no oared galley,
no brave ship shall pass thereby ;

Living Waters, where at noon-day
feed the flocks of that far land ;
Glassy and triumphant ocean,
where the guerdon'd Conquerors stand.

HYMNS

HYMN FOR A LATE SERVICE ON MAUNDY THURSDAY.

Compare
Is. xxxviii. 5, 22
with S. Luke
xxii. 42-45.

PROSTRATE fell the LORD of all things
in His night of Agony;
While the Paschal Moon was lighting
holiest Gethsemane :

And the torrents of His Passion
deep and fierce above Him roll;
And the rivers of transgression
overwhelm His Human Soul.

Sins unknown, sins unimagined,
sins by day, and sins by night,
Sins of blackest outer darkness
press upon His purest sight;

Sins, since o'er the Eastern Portal
first the Cherub waved his sword,
To the last that shall be written
ere the Coming of the LORD.

Thence the Three-fold Supplication
wrung from That Eternal SON :
Thence the Blood-Sweat, thence the " FATHER,
not My Will, but Thine be done."

Then the FATHER, from the Darkness
where the Godhead dwells alone,
Spake to one Celestial Brightness
of the nearest to the Throne :

" Go and tell my people's Captain,
tell the Shepherd of My Flock,
Tell the Man that is My Fellow,
now become the Gentiles' mock :

Zech. xiii. 7.

" I have heard Thy supplication,
I have surely seen Thy tears ;
I will add to this Thy life-time
an eternity of years.

" This the sign : though by Thy Footsteps
first the path of Death be trod,
On the Third Day Thou shalt, rising,
enter in the House of God."

* * * * *

Thence, sin vanquished, sorrow ended,
the Assyrian power o'erthrown,
Now our truer Ezechias
reigns for ever on the Throne ! Amen.

MAUNDY THURSDAY

COMPLINE.

CAN it, Master, can it be
These shall be ashamed of Thee ?
In the danger and the gloom
On the pathway to Thy tomb ?
Wilt Thou give their speech the lie,—
" If all leave Thee, yet not I ? "

" Yea, they did : but, faithless one,
Thou thyself hast likewise done ;
When *our* time of woe drew near,
(For I suffered with thee here)
Look within thy heart, and say,
Canst thou, dar'st thou, tell Me, nay ? "

Can it, Master, can it be
Such hard speech should come from Thee ?
If Thine own would keep Thee nigh,
They must leave Thee first and fly ?
This the love that all things bears,
All things ventures, all things dares ?

“ Willing spirit, some one day,
 O'er weak flesh shall bear the sway :
 By the paths I shall have trod
 They shall then go home to God ;
 Rack or beast or flame or sea,
 All shall bring them Home to Me.”
 Amen.

EASTER DAY

PRIME.

THE Paschal moonlight almost past,
 Yet still the Angels hold their post,
 The outguards of an Army vast ;
 The picquets of the Spirit-host.
 The dawn in softest beauty wakes
 O'er regions very far away ;
 It glows, it brightens, and it breaks
 Into that everlasting Day.
 Alleluia.

That Day, that one Day known to Him,
 That is not day, that is not night ;
 Whose earthly cradle is so dim,
 Whose Noon is such excess of light.
 Ring, earthly bells, in tones of love :
 Ring out again, and yet again ;
 And let your answer from above
 Waft us the Alleluiatic strain.
 Alleluia.

S. MARGARET'S DAY

FIRST VESPERS.

For the
 Patronal
 Festival
 of S. Margaret.

WHEN the earth was full of darkness,
 when the hope of man burnt low,
 In time's fulness came the Merchant
 seeking goodly pearls below ;
 Seeking them through toil and peril,
 seeking them through want and woe.

One He found beyond all others,
 Pearl of great and countless price;
Thee that He might make His own one,
 He devised a new device;
Gem of mothers, Pearl of maidens,
 Witness of His Sacrifice.

For he sold His whole possessions,
 cast the goods He had away;
Left the glory, left the riches,
 clad Himself in mortal clay;
Sealed His title with His life-blood,
 so the needful cost to pay.

But to-day He found another,
 Margaret, both in deed and name;
Whom, because He dearly loved her,
 for our patron Saint we claim;
Finding in her pain our glory,
 and our triumph in her shame.

For she stood before the Prefect,
 spurning back those gods accursed,
Marked, serene in virgin beauty,
 tyrants for her blood athirst;
And but saying, "I *am* a Christian,"
 bade Olybrius do his worst.

In the place that first knew Christians
 was the Christian Virgin tried;
Tried by shame and tried by torture,
 perfected and purified;
For she saw her JESUS standing
 for her at the FATHER's side.

Grant us all, then, Spouse of Virgins,
 by her pattern and her prayer,
Trampling here the Ancient Dragon,
 to rejoin our jewel There;
And with her and all Thy blest ones,
 in the New Song have our share.

Glory be to God the FATHER;
 glory be to God the SON,
 Heavenly Bridegroom, Crown of Martyrs,
 whose right Arm this battle won;
 Equal laud to God the SPIRIT
 now and evermore be done. Amen.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN FOR ALL SAINTS

* This word has been objected to as not English. It occurs, however, in Cudworth, from whom, as an English writer, there is (I take it) no appeal. It has been characterised by Archbishop Trench, who quotes it from Cudworth, as "beautiful."

Jos. viii. 26.

CHRIST'S own Martyrs, valiant cohort,
 White-robed and palmiferous * throng,
 Ye that, 'neath the heavenly Altar,
 Cry, "How long, O LORD; how long?"
 Tell us how the fiery struggle,
 Ended in the Victor-song?

" 'Twas His care that watched beside us,
 His Right Arm that brought us through;
 So, the fiercer waxed our torture,
 His bright love the sweeter grew:
 Till the men that killed the body
 Had no more that they could do."

CHRIST'S Confessors, noble Victors
 O'er the world, and self, and sin,
 Tell us how ye faced the onset
 From without and from within:
 Ne'er the stretched-out lance withdrawing;
 Resolute the Land to win?

"He, with each a Fellow Pilgrim,
 Was our more than sword and shield:
 So they two went on together,
 So they two won many a field;
 If He for us, who against us?
 If He succour, who can yield?"

CHRIST'S true Doctors, filled with wisdom,
 Tell us how the lore to gain
 That discerned the serpent's venom,
 Crushed down heresy amain;
 Winning conflict after conflict
 Till ye reached the Golden Chain?

" In the Cross we found our pulpit,
In the Seven great Words, our lore;
Dying gift of dying Master,
Which, once uttered, all was o'er;
Pillars seven of sevenfold wisdom;
Sion's safeguard evermore."

Neh. viii. 4.

CHRIST's dear Virgins, glorious lilies,
Tell us how ye kept unstained
Snowiest petals through the tempest,
Till eternal spring ye gained :
Snowiest still, albeit with crimson
Some more precious leaves were stained.

" In the place where He was buried
There was found a garden nigh;
In that garden us He planted,
Teaching us with Him to die,
Till to Paradise He moved us,
Here to bloom eternally."

8. John xix.
41.

All CHRIST's Saints, that none may number,
Out of every land and tongue,
Ye that by the fire and crystal
Have your crowns in worship flung :
Tell us how ye gained the region
Where the Unknown Song is sung ?

" Glory, honour, adoration,
To the LAMB That once was slain;
Virtue, riches, power, the Kingdom,
To the Prince That lives again,
His entirely, His for ever,
His we were, and His remain. Amen."

ALL SAINTS

FIRST VESPERS.

NEED it is we raise our eyes
Up from earth toward the skies;
Thinking of the Saints that rest
After toil in Abraham's breast;
Lest we faint, in our distress,
Through exceeding heaviness.

Published first
in " Hymns
for the Sick,"
and revised by
J. M. N. for
" Sequences
and Hymns."

Thee in them, O LORD Most High,
 Them in Thee we glorify :
 Thine Apostles, worthy found
 Of the keys that loosed and bound :
 And the Truth, that none resists,
 Of Thine own Evangelists ;

And Thy Athletes, that went Home
 Through the sea of Martyrdom ;
 And the Saints, through toil and shame,
 Brave Confessors of Thy Name ;
 And the Doctors, helped from high
 In confounding heresy ;

And the Teachers, sent to win
 To the faith, the realms of sin ;
 And the Bishops, now with Thee ;
 And the Virgins' Purity ;
 And the Priests, Thy Truth's defence ;
 And all holy Innocents.

Glory, LORD, to Thee alone,
 Who hast glorified Thine own ;
 For their zeal, their truth, their sighs,
 Prayerful hearts and tearful eyes,
 Faithful lips and fearless breast,
 Love and beauty, toils and rest !

The hymn
 originally
 ended with the
 verse in
 brackets.

Let their praises, Threefold King,
 Let the blessed Hymn they sing,
 Some, though faintest, echo gain
 In our own poor broken strain :
 Till one day shall join all powers
 In One Anthem—theirs and ours.

[Strengthen us to run our race
 With a portion of their grace ;
 That when Thou shalt come with dread,
 Judging both the quick and dead,
 They with us, and we with them,
 May attain Thy Diadem.]

Amen.

ALL SOULS

VESPERS.

THEY whose course on earth is o'er,
Think they of their brethren more ?
They before the Throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now ?

Yea, the dead in CHRIST have still
Part in all our joy and ill ;
Keeping all our steps in view,
Guiding them, it may be, too.

We, by enemies distrest,—
They in Paradise at rest ;
We the captives,—they the freed,—
We and they are one indeed :

One, in all we seek or shun ;
One, because our LORD is One ;
One in heart, and one in love ;
We below and they above.

Those whom many a land divides,
Many mountains, many tides,
Have they with each other part ?
Have they fellowship in heart ?

Each to each may be unknown,
Wide apart their lots be thrown :
Differing tongues their lips may speak,
One be strong, and one be weak :

Yet in Sacrament and prayer
Each with other hath a share ;
Hath a share in tear and sigh,
Watch, and Fast, and Litany.

With each other join they here
In affliction, doubt and fear ;
That hereafter they may be
Joined, O LORD, in bliss with Thee !

So with them our hearts we raise,
Share their work and join their praise ;
Rendering worship, thanks, and love,
To the TRINITY above ! Amen.

Published first
in "Hymns for
the Young,"
1848, and
revised for
"Sequences
and Hymns" by
J. M. N.

FESTIVAL OF HERMITS.

FIRST VESPERS.

Compare hymn
on p. 401 in
"Hymns for
the Sick."

1 Sam. xxx.
24, 25

THY servants militant below
Have each, O LORD, their post;
As Thou appoint'st, Who best dost know
The soldiers of Thine host :

Some in the van Thou call'st to *do*,
And the day's heat to share;
And in the rearward not a few
Thou only bidd'st to *bear*.

No brighter Crown, we know, is theirs
To the mid-battle sent;
For he their equal glory shares
Who waits beside the tent :

More bravely done, in human eyes,
The foremost post to take;
The Man of Griefs will not despise
The sufferers for His sake.

The Hermits, in their cave or den,
They fought a quiet fight;
But playing none the less the men,
Made manifest His might.

They followed Thee in Thy distress;
Were with Thee all alone;
And they that shared the wilderness
Shall also share the Throne.

Amen.

HARVEST HYMN

GOD the FATHER ! Whose Creation
Gives to flowers and fruits their birth,
Thou whose yearly operation
Brings the hour of harvest mirth,
Here to Thee we make oblation
Of the August-gold of earth.

GOD the WORD ! the sun, maturing
 With his blessed ray the corn,
 Spake of Thee, O Sun enduring,
 Thee, O everlasting Morn !
 Thee, in Whom our woes find curing,
 Thee, that liftest up our horn !

GOD the HOLY GHOST ! the showers
 That have fattened out the grain,
 Types of Thy celestial powers,
 Symbols of baptismal rain,
 Shadowed out the grace that dowers
 All the faithful of Thy train.

When the harvest of each nation
 Severs righteousness from sin,
 And Archangel proclamation
 Bids to put the sickle in,
 And each age and generation
 Sink to woe, or glory win ;

Grant that we, or young or hoary,
 Lengthened be our span or brief,
 Whatsoe'er the life-long story
 Of our joy or of our grief,
 May be garnered up in glory
 As Thine Own elected Sheaf !

Laud to Him, to Whom Supernal
 Thrones and Virtues bend the knee :
 Laud to Him, from Whom infernal
 Powers and dominations flee :
 Laud to Him, the Co-Eternal
 PARACLETE, for ever be. Amen.

CATTLE PLAGUE HYMN

ALL Creation groans and travails :
 Thou, O GOD, shalt hear its groan :
 For of man and all Creation
 Thou alike art LORD alone.
 Pity then Thy guiltless creatures,
 who, not less, man's suffering share :
 For our sins it is they perish :
 let them profit by our prayer.

Written in
 1866 for the
 Fast Day.
 " And shall
 not I spare
 Nineveh, that
 great city,
 wherein are
 . . . also
 much cattle ? "
 Jonah iv. 11.

Cast Thine eye of love and mercy
on the misery of the land :
Say to the destroying Angel :
" 'Tis enough : stay now thine hand."

In our homesteads, in our valleys,
through our pasture lands give peace ;
Through the Goshen of Thine Israel
bid the grievous murrain cease.

But, with deeper, tenderer pity,
call to mind, O SON of GOD,
Those in Thine own Image fashioned,
ransomed with Thy Precious Blood.

Hear and grant the supplications,
like a cloud of incense sent
Up toward Thy seat of mercy,
through the Forty Days of Lent ;

For the widow, for the orphan,
for the helpless, hopeless poor :
Helpless, hopeless, if Thou spare not
of their basket and their store.

So—while these her earnest accents,
day by day Thy Church repeats—
That our sheep may bring forth thousands
and ten thousands in our streets :

That our oxen, strong to labour,
may not know nor fear decay :
That there be no more complaining,
and the plague have passed away :

And, at last, to all Thy servants,
when earth's troubles shall be o'er,—
Threefold GODHEAD, give a portion
with Thyself for evermore. Amen.

HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF A BELL

LIFT it gently to the steeple,
Let our bell be set on high ;
There fulfil its daily mission,
Midway 'twixt the earth and sky.

As the birds sing early matins
To the GOD of Nature's praise,
This its nobler daily music
To the GOD of Grace shall raise.

And when evening shadows soften
Chancel-cross, and tower and aisle,
It shall blend its vesper summons
With the day's departing smile.

Christian men shall hear at distance,
In their toil or in their rest,
Joying that in one communion
Of one Church they too are blest.

They that on the sick-bed languish,
Full of weariness and woe,
Shall remember that for them too
Holy Church is gathering so.

Year by year the steeple-music
O'er the tended graves shall pour,
Where the dust of Saints is garnered,
Till the Master comes once more :

Till the day of sheaves in-gathering,
Till the harvest of the earth,
Till the Saints arise in order,
Glorious in their second birth :

Till Jerusalem, beholding
That His glory in the east,
Shall, at the Archangel trumpet,
Enter in to keep the feast.

Lift it gently to the steeple,
Let our bell be set on high ;
There fulfil its daily mission,
Midway 'twixt the earth and sky.

CHRIST, to Thee, the world's redemption,
FATHER, SPIRIT, unto Thee,
Low we bend in adoration,
Ever blessed One in Three. Amen.

From an Office
compiled in
1865 by J. M.
Neale at the
request of
the Bishop of
Oxford, for the
Benediction
of a Bell at
Aston-Bamp-
ton, Oxon.

AT A FUNERAL

WHY march ye forth with hymn and chant,
Ye veteran soldiers jubilant,
As though ye went to lay to rest
Some warrior that had done his best ?
—Because we do but travel o'er
The road the Victor trod before ;
Himself knows well the way we go :
The Son of Man is LORD also
Of the grave-path.

Commit your loved one to the surge,
Without a wail, without a dirge ?
To the wild waves' perpetual swell,
To depths where monstrous creatures dwell ?
—Yes ; for we lay him but to sleep
Where those blest Feet have calmed the deep :
Little we reck its ebb and flow :
The Son of Man is LORD also
Of the Ocean.

Leave him with thousand corpses round,
Thus buried in unhallowed ground,
Interred in that same scene of strife
Where man and steed gasped out their life ?
—Yes : for our King and Captain boasts
His own elect, His glorious hosts ;
His Victors, crowned o'er many a foe :
The Son of Man is LORD also
Of the Battle.

Why, as across the dewy grass,
Ye through the evening Church-yard pass,
Why welcome in your bells a guest,
With chimings, not of woe, but rest ?
—Where'er their twilight warblings steal,
We do but ring a Sabbath peal ;
And, till the glorious Sunday glow,
The Son of Man is LORD also
Of the Sabbath.

THE UNSEEN WORLD

'Tis but a film of flesh divides
Us from the heav'nly place ;
'Tis heaven to be where GOD resides,
And see Him face to face.

By Cornelius
Neale. See
Introduction,
p. ix.

Our GOD is everywhere around ;
But, while we sojourn here,
Thick mists from earth the sense confound,
And heaven may not appear.

But could we lay the body by,
And wash our eye-sight clean,—
Then look into the boundless sky,
How different 'twould be seen !

What now is void and silent space
Were full and vocal then ;
Its habitants a heavenly race,
Though once our brother men.

Our brethren once, our brethren now,
Still knit in holy love ;
We praise and serve Him here below,
They praise and serve above.

OH ! HAPPY LAND

Oh ! happy Land above !
My soul would fain be there ;
A Land of life and love,
Unsullied with a tear.

Oh ! happy men, whose toil
Hath gain'd those hills of light,
Put off this mortal coil,
For natures heavenly bright !

Their work on earth is wrought,
Their race of trial run,
The field of glory fought,
—And oh ! the battle won.

My soul would fain be there
To Him I've lov'd below,
To shining worlds,—how fair
No human heart may know,—

From sighs and sorrowing,
From frail and feeble clay,
Oh, had I a dove's wing,
How quickly I'd away !

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